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Midsummer Motoring in Europe

By
DeCourcy W. Thom



With 24 Illustrations



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To

MR. AND MRS. D. H. G.

AND

MRS. DEC. W. T.

THE TRUE COMPANIONS OF MY CRUISE, I DEDICATE
ITS "LOG."

"BLAKEFORD"

October 8, 1915.

PREFACE



THE notes in my commonplace book, kept during a motor tour of ten weeks in Europe, supplemented by reading and thought, are the basis of this volume, which was written hurriedly at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in the summer of 1914, at such times as the occupations of the rest of my family left me to myself. I may say, therefore, that were it not for their indulgence in such captivating pleasures as bridge, dancing, tennis, and golf this record of my most delightful and instructive trip in West-Central Europe would not have been attempted. Walking for exercise, and this "log" of our travels in the summer of 1910—through Belgium, Northern France, that is ancient Picardy and present Normandy and Brittany, Touraine, Central France, ancient Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, middle Baden, Wurtemberg, and Southern Germany to Ober-Ammergau with its Passion Play, thence via extreme Northern Switzerland to Paris, to London, and back to my

“ain countree”—absorbed my spare hours. To make this book of practical help to motorists and other travellers I have added a map of our route and in tabular form at the end of the volume have given each day’s schedule as to hours of starting and stopping, miles run, inns patronized, and the character of their service. To save my narrative from being a mere record I have written freely of my own impressions and conclusions. To clear my own views, and to make it easy for any who may follow my line of travel or thought to understand the regions explored and the peoples among whom I sojourned—from whom I have gained much pleasure and inspiration, I have incorporated here and there, much condensed information, and have added some verses conceived as I travelled but written as my narrative took form.

Among the many books which I have found of material assistance to me in the preparation of this volume, I recall Bonnechose’s *Histoire de France*, Mark Twain’s *Joan of Arc, Normandy in Colour*, by Gordon Howe; Baedeker’s *London, Paris, Belgium, Northern France, and Southern Germany*; Anatole Le Braz’s *The Night of Fires*,

and *The Land of Pardons; Belgium of the Belgians*, by D. C. Boulger; *Old Touraine*, by Theodore Andrea Cook, B.A.; Frapries' *Bavarian Inns*; Jungman's *Normandy*; Monmarche's *The Châteaux of the Loire*; Baring-Gould's *The Land of Teck*; MacDonnell's *Touraine and its Story*; Freeman's *English Constitution*; *The Statesman's Year Book*; Johnston's *The Corsican*; Duruy's *General History*; Palgrave's *History of England and Normandy*; Bash's *Queens of France*; Strickland's *Queens of England*; MacCracken's *History of Switzerland*, etc. One of the most salient points forced upon me by my study and thought after this ten weeks' motor trip has been that of the preponderating influence of woman in producing so many of the greatest historical happenings in the countries of my journeyings.

But my chief delight in telling this story has arisen from the well of happy memory. Never was there a pleasanter trip or kinder companionship. But who could refuse to be happy on a honeymoon trip spent in easy travel through beautiful France, romantic Southern Germany, and sturdy Switzerland, during the most perfect of weather? I hope that my readers may find in

their perusal of this book full incentive to follow the pleasant journeyings that charmed me then and now.

DEC. W. T.

"BLAKEFORD," QUEENSTOWN P. O.,
MARYLAND, *October 7, 1915.*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—FROM MARYLAND TO ANTWERP	3
II.—BELGIUM	21
III.—NORMANDY	75
IV.—BRITTANY	109
V.—THROUGH FRANCE, BADEN-BADEN, WUR- TEMBERG, AND BAVARIA TO OBER- AMMERGAU AND ITS "PASSION PLAY," AND THEN VIA BAVARIA, WURTEMBERG, SWITZERLAND, BADEN-BADEN, AND FRANCE TO PARIS	187
VI.—PARIS, LONDON, AND ACROSS THE ATLAN- TIC, HOME	248



ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE DOCKS AT ANTWERP	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A FLEMISH MILK WOMAN	20
OHAIN ROAD. GORDON AND HANOVERIAN MONUMENTS. FARM OF LA HAIE SAINTE	32
THE LAKE OF EMBARCATION IN THE GROTT OF HAN	46
THE BELFRY OF BRUGES	56
THE SOUTH FRONT OF AMIENS CATHEDRAL .	78
THE WEEPING ANGEL OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS	80
THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF ST. ELOI AT ROUEN	86
THE INN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AT DIVES-SUR-MER. COURT OF LOUIS XIV .	90
THE MARKET PLACE OF MORLAIX . . .	116
QUEEN ANNE'S HOUSE AT MORLAIX . . .	120
FOUNTAIN OF SAINT BARBARA	126
AEROFERRY AT NANTES	146

	PAGE
THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX . . .	164
THE CHAPEL OF THE CHÂTEAU OF AMBOISE .	168
THE CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS	176
THE BIRTH HOUSE OF JOAN OF ARC . .	196
THEATRE AND CURE PLAZA AT BADEN-BADEN	206
THE MARKET PLACE AT MEMMINGEN . .	216
MOUNT KOFEL AND CROSS AT OBERAMMERGAU	218
THE DEVIL GARGOYLE AND RAVEN GARGOYLE OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS	274
VICTOR HUGO BY RODIN, IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL PALACE, PARIS	276
THE DOGS' CEMETERY, HYDE PARK . .	280
THE NEW NAVAL HEADQUARTERS OPPOSITE TRAFALGAR SQUARE	286

Midsummer Motoring in Europe



MOTORING

Who has not dreamed these dreams: That he was flying swift
through space;

Or was borne free on waters running smooth and quick;
Or floated in the sunshine on some placid, rocking ocean wave;
Or fell, downward, downward, through abysmal depths, but never
landed.

Waking or half awake thoughts such as these may come
To him who long and swiftly motors o'er good roads through hilly
lands.

Here comes a smooth wild dash down some long sweet decline,
Or placid gliding o'er some level, glossy stretch of road,
Or dropping, dropping, as you ever speedier rush down some
stupendous slope

While all the landscape ever lightly changes. Onward, on you
fly,


Free as the wind, yet guiding all your flight as true as though you
were a bird;

And musing on the various things so swiftly being passed,
While fancy thrills and flings her tricky magic o'er the melting
views.

Midsummer Motoring in Europe

CHAPTER I

From Maryland to Antwerp

“ HAPPY thought,” I said to myself. “A very happy thought,” said my brother-in-law and his wife upon hearing of it. “Yes, let us take the Packard and Tom the chauffeur, halve all their expenses, and tour the northern French coast and Touraine.” And so we did, and more, as is here set forth, and we realized as delightful, safe, and mechanically perfect a four-thousand-miles-motoring spin as was ever vouchsafed to two young married couples.

“They” had been married some years, “we” not a month. “We” left “Westmoreland,” Green Spring Valley, Baltimore County, Maryland, on Friday, July 7, 1910, and with “them” boarded the four-o’clock train from the Union

Station, Baltimore, for New York City. Next morning we made a comfortable start on the steamer *Vaderland* of the Red Star Line.

It is a good plan to begin any travelling thoroughly rested, steady, fit in supplies, and with all the functions of the body working as well as your sensible family physician can manage for you. Then your outing is sure to be as pleasant and beneficial as possible, provided you make no unusual mistakes throughout it. Certainly our railroad run in the cool of the afternoon to New York City, our light dinner and comfortable night at the "Seville" Hotel, the slight breakfast there next morning, and the buying of a steamer-chair cushion or two and some supplies at a drug-gist's on our way to the steamer, which was to sail at 10:30 A.M., Saturday, July 8th, were all well considered. We found our steamer trunks and carryalls containing sea-rugs in our state-rooms; we added to the pile our hand-bags and a little trunk to fit exactly at the back of the automobile when we should start it at Antwerp, and then "saw" the deck steward about placing our deck chairs precisely where the ticket agent had promised they should be set. Part of the fee

set aside for the deck steward accomplished that.

Freed from the cares of baggage we took more comfortable inspection of our fellow voyagers and of the friends who had come to see them off; we chatted with a dear friend and with a kind relative come to say "God-speed," and when they left fell to writing good-bye postals and letters of acknowledgment and thanks for presents of fruit, flowers, or of reading matter that our dear ones had lovingly sent us. A stimulating thing that, the leaving dock of an Atlantic liner. Perhaps you have been worn down physically or dulled in heart or mind and so are seeking a thorough change. Well, that change has begun. It jostles you out of your ruts. It substitutes new habits, people, and thoughts for your customary ones. And so a rest is forced upon you. Your steamer chair, the salt air, the little new world of your ship dominating space bounded, as it seems, by a circular dome of blue sky fitted upon a plane of dancing, fresh, and sparkling green-blue water, are all conducive to rest. But before such delightful treatment at the hands of the God of the Wave, the *Vaderland*, aided by several tugs, must find her

way from the New York dock, past and through the shipping on either side, past "Castle Stevens," past Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," past Fort Washington, where the writer's father recuperated from yellow fever contracted while an officer in the 11th United States Infantry in the Mexican War; past the Jersey Coast to the south and Long Island to the north. Then land sinks from view and you and yours fall under the kind influence of the open sea and the fresh ocean air.

Only an occasional steamer, or sailing ship is to be seen; but the white old gulls and the grey young ones will follow in your wake for several days yet, in search of food flung from the ship. How glancing white and grey they are! How easily they fly! They seem to stand for rapid motion outside your ship in this little new, clean, salty world, for as you glance from your steamer chair, snugly placed behind the windbreak of a projection of the upper tier of staterooms, there is nothing else to see but blue and grey of distant sky or cloud.

But I am running along a trifle fast. At eleven o'clock the *Vaderland* had sailed. By twelve "we"

and "they" had disposed our things in our promenade deck staterooms with bathroom between, and I had seen to it, that the dining-table engaged by me for our special party of four and for six friends who were crossing at the same time, was at our disposal. So it was. Then arose the question of eating on board an ocean liner. Eat and exercise wisely and keep much in the pure sea-air and you will be well and happy—that is, free from seasickness—provided you were careful to start your voyage neither bilious nor with a digestion disturbed twenty-four hours previous by some antibilious medicine.

Everyone knows what antibilious medicine is kindest to him. Use it duly and freely as I have said. You know your own constitution. Believe me, the English joke about certain pills is not to be taken in a Procrustean way nor the pills too earnestly. Do you recall it? The story is that their advertising agent had smuggled two lines about them into the version of a hymn which he had distributed to a Sunday School practicing Christmas carols. Those children and their teachers, wiser than they knew, sang gaily,

“Hark the herald angels sing
Beecham’s pills are just the thing—
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for a man and one for a child.”

But steady nerves, self-control, enlightened, common-sense treatment of one’s habits of eating, drinking, etc., are the sovereign basis of good health on sea or land.

But our first meal on *Vaderland* awaits us. Now some lines have meals entirely *à la carte*, some only heavy and long *table d’hôte*, but on the *Vaderland* and her sister ships, *Kroonland*, *Finland*, and *Zeeland*, there persists the good old American plan. Thus our party would learn from the steward at one meal what would be the best dishes for the ensuing one, and order them as for a dinner-party, with the privilege, of course, of ordering any other thing desired from the bill of fare. However, so satisfactory was this plan that we were exceedingly well cared for, though the possible choice was never a very remarkably extended one.

On such well-built, well-managed, and well-proportioned ships as those of the Red Star Line I have mentioned, which take some ten days to pass between New York and Antwerp, there is a

minimum of oscillation, engine smell, and dining-room odour, so that seasickness is practically nil. So "we" found it. So did "they," and so did all our party. The weather throughout was calm enough, and except off the Fishing Banks of Newfoundland, where the colder Arctic waters and the Gulf Stream produced between them foggy weather, we experienced nothing to which even the most captious could object.

Conversation, walking, shuffle-board, Welsh-rarebit parties, cards, dances, reading, inspecting the ship, and resting in our chairs made the time pass altogether delightfully. And to consider our fellow voyagers and speculate as to who and what they were was now and then a diversion. There was a foreign minister dancing over the deck to the music of the Morning Concert. And was it true that the little old man yonder convoying a number of middle-aged women was a Mormon Elder with his family? And so we sailed along, contented with our little floating world, which was well indeed, for, excepting the *Minnewaska* sighted on our first day out, and the *Baltic* on the tenth, and a tramp steamer on the eleventh, we passengers had seen no sign of outside life

since leaving the American coast. Speaking of calm seas and the *Minnewaska*, a fin-keeled, marvellously steady steamer on which a friend of mine once crossed as a guest of the president of its line, reminds me of his reply to that president's daughter who was asking him his impression of that wonderfully steady vessel. He said: "There is only one thing lacking. A billiard table."

So much for happenings outside *Vaderland*. I have mentioned all of them except our seeing a few porpoises at play, a shark, and a purple-sailed nautilus. Moved by the last to recollection of Holmes's exquisite verses to the *Nautilus* and suffering by the absence of my bride at the bridge table, I composed these verses to my nautilus upon seeing it founder.

NAUTILUS

(Written upon seeing a wrecked and purple-sailed nautilus sink into the Gulf Stream's blue waters.)

There, in the Gulf Stream's limpid blue,
Shipwrecked, flung all abeam,
Thy purple sail astream,

Thou liest prone; O dainty ship of shimmering pearl!
Alas! thy struggle from the under water's dark and
cool and safe retreat
Into the mellow sunshine has brought thee only sad
defeat;
And thou hast fared as hearts of humans often fare
in life's wild whirl.

But wait! The sky and stream are blue;
And now, as in a dream
Where working fairies gleam,
Some tumbling, foam-touched, blue-shot wavelet
gently swirls
Into thy hold and freights thee, till, with sail refurled,
thou lapse to calming deeps,
To pause until again on smooth, warm seas the
blessed sunshine sleeps.
O Ship! O Hearts of humans, so may come to each
his life's best "Pearls."

And so the easy life on the staunch ship *Vaderland*—12,018 tons, unsurpassed for steadiness, said passengers who in more than thirty round trips from America to Europe had sailed on many ships—passed pleasantly. Nothing exciting developed. Indeed, one of our chief events occurred when on our fourth night a Mother Carey's chicken—the sea-swallow—lit upon our vessel. It was released that day, but it lingered around and boarded the

ship again at night. This time about daybreak, when enticing ship lights were out, the little fellow was released at the stern of the vessel, far from their hypnotic attraction, and we received no further visit from him. What a lively life these Mother Carey's chickens lead! The storm stimulates them into wild and dashing flights, and upon its subsidence they float upon the smooth and dancing wave. All of us have dreamed the Peter Pan dream of floating through space, swimming on the air billow, gazing down on a weltering surface. Many have sought the humanly attainable portion of that dream by floating on ocean waves; some, in boyhood, have sought the wind-swayed tree-tops; some have been up in balloons and aëroplanes; but our little friend the sea-swallow enjoys all those forms of motion. He must have many thrills in his lonely but very lively life.

We were approaching land Saturday, July 16th; seven days out, we were off the southern Irish coast, and on Sunday, July 17th, which was marked for us by the three events of holding in the main saloon a Protestant Episcopal service with no collection, the receipt of a Marconigram from the *Lusitania* to one of our general group,

and the sight of the Scilly Islands lighthouse on Bishop's Rock, we began to feel the call of the life on land. Longships Lighthouse off Land's End, Cornwall, was passed, then Devonshire, the South Downs of Dorsetshire, and the Isle of Wight; we drew nearer to the coast and saw through the shades of night the lights successively of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Brighton, New Haven, and the South Downs of Sussex. And so to bed.

Early the next forenoon we espied the famous chalk cliffs of Dover, now protected by heavy earthwork embattlements administered from Walmer Castle, one of the ancient Cinque Port headquarters. Doubtless the earthwork embattlements could now delay and worry an attacking force, but Walmer Castle looks like an easy mark for modern artillery. However, would not a modern foe land where he chose if he dodged or overcame the English Channel Fleet?—or the aëroplane squadron? The great Julius Cæsar twice taught the trick about this very Dover itself, and William the Conqueror repeated the lesson in 1066. But then there was no Channel Fleet. When there was, Napoleon vainly tried for eighteen months to cross from Boulogne. Had he

evaded the English Channel Fleet what would have followed his doubtless successful landing! Surely modern history would have shown an altogether different setting. Democracy would have been greatly checked in its advance and conquest, special privilege and its proponents would have been upheld throughout Europe, and why not throughout the world, by the mailed hand of a successful Napoleon, and modernism retarded for generations.

But let us return to our "muttons." Our general group broke up at Dover. Several went ashore by the tender as foginess prevented our docking behind the fine moles the English Government has there erected. Then, under weigh again, and a slow steaming out for fear of trouble through the fog which was thickening. We were watching the few gulls discernible when the fog grew denser and we ran gently aground. After thirty minutes we pulled off. Then groped along an hour and grounded once more. Then we desisted and anchored and, ringing the warning three bells, waited till the clouds rolled by. Very soon a ship passed just in front of us. We got started after some hours of that sort of amuse-

ment, and early next morning were off Flushing, whose heavily mounted fortifications dominate the shallow, lazy Scheldt.

Oliver Goldsmith sings of it, you recollect, as the "lazy Scheldt" and professes to have tramped along it and so into France and Italy, supporting himself by playing his flute. But was he not really, in the language of the day, indulging in a "pipe dream" of another sort? At any rate he was accurate as to its laziness. And as it is forty-six miles from its mouth to our destination, Antwerp, and is surprisingly shallow, we crept along very slowly indeed, and not till early next morning were we well up towards the city. The green grass along the rivers, the high Dutch embankments stretching for thirty miles, with sixteen miles of clearly discerned Belgian territory beyond, the tops of trees and of wonderfully clean, red and white houses, the sight of cattle and sheep at pasture in the distance, and the many flat-bottomed, blunt-stern river craft, that we encountered boggling along under their heavy brown sails, entertained us greatly. Memory did its part also in making our slow progress pleasant. The stirring events terminated by the Treaty of Paris in

1815 flashed out and accounted for the neutralization of Belgium and of Holland and the bottling up of lower Germany by the making of the Scheldt partly Belgian and partly Hollandish, just as the German Rhine at its mouth issues through the breadth of Holland. Statecraft checks and balances, as it may and must, of course; but I ask any and all lay persons if their sympathies are not with the teeming millions of any nation whose exchange of their surplus for that of other nations trading with them would be greatly facilitated and cheapened if only they controlled such river routes leading to appropriate seaports as we have indicated. Do the Hinterland folk of Russia need such an ice-free portion of the Pacific? Did not England need South Africa for her world trading at the time of the Boer War, just as a few centuries before Holland had found it necessary, and as Portugal likewise had earlier needed it and used it? The greatest good of the greatest number can always present a splendid case in the debate with vested privilege of any kind whatsoever. Conventions necessary to constructive progress have eternally been wearing away obstacles in the way of the maturing interests of the living Present.

Thoughts ran rapidly through some of the great defences and courageous self-sacrifices and splendid achievements on sea and land of the great little Kingdom of Holland which today is the second largest colonial power in the world.

But we think through the medium of ourselves, and very soon I fell to reviewing with genuine gratitude to God the successful voyage I had had vouchsafed me for my bride. Not one moment had she felt ill in any way, whereas on all former voyages she had been a prisoner in her berth from beginning to end, suffering from headache and seasickness. Our stateroom window opening on the promenade deck had remained open throughout the voyage so that only invigorating pure sea-air without a suggestion of hot oil or cooking had entered it. That and the absence of vibration or plunging by the ship had kept the nerve centres undisturbed. Travelling at about fifteen miles an hour allows a fairly short boat to move over the top of waves, whereas a much longer and say twice as swift a vessel would cut through them and be much jostled in the process, and so trouble her delicate passengers grievously.

But think of passing slowly through the de-

lights and glories of a summer passage of the Atlantic. Oh! the splendours of light and water and sky by day and by night that caress you then! Everywhere around you extends the grandeur of God's mighty deep. Those who go down to the sea in ships can lift their hearts in worship of the Lord, Creator of all these splendours and the human atom allowed by Him to contemplate them. And oh! the unspeakable glories at sea, of the starry Heavens! I can only whisper the joy and delight such visions were and are to me. I will say no more for fear of growing bathetic, as was the voyager who said to a very small boy then making his first voyage, who had climbed upon the bulwark and was gazing across the ocean plane to the far horizon. "My boy, did you ever before see such a glorious stretch of ocean—as far as you can see, only ocean?" "Yes," answered the boy. "Hardly," said the man. "Where do you think you saw it?" "On the other side of the ship," replied the youngster.

But my thoughts have gone adrift. We were moving very tranquilly up the Scheldt and were close to the Belgian frontier across it, when the Lady whose slave I am, determined, with the

Lady to whom my brother-in-law is slave, that it was time to pack for flitting. That, with an orgy of tipping, was to be at the end of our voyage, for we had been making our adieus to friends on and off all morning, as we knew from experience the futility of attempting to do so on the dock. Two carryalls were soon filled with such steamer rugs and pillows and heavy coats as were not needed for the automobile trip, and consigned to the purser for storage at the Red Star Line office with two others. One each of those indispensable carryalls belonged to my wife and me, whom in this veracious summary I shall for convenience designate in quotation marks as "we," just as I shall designate my brother-in-law and his wife as "they," while the group of us in the automobile will be referred to simply as we.

To the carryalls we added our hand-bags and were prepared to say good-bye to the kindly ship's servants who had made our crossing so delightful. With interest we watched the process by which the *Vaderland* was warped into Antwerp's splendid stone docks despite lowering tide and muddy shallow water in the dredged-out basin. Then we went down the companionway in the wake of the

stewards with our hand-baggage. Our trunks followed and were disposed under their proper letter for convenience of customs inspection. Thus, after eleven happy days, ended the first stage of our outing.

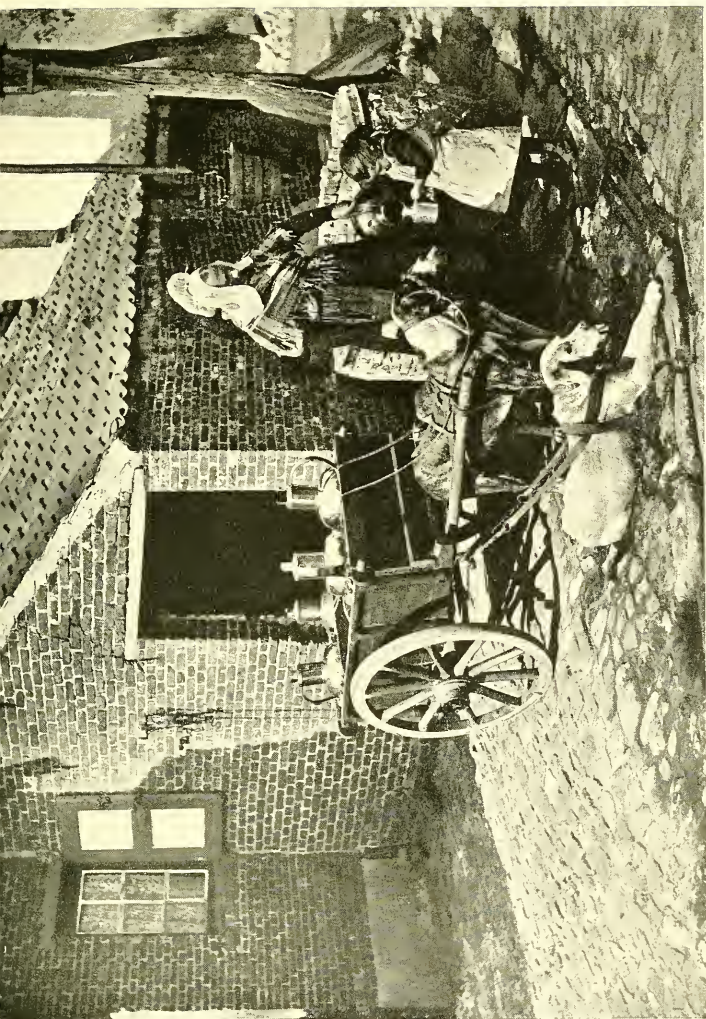


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A Flemish Milk Woman

CHAPTER II

Belgium

Belgium, so wealthy in the costliest wealth of all—
In people who will wisely war or work and soundly save
As for two thousand years and more thy stark forefathers have
Through fights 'gainst wind-swept sands that closed thy ports,
 and war's black pall
That hung thy sturdy towns and countryside with bloody black;—
I sing thy modernness deep-founded on thy people's will,
Which, choosing of the world's new measures, all it liketh, still
Unto its olden, proven ways and moorings harkens back.
What counts a kingly mould of government to thee? O happiest
That which best serves a people's will; and that most fit which
 proves
It leads them as it should. And so, as bow-string follows straight
The bended bow and bow the angling bow-string featly drawn
 lest
Each should break each, Freedom is thine, O Land of Peace, of
 gentle loves,
Of noble present, of strong past, and glorious future state.



WE passed the Custom House officials
upon giving assurances that we
had nothing dutiable, and piling
all our belongings on the omnibus
of the Hôtel Weber, directed it to stop at Edwards
& Co., Bassin de Jonction, Antwerp agents for

the American Express Company, so that we could see about getting the automobile out of the ship and ready for the road. But the 'bus stopped at the Company's office proper and not at Edwards & Co. We proceeded to the hotel, installed the ladies and all our baggage—more properly luggage, as in Europe one has to haul it about so much—in some very satisfactory rooms, and then, taking one of the numerous open one-horse coupés, drove to Edwards & Co. to hasten the delivery of the machine into the hands of Tom the chauffeur, who was waiting at the dock to begin uncrating it and tuning it up for travelling just as soon as possible. Now speed in all that routine was part of our carefully planned programme begun in the United States. First, my brother-in-law had joined the National Automobile Association through which international automobile easements were open to us. Through this organization we had obtained the appropriate membership card termed a "Triptych," because it would identify us in France, Germany, and Switzerland, and to frontier Custom House folk, as it contained a photograph of our very competent chauffeur, "Tom."

The American Express Company had for the

sum of \$100 crated the machine in Baltimore, and sending it to New York by boat, had transhipped it to the *Vaderland* and promised that promptly upon reaching Antwerp the crate should be "hustled" on to the dock, the machine uncrated, and delivered to us *instantly*.

However, our interviews with Edwards & Co. disillusioned us as to that speedy disgorgement. "Next morning we should have it." We joined Tom at the dock, and, returning to the hotel, enjoyed a good though very prolonged, many-course luncheon, and then proceeded to view the town.

First we went to the Cathedral on whose south side is the elegant, parked and tree-lined little Place Verte, once its churchyard and now containing W. Greefs's huge bronze figure, thirteen feet high, of Peter Paul Rubens, the great colourist, painter, diplomat, courtier, and statesman. We entered the Cathedral. It is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church we saw in Belgium. It is nearly six hundred years old, but adequately restored. It is cruciform, with three aisles; and is adorned with fine wood carvings, stained-glass windows, and many paintings. The altar, *The*

Descent from the Cross, *The Elevation of the Cross*, and *The Assumption* were painted by Rubens. *The Descent from the Cross* is said to have been Rubens's greatest painting, but now has been marred by retouching, though the retoucher was Van Dyck. The great tower of the Cathedral is 402 feet high, of very elaborate open work. The other tower, less than a third as high, is wonderfully delicate, but is incomplete.

At the Museum of Antwerp we viewed its 650 pictures, many of which had been removed from monasteries now suppressed. Few of them are considered very good, though, of course, there are specimens of the work of many of the great painters of the Netherlands; for example, a great Schneider, some fine Huysmans, and two pictures each from Rembrandt, Wouverman, and Rubens.

And so to the Hôtel Weber where we dined, I at an atrociously long but seemingly good *table d'hôte*, and "they" and my better half in their rooms. After dinner "we" walked on the Boulevard named after DeKeyser, the sound, modern Belgian painter who produced in 1873 the vast picture on the upper wall of the Atrium of the

Museum. Then to our hotel, where we all packed into various trunks what we wished to start next day by *petite vitesse* to Tours or to Paris; and into a suit-case apiece for the three men of the party, and into the little automobile trunk for the two ladies, the well selected necessities for our many successive weeks of automobiling. Now *petite vitesse* is indeed a misnomer for it is not quick at all. When we reached Tours, more than three weeks later, the trunks intended for that place had just arrived. But enough. Returning early, we slept the sleep of happy tourists just freed from rubber-mattressed berths at sea.

Date	Started at	From	To	Kilo-metres	Arrived	Running time	Remarks
Wednesday 7/20/10	3.10	Antwerp	Mechlin	20	4.05		Lunch at Hotel Weber, Antwerp, good; Hotel Wiltcheis, indifferent.
"	4.20	Mechlin	Brussels	19	6.00		
				39		2.35	

My brother-in-law and I going to Edwards & Co. at ten o'clock got the car away from the dock at 11.15 and toured Antwerp, that half-moon of a city with the Scheldt as its chord, and having some 175,000 inhabitants. We examined with great care Antwerp's splendid, extended, and complicated docks constructed by Napoleon in 1804-13; then,

pressed for time, we viewed very hurriedly the fine Municipal Building, her Zoölogical Garden, her old churches and markets, the fine park, the old Hanseatic House, her surrounding boulevards which until 1859 were the sites of her ancient fortifications, her powerful new ones, and the Plantin Museum with its wonderful collection appertaining to the early printing and publishing done by that noted family. Putting off the best to the last—the Musée Plantin,—we were forced reluctantly to omit it until some later visit to ancient Antwerp. The city is yet vigorous because inhabited by a very intelligent and hard-working population, with a domestic commerce fed by much of the best territory of the richest country, acre for acre, in Europe, and by vast foreign, water-borne trade as well. It is true that she has never regained her pre-eminence in wealth and trade among European cities which she lost through dispersals and slaughter under the Inquisition and Spanish soldiery about 1500, but today she is the arsenal and best fortified city of Belgium, and leads all Belgian cities in diversified business.

We left Antwerp, at 3.10, after a good well-served luncheon at Hôtel Weber. Now this book

of mine, founded on a commonplace book in which I recorded each day's doings, may be most welcomed as an itinerary with comments as to scenery, history, roads, or other things seen or experimented with, such as hotels, inns, or food, hours of starting and stopping, time and distance between such various stops, etc. Therefore after each day's date I shall record our hour of starting, time and distance to the luncheon place, with similar data as to our dining-place and night's lodging. To make all this doubly available for any traveller who may wish to follow me, I shall also incorporate the information in a table at the end of the book.

We were off for Brussels, at 3.10 P.M., but not before buying a hat-box for the ladies, to whom my brother-in-law and I are slaves. They said a proper hat-box was imperative. They said so. So it was. The roadbed was of heavy *pavé*, which is to say, very large Belgian block. It was very fair going. And as we passed field after field well-cultivated and frequently bounded by lines of poplars or elms, trimmed high to secure fagots, and to allow sunshine and wind freely to pass over the fields, I thought that in the future this custom would be followed in Maryland with great benefit

to the appearance of the country and to our fine wood supply as wood and land become more valuable through increased demand for them. The fine Belgian cows (Holsteins), the tremendous draught horses, the roads, all show the response of the population to the need for intensive cultivation of every resource. A hundred years of peace and a rational individualism with local or civic co-operation have finally wrought such unity of effort throughout the kingdom that today it is the most populous, the wealthiest, the most perfected, and most contented country of Europe. There, ever since the great Julius Cæsar gave them their start nineteen hundred years ago, thoughtfulness and thrift have intermittently at periods carried the individual steadily forward.

National wars have checked that progress; Dutch ownership and the closing of the mouth of the Scheldt to foreign trade in order to favour Amsterdam and Rotterdam scotched this advance; the Spanish oppression in the days of the Inquisition cost the Belgians many a life and much treasure, and forced many to emigrate to England, there to follow their textile trades in quiet and in religious freedom to the great benefit of England

and civilization. Settling chiefly in the Midland counties, they recruited the blood for the Puritan reforms in Cromwell's day and for the American New England settlement, and helped the settlement of Cape Colony; but they did not extirpate from Belgium, nor from Holland, the individual worth of its citizenship. When national expression of that was denied in the crush of armaments, the Netherlander continued in repression his individual growth towards all the blessings of enlightened freedom. Thus was possible a marvellous national expression of liberty whenever external violence was removed. Thus it was that where the spirit of individual freedom developed so rapidly in the Napoleonic era throughout the world it found Belgic life ready for co-operation towards any sound end of citizenship. Europe's eras of 1830 and 1848 pushed forward that citizenship's self-consciousness. Gradually a national party calling itself the Socialist Party, but asking for nearly every sound right of the individual worker, grew into an efficient organization, until some twenty years ago it so entirely obtained all the reforms it had asked that it disbanded. A few years later, however, there was another outbreak over the

hours and wage of labour. The questions were peacefully settled, and the Party sleeps again. For a while a weighted individual influence was secured to the Belgian voter by giving him if single one vote, and two if married; an additional one if a university graduate, and so on, with the result that all of a man's objective political qualifications counted.

What is the *summum bonum* in government? Is it not the right to freedom as distinguished from licence? Democracy is logically the perfect vehicle for that. But if, as in the case of Belgium, assured neutrality and a permanent chief executive called a king best satisfy the needs of a people, it would seem that all the best blessings of democracy have for them come that way. Pope was wrong when he wrote,

“For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate’er is best administered is best,”

for nothing can compensate for the glorious growth individually and collectively which follows sound unit self-government.

But my thoughts are running away with me as our good car with its record of twelve thousand

miles already that year is bearing us towards Mechlin. Pardon me, for it is hard to find in all the history of the world any such six million of people constituting a nation or a section thereof, who have for so long contributed so much towards enlightened Christian development as has little Belgium. Its sections and cities are very individual too, and in many other ways stimulate the consideration of the open-minded traveller. Here is an oft quoted testimony to some of those differentiations:

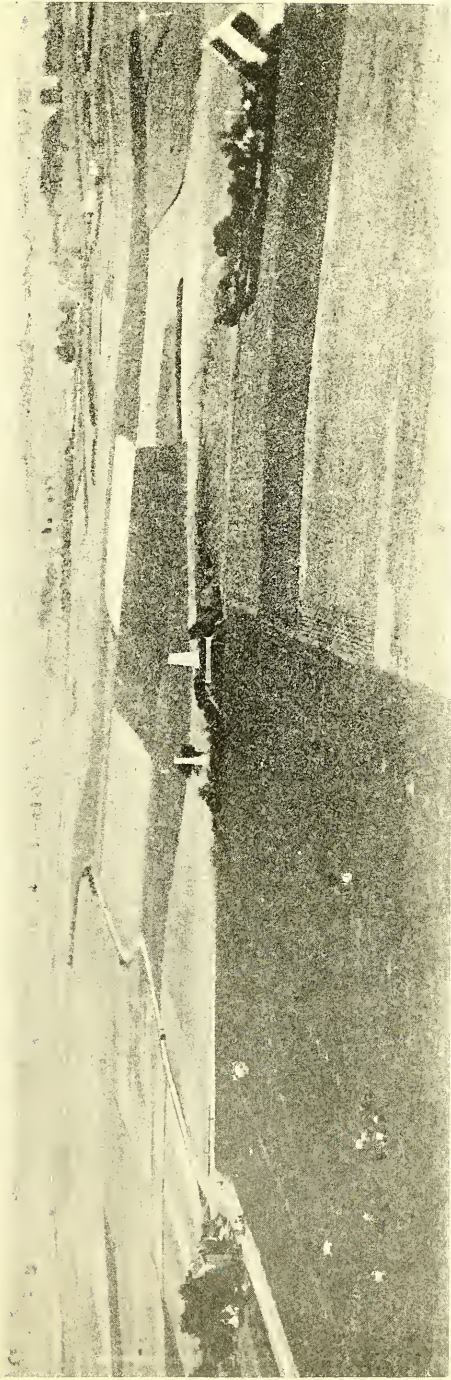
*“Nobilibus Bruxella viris, Antwerpia nummis,
Gandavum laqueis, formosis Bruga puellis,
Lovanium doctis, gaudet Mechlina stultis,”*

which is, translated, “Brussels rejoices in noble men, Antwerp in money, Ghent in halters,¹ Bruges in pretty girls, Louvain in learned men, and Malines in fools.”

But there in the distance is the Malines (Mechlin) Cathedral's tall unfinished tower, 324 feet high. We soon stop at its base and enter its great nave, 306 feet long and 89 feet high. Fire and

¹A reference to the frequent punishment visited upon the people of Ghent because of their turbulence.

vandalism have greatly injured its decorations. But a Van Dyck altar-piece—*The Crucifixion*,—some marbles, and some handsome wood-carvings help to keep it notable. It is being skilfully restored. Spaciousness and a hard rigidity are its chief characteristics. After chatting with some mischievous boys who played about the cathedral and answered a few of our questions, we made them happy by the gift of some small change and resumed our way over more *pavé* to Brussels. Into that “little Paris,” we drove at six o’clock, and, following the instructions of a fellow voyager on the *Vaderland*, stopped at “Hôtel Wiltcher,” Boulevard de Waterloo, near the head of Rue Namur. It was severely appointed, worn-down, of the pension-hotel order, and supplied rather poor food. However, it did fairly well except as to baths, and had an interesting little garden, and for the good night’s rest we there enjoyed we were duly grateful. By the way, during *table d’hôte* dinner the English clergyman in charge at Gibraltar, whom “they” and I had met there in 1909, chatted with us very pleasantly. He said that the arid, hot, and monotonous conditions of life on “The Rock” made annual outings to northern



Ohain Road. The Gordon and Hanoverian Monuments. Farm of La Haie Sainte

Photo Mansell

surroundings most desirable—nay, necessary for health.

Thursday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Remarks
7/21/10	10.50	Brussels	Waterloo	14	11.30		Poor lunch and dinner at Wiltcher's. Much of our run to Waterloo was through the streets of Brussels and along a dirt road which for much of its course bordered the beautiful Park of Laeken, King Leopold's country house.
"	12.20	Waterloo	Brussels	14	1.00		
				28		1.20	

My brother-in-law and I called on our Ambassador, Charles Page Bryan, whom I had not seen since our student days at the University of Virginia. He was visiting in the country. We failed to meet, for when he called on us that afternoon with a request that we come to luncheon next day we were out and next morning early we had to leave Brussels. However "they" and I viewed Waterloo's fateful battle-field from the top of the monumental Lion's Mount and the museum, and heard the guide chant his circumstantial description of it all, and agreed that Hugo's chapter in *Les Misérables* on Waterloo and Baedeker's succinct story were preferable. Then we rejoined my

bride at Wiltcher's, where she had been nursing a slight headache and writing some letters, and we all had luncheon together, and talked about Waterloo—Napoleon's delay in placing his troops and opening the battle because of an uninterrupted nap; about the hidden road which was used for the desperate cavalry charge under Ney, and the rising of Wellington's third line (Wellington had originated that third line in battle tactics) behind the crest of the hill to surprise and repulse the wavering French forces. How Grouchy's troops failed to intercept the Prussians under Blücher—brave old Marshal "Vorwaerts"—who reached Waterloo and delivered to Napoleon his *coup-de-grâce*. Six previous actions had Napoleon won in the close operations immediately preceding Waterloo Day, one of them, Montheron, by sending troops through a sunken road to successfully surprise his foes. Not his star, but his country and character had worn out in the fight of the last ten years of his dominance against the reasonable interests of all the rest of Europe. Had he stopped his warring some ten years earlier he would have been credited with vastly helping civilization, and his crown would doubtless have come down to

rulers of his lineage. Or had he married the Russian instead of the Austrian Princess after divorcing Josephine, France and Russia might have portioned Poland and much of Austria and "rustled it" successfully over Continental Europe and perhaps have brought England to terms.

But I am digressing again and on a very well worn theme this time. I will merely add that building operations are about to invade the field of Waterloo, which is now being farmed intensively, and that an international effort to thwart its sacrifice to the builder is now (1914) being fostered. But to resume: After a poor luncheon, O traveller who may read this chart, we all visited the Brussels Exposition which was a small affair compared with the American Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876; and a very small one, dealing with few exhibits indeed, in comparison with that at Chicago and other recent American exhibitions. A quiet little "Midway" was in evidence. The first thing I saw in Brussels was a glorious loan collection of Van Dyck portraits gotten together in honour of the Exposition.

The parking of the city, its boulevards, and many fine public buildings proved to be a very creditable

copy in miniature of Paris. The history of Brussels is interesting too. It early tended to develop the textile arts of all varieties; to-day it is notable especially for "Brussels lace." During the first four centuries only seven families of the nobility were allowed to build stone houses within its walls, which were pierced by seven gates, each one guarded by one of those seven families, and opened on no pretext except between 3.30 A.M. to 9 P.M. in summer, and 6 A.M. to 5 P.M. in winter. These gates lead to the Public Square. On January 19, 1101, the watchman at one of these gates saw a notable procession approaching. It was the remnant of a force of Brussels Knights and citizens who in 1096 had followed Godfrey of Bouillon in the First Crusade and who had long been given up for dead. Festivities followed, and it is stated that the returned Crusader husbands stayed so long over feast and wine that their wives carried them off on their shoulders to bed. This is known as "The Ladies' Watch" (*La Veillée des Dames*), and is re-enacted in some parts of Brussels on each 19th of January. Like the other chief cities of Belgium, Brussels witnessed the development and leadership of a fine type of burgesses, who

gradually wrung from their feudal overlords local self-government which phase of government slowly filtered down to the commonalty termed "White hoods."

Architecturally the mediæval and the modern are found plentifully in Brussels. But in 1695, the French under Marshal Villeroi battered down many of the fine old buildings. Brussels impressed me as having very self-consciously taken Paris as a definite model and as having successfully copied it, though afar off indeed. Brussels is surely very elegant, lively, attractive, and modern. One personal experience impressed me forcibly. Looking skyward as I walked along one of the wooded boulevards I saw very high in the air my first view of an aëroplane which dashed across my line of vision like a dream spectre and was lost to sight. But we had to leave Brussels for the Ardennes, so we consulted our maps and prepared for a fairly early start next day.

<i>Friday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
7/22/10	10.45	Brussels	Namur	58	1.05		Lunch at Hôtel d'Harscamp.
"	3.25	Namur	Rochefort	74	6.40		Excellent dinner at Hôtel Biron.
				132		5.35	Fair quality, clean, and cheap.

Starting at 10.45 A.M. in the glorious sunshine, and cool and dustless weather, which was vouchsafed us during our whole motor trip except for a heavy downpour of rain I shall describe when I come to Rochefort, and the occasional rains we experienced at night-time, we ran at a rational speed, first over good *pavé* and then over good macadam roads, on a straight line almost due south-east to Namur at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse, on the mountain boundary of the beautiful Ardennes country. Everywhere was intensive cultivation, though less evident when we had well progressed. The Ardennes! How lovely is the whole region. Numerous small rivers and streamlets; fine forests principally of fir, which has been freely planted to reforest the cut-over oaklands which had long persisted from Cæsar's day; quaint, clean villages; some marks of tourist invasion and more of the summer outings of the Belgian city folks; much country undisturbed by either; good roads, many of them dirt roads; and a general impression of rational, self-contained success and comfort and peace characterized it. Not only is the Ardennes region all that, but it also abounds in good, clean inns, where charges

are most moderate and entertainment reasonable-ness itself. At one place our landlady reminded us that we had not been at luncheon and therefore were to be credited with its cost! As testimony of all this I find I jotted down the menu and the cost of this Namur luncheon, to wit: 3 fr. 50 centimes—that is, less than seventy cents. The menu was fresh salmon, *pâté* of chicken with lettuce salad, mutton chop and spinach, pastry. That despatched, together with a bottle of the fair white native wine grown sparingly in the valley between the Sambre and the Meuse and roughly comparable to Moselle, we viewed the town. Various sieges have left of its ancient buildings only the belfry erected in the eleventh century and restored in the fifteenth, and the Palais de Justice (formerly the Monastery of St. Albinus) built in 1464. These and a good, rather modern church or two, clean village-like streets, and the fine bridge over the Meuse constitute the agreeable and very kindly and complacent attractions of this town of some 25,000 inhabitants.

We were destined for Rochefort in the very heart of the Ardennes country by nightfall. So at 3.25 P.M. we departed and via Dinant, Givet, and

Beauraing motored along very good, though rolling roads. On we went, gradually ascending the valley of the little mountain stream called the Loninne, which rising beyond elevated Rochefort finds the Meuse at Dinant. The Ardennes varies in elevation from 600 to 2000 feet. The hills grow gradually steeper and more wooded. The valley views ahead and behind and to the westward were ever more sweetly wild, and alternate sunshine and cloud tempered them all.

The clouds gained control of the horizon. There in front of us they were turning from grey to plum colour, to orange, to greyish black, and now and then, afar off, came a show of lightning and a grumble of thunder. "Tom"—our clever chauffeur, who achieved a perfect record in handling the automobile throughout our whole trip in Europe—now let her go, for the storm was thickening and bearing down directly upon us. Enjoying the kaleidoscopic play of light among the cooling, drifting air currents, we sped along the acclivity, a mile or more, to rock-built, rock-ribbed, rock-founded Rochefort, crowned by a fortress-castle, once the stronghold of the Counts de Rochefort, one of whose descendants was the late duellist and

littérateur, Henri de Rochefort, of Paris. We won! But just as we stopped the Packard automobile—"Maryland 265" at 6.40 P.M. in front of Hôtel Biron, the clouds now grown blue-black opened their flood gates and revenged their lost race. Once only and that in semi-tropical Jacksonville, Florida, have I seen such a copious downpour of rain. In both instances the street flooded in a few minutes from curb to curb. But in Jacksonville there was no excitement. In Rochefort all was excitement. The populace rushed to the fronts of their houses, and many of them into the streets and became frantically active. For example, Hôtel Biron waiter labelled No. 3 proudly and with the grand air carried a waitress in his arms to her home across the flooded street. Crowds battled with the water which had backed up from the surface and threatened to flow through basement windows giving on the pavements. In our hotel, a thick spout of rain rushed from the roof against a loosened window-pane of the pantry whence for fifteen minutes "boots" and chambermaid and the redoubtable waiter No. 3 kept wildly brushing out the falling water beneath the door, constantly exclaiming, "Le Déluge! Le Déluge!" Meanwhile,

"Madame," who kept the hotel, was frantically grabbing her head with both hands. Then the electric lights went out. That delayed our getting rooms, which we made bold to request again. But Pierre, the "porter," merely said to us over and over again, in French of course, "Yes, rooms, rooms, Madame, will soon be found, I think, yes." Evidently we were in excitable, passionate, Celtic, Walloon Belgium, and not in the stolid Flemish portion of the country. Soon candles were lit and set here and there, some of them in bottles. "Madame" stopped grabbing her hair and we had rooms; "souper" illuminated by the candles mounted in bottles and other improvised holders and by a few lamps. The rain stopped, and we strolled out over the wet Belgian blocks of the streets rather than on the narrow pavements, almost to the foot of the ruins of the old fortress, the "Château de Rochefort." Later we retired, to sleep in excellent and clean, but abnormally short, beds.

You will please recall that the nine provinces in Belgium, are Liège, Namur, Luxemburg, Limburg, Hainault, Antwerp, Brabant, and East and West Flanders, of which the first five may be said to be of Walloon—that is, Celtic blood, and lie

towards France, while the remaining four are of Flemish—that is, Teutonic blood, and lie towards Germany. The French language, disposition, and manners flourish in the former, while Germanic influences, modified by Flemish literature, customs, and architecture, sway the latter. Some three fifths of Belgium's total population of say, 8,000-000, are Flemish. Happy it is when, as in the case of the population of Antwerp, Walloon dash and passionate quickness blend with Flemish (Teutonic) thoroughness and perseverance.

Again I have strayed from the good, and widish, and wandering road awaiting our automobile. I take up that running after our night's repose at Rochefort.

<i>Saturday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo-metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals</i>
7/23/10	10.00	Rochefort	Cavern of Han	6	10.30		Lunch at Hôtel Biron. Clean.
"	12.30	Cavern of Han	Rochefort	6	1.00		Dinner at Hôtel de l'Europe. Excellent.
"	2.10	Rochefort	Spa	70	7.50		
				82		6.40	

Breakfasting at 9.30 A.M. we went in the machine to the limestone Cavern of Han, which means in Walloon "hole in the ground." Into it burrows the river Lesse, and, except for a little

branching streamlet, it is not visible for about two miles, when as a very placid stream, wide and deep, it reappears, and the tourists leave the cavern in large boats upon its surface. It was a curious sensation to turn from the Lesse plunging into the earth and enter a little opening in the mountain, and then for an hour and three quarters to traverse miles of rough-smooth passageways lit by electric lights, and big, similarly lit caverns, fantastic with stalactites and stalagmites, formed from lime-water drippings from above and by up-spoutings of lime-water from the sunken Lesse, and then to debouch on the same river come again to the kingdom of daylight, a stream bearing us slowly for five minutes toward the patch of blue-grey sky that was framed in the cavern's gaping exit. The great Hall of the Cave, where we drank coffee and port wine in a restaurant, is dome-shaped and about 160 feet in width, length, and height. It is spaced midway between the Lesse flowing some 230 feet below its floor and the mountain's top. Such freaks of nature seem surprising except to the inhabitants of limestone countries. They know that rivers and streams often disappear thus. There are many of these streams in mountainous

Belgium. And near Lewisburg, West Virginia, on the limestone side of the Greenbrier River, I have an acquaintance who availed himself of such knowledge in planning the drainage of his house, and merely led it into the openings of a deep limestone cavern knowing full well that the stream at its base would safely receive and bear it away.

In water effects Cavern d'Han surpasses Luray Cave in Page County, Virginia, and so in the spouting-water formation of stalagmites; but not in variety of formation of stalactites and stalagmites. Like all limestone caverns the carbonate of lime has been changed by acids into a form soluble in water which then removing it leaves a cavern.

Having greatly enjoyed our visit to this fine cave we returned to Hôtel Biron, Rochefort, for an indifferent luncheon at one o'clock, and at 2.10 began a 70-kilometre run to Spa, for a short time in a gentle shower, passing in succession on the lovely winding road the hamlets of Jenvelle, Hargement, Bornal, Camblain-au-Pont, Remouchamps, La Reid, and La Reid-gagne. That part of the run about La Reid was pretty steep. And as we drew very near to Spa the beauty of its adjacent valley asserted itself in mellowed woods and

watered meadows. We enjoyed also, the excellent rooms, food, and baths at Hôtel de l' Europe when we found it at 7.50 P.M. The concert in the great deserted casino of the Kur Haus was very enjoyable later in the evening. The stoppage of the gambling tables at Spa has dispersed its once thronging patrons. We found it a great, handsome, unshrunk shell of a place. There is talk of reopening the gaming tables. But we gave no thought to that that night. We gladly retired after a delightfully diversified day of perfect travelling.

<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals</i>
7/24/10	12.05	Spa	Huy	50	3.05		Lunch at Aigle Noir. Very
"	4.00	Huy	Brussels	90	6.40		good indeed. Dinner at Hôtel de l' Europe.
				140		5.40	Very good indeed.

"Coffee and rolls in rooms at 8 A.M." reads my commonplace book. Then it seems that each of us indulged in a bath of natural, sparkling Spa water, temperature 95 degrees, cost 1 franc, time 15 minutes, in fine and spacious rooms in the great and almost deserted Pavillon des Bains. Following Mark Twain's Jim Smiley's remark about his Jumping Frog, "I no see anything about this bath as is better as any other bath" except that it is



Photo Ed. Nels

The Lake of Embarcation in the Grotto of Han

very buoyant. Then we inspected the various great water drinking pavilions and the sparse little village, returned to our hotel, selected our route on our local automobile map, and so left shady, quiet, beautiful, deserted Spa for Brussels again.

Our route was via Marteau, Village La Reid, Remouchamps, Ayville, Camblain-au-Pont, Esneaux, Asseny, to Huy, where we lunched well at Aigle Noir at 3.15, tired and hungry. At four we started for Brussels via Hannut, Louvain, and Tervueren. At Hannut a Sunday circus was in full blast. The rooster ginger cakes, fruits, soft drinks and trinkets were for sale about the tent, and all about wore smiling faces, and in the far background I think grog-selling of the "speak-easy" variety was going on. But there was no boisterousness.

At Brussels the Wiltcher could not give us rooms. The Hôtel de l'Europe did so most satisfactorily on the delightful Place Royale. There, in very sophisticated Brussels, in a very pleasant, large, public dining-room overlooking the splendid equestrian statue of the leader of the First Crusade, the gallant Godfrey de Bouillon, whose pictur-

esque demesne Bouillon is now part of Belgium, we dined very well. They served us a good Moselle wine. I should say that we found that wines of good brands can be safely used in the large towns of Belgium and France, and in the small towns in the wine districts. Otherwise, they are apt to be bad and heavily loaded with bad brandy, and very punishing to one's head and digestive system. I believe that many tourists are sickened, some of them, perhaps, permanently, by such vicious wines. After dinner I strolled in the spacious park in front of the New Royal Palace with "the Lady who owns me" and enjoyed the varicoloured electric lights and music with which some fête was being celebrated. And so to bed.

Monday

7/25/10

Meals

Breakfast at a reasonable hour, 9.30, at Hôtel de l'Europe. Very good. Lunch at Hôtel de l'Europe, and dinner at Grand Hôtel Universel, Ghent. Roughly good.

At 10.30 visited the Gallery of Statuary and Paintings at Academy of Fine Arts. Statuary far excels the collection of paintings, especially among the modern works. Meunier's splendid bronzes would alone assure that. Not only are they fine in poise, modelling, and force, but em-

phasis of genius is laid upon them because they so truly represent the workingman stripped for various labours that perfectly typify Belgium. That relation which the convincingly inevitable best phrasing in prose or verse bears to genius in writing is held by Meunier in plastic form. Along similar lines in literature and painting Belgium is finding herself. After so much of smooth prettiness in the grand art world, the lover of sculpture turns to Meunier of Belgium and to the greater Rodin of France with deep delight.

We went to our bankers for mail, and then to Hôtel de l'Europe for lunch, which was good. Then came another treat in art, for at the wonderful "Loan Collection of Ancient Art," gotten together for the Brussels Exposition and its shining great success, we viewed a marvellous range of Rubens's pictures, though very many of his greatest were lacking. But the Van Dyck Collection was the best I have ever seen of his pictures and showed some of his greatest work. Is Van Dyck of the first class with Rubens, Velasquez, Titian, Da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, and a few great others? If not, he is in a class by himself which except in breadth of genius equals theirs.

Then to the Wiertz collection of horrors perpetrated by a crazy genius who in the end killed himself. Here is a case of art for art's sake so dominating the mind that madness in art followed by intellectual decay was the result. Then we went to the Aviation Field in the suburb of Stockel just outside and south of Brussels, to attend an "Aviation Meet." Alas! a gusty wind kept the aëroplanes in their distant hangars which we patiently viewed for an hour from our seats in the Grand Stand. Then all aboard for Ghent! Thirty minutes we were in running through Brussels to Laeken, King Leopold II.'s splendid Palace and Park. Our way continued over *pavé* and between avenues of beautiful elms or horse-chestnuts, until at 9.30 we came to Ghent on the Scheldt and three other rivers, and spent a comfortable night at Grand Hôtel Universel, Rue de la Station No. 20, where the food is fairly good, and all the charges very small. A town fête had filled all the better-class hotels. Our bathroom was a very poor one. "Our" bedroom "Numero 1 bis" was a wonder indeed. Fifty-three dishes of about fifteen inches diameter were set in the ceiling and upper walls, and the bedstead was six and a half

feet wide and only six feet long. Why! Why!! Why!!! True, most of the beds I had encountered in Belgium were uncomfortably short for my six-foot self, and implied, I believe, that the Belgians are rather a short race, but why such a threatening ceiling and wall dressing of many or any plates, and why such a disproportionate bed? However, no fall of plates broke our rest and, of course, it would have been a malicious act to roll out of a bed of such ample breadth. All went well.

<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals</i>
7/26/10	11.30	Ghent	Bruges	43	1.00		Lunch at Hôtel
"	4.00	Bruges	Ostende	38	5.40		de Flanders.
				81		3.10	Very good. Din- ner at Hôtel Splendide. Con- ventionally good.

Again "a reasonable hour" breakfast,—9.30 o'clock. During its discussion we learned from the establishment's solitary, weary and worn and thin waiter—who informed us that he worked some nineteen hours a day—that this Grand Hôtel Universel was run by an English ex-valet and his wife, an ex-maid, and that in ordering the bed six-foot long and six-and-a-half-foot wide, their instructions had been reversed. No apologies for the

fifty-three plates were offered; none could have been acceptable.

At 10.30 we went to see the large and awkward-looking Cathedral of St. Bavon, but its interior is very handsome. The altar stalls are of very finely carved dark wood. This cathedral, like most of those I had seen in the Netherlands, in France, or in Spain, has far more light within than is the case, as a rule, with those I have seen in more Northern latitudes. Why is that? Did the eye of the architect attune itself to the more brilliant white lights of the South? St. Bavon is too light and too colourful and too mixed in style to be truly churchly. However, I must point out the gem of Flemish painting, *The Adoration of the Lamb*, by John and Hubert Van Eyck, which in triptych form hangs in original as to the centre, but as to wings in copy, in a chapel of St. Bavon's. The picture's upper right and left wings once showing a very realistic Adam and Eve were deemed too broad, and so were sold to the Brussels National Museum, where in 1861 the Government caused skin kirtles to be painted on them. The original lower right and left wings of the picture are now in the National Picture Gallery in Berlin. The colouring and

drawing and verisimilitudes are certainly very striking.

Next we went to see the Castle of the Counts of Flanders where our English John of Gaunt (Ghent) was born in 1340. It is a moated, and many turreted, loopholed, and strongly battlemented stronghold of the overlords who sought thus to keep the unruly population of Ghent in order. It has been somewhat restored. It is interesting to mark the customary development of the typical Flemish town, remembering that all Belgium north of a line drawn from Liège in the east through Brussels to Calais on the English Channel is Flemish, and all south of that line Walloon. Leaving agricultural pursuits a few persons formed a Commune and took up home manufacturing and trading. They built a church. Next they surrounded their settlement with a wall; weaving on a large scale came about and large markets to dispose of the resultant cloths, and as those markets were held round a church there came the name *Kerkesmesse* (Kermess), from *Kerke* (church), *Messe* (market), and it yet indicates a fair. Following upon the wealth and character resulting from the thrifty growth of these weaving communities came their

struggles for self-government, which, little by little, they wrung from their counts or overlords. Finally, about the middle of the fifteenth century, Ghent and her great sister cities were virtually free. But then through the marriage of Mary Duchess of Burgundy with the Austrian Archduke Maximilian, Flanders became an apanage of Austria, which after many bloody struggles, overbore them finally in 1540 under Mary's grandson the famous Charles V., and took away their five-century-old virtual government of themselves.

Many fine old Gothic buildings are to be found in Ghent. These are the Belfry, the Hotel de Ville, the churches of St. Jacques, St. Michaels, etc. And there is the quaint little old establishment of the city's beguinage, re-established just outside the town some forty years ago to make room for modern streets. It consists of a complete village of the old-time architecture, and is inhabited by unmarried women or widows of unblemished character who, upon paying an entrance fee of 150 francs and 110 francs a year, can after a year's novitiate remain there as Sisters of Charity, leading a religious life and working for the support of the needy and the care of the sick, under control

of a Grande Dame, a "Groot Jufrow," whom they elect themselves. They can return to worldly life when they choose; but that choice is seldom exercised. There are some twenty such establishments in Belgium with about 1300 members, of whom about 1000 live in the outskirts of Ghent. Outside Belgium there exist only two beguinages (Béguinage—from *Béggen*, to beg), one in Amsterdam, and one in Breda, though the lower Rhine country once abounded in them. There is a distinct place for such beguinages in our country; some for women; some for men; for every other class is better cared for with us than is that of the decent and decayed tradesman or gentlefolk.

Very regretfully we left quaint and characterful Ghent, and at 11.30 began our run over *pavé* and macadam and through avenues of trees and by the old canal to the Scheldt, and then by the newer canal leading to Ostend, and so to Bruges by one o'clock. There we lunched well indeed—I find that my commonplace book has two scores beneath "well"—at Hôtel de Flandres, after which that faithful book relates our visiting the ancient brick, Gothic cathedral of splendid interior proportions, St. Sauveur—which "is impressive except for

its mixture of colours in building material." Then says that same authentic log we visited in the same neighbourhood the ancient church of Nôtre Dame whose Gothic architecture and elaborate interior were most interesting. Some of its pictures are masterly. Conspicuous among them is P. Pourbus's *Transfiguration*. And of note is the handsome metal plate which once decorated the tomb of Guimelda, sister of Harold, last Saxon King of England. But its greatest ornament is the magnificent tomb of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. There, in perpetual bronze, full length, recumbent, and in armour, with hands together and upraised in prayer and at his feet the Flemish Lion, rests upon a five-foot-high sarcophagus, whose sides are filled with his armourial bearings, the last Burgundian Lord of the middle kingdom of Europe's Middle Ages. His great-great-grandson, Philip V. of Spain, husband of England's Mary I., caused Jongelieu of Antwerp, to construct this glorious tomb over Charles the Bold's remains, removed here from Nancy by Charles V. Wealth was his, and power, and a very rash courage too; but he could not measure things as they were nor could he learn by experience.



The Belfry of Bruges

Photo De Clercq

The modern freeman in the person of the Switzers dispelled Charles's dreams of conquest and felled the Knighthood of Burgundy twice; and at Nancy he died in disastrous battle. Beside his monument is the similar but finer one by Peter de Becker of Bavaria of Duke Charles's only child, his daughter Mary, through whose marriage to Maximilian, rich Burgundy and the Netherlands fell to the Austrian Empire.

Then we went to the Hospital of St. John to view the splendid pictures by Memling and the treasured and handsome Reliquary of St. Ursula. The concentrated and wonderful colouring and richness and fineness of detail all of which are so characteristic of the Flemish school of art, are spoiled for me by such species of distortion of composition as I have on occasion experienced when looking through an aquarium. To illustrate: These paintings conspicuously lack the superb verisimilitude of Velasquez's works though they vie with them in colour and carefulness.

Driving through sleepy old Bruges we saw numerous specimens of beautiful large old houses, and public buildings of excellent Gothic architecture, notably its superb belfry, some 350 feet high,

which was used for many hundred years to ring out the workman to his work or to arms; and we passed through some fine public squares. Bruges was sealed unto itself when in 1490 the navigable channel of its stream, the Zwyn, silted up, and its merchants and guilds moved to Antwerp. Bruges went to sleep for four hundred years.

A new ship canal now connects it with the North Sea. Again it is upbuilding. Gradually its mendicant population amounting to 15,000 out of a total of 45,000, will become workers, other workers will come; the old buildings will be habited again, modern facilities and enterprises will fill the empty or waste or deserted places, and Bruges will stretch herself and awake. Time has treated the physical Bruges much as the sands have treated the ancient temples of Egypt. Each has proved about as permanent and deadening as the other. Bruges was as suppressed as both could have accomplished. But what can withstand modernism? Verily only principle. And there is no good reason why Bruges should not recover its long-lost youth. It is yet a Rip Van Winkle of a place. But some Western captain of real estate development could arouse interest and turn

the land into wealth. The process would be notable, but in a way, very lamentable, for Bruges is wondrous and beautiful, though mildewed with centuries of dulness.

At four o'clock we left it, only half explored, for lively Ostend, its very opposite in character. We ran over *pavé* most of the way and through the poorest countryside we had viewed in Belgium, and reached Ostend at 5.40. There we stopped at Hôtel Splendide for the night and morrow. The hotel was good enough, but overbright, we thought, in decoration, and here and there were flashy-looking folk and some few who looked tough indeed. Here, we said, we shall probably see the very poorest type of social life,—the badly reared new-rich. We had heard nothing of the accommodations and were quite willing to sample a typical Ostend hotel. In the tip of the extremest style were the women's clothes, and their hats were very handsome and all extremely large. We had a conventionally good dinner at the Splendide, then strolled for a little while along the esplanade and among the sea-side shops, and so to bed, where for some time I was conscious that a high wind was blowing in from the sea, a damp air

attacking us, and rain was threatening. Then I sank into a blessed sleep.

Wednesday, 7/27/10. All day sunshine and a balmy breeze caressed us. Strolling about and visiting the shops entertained us. "My lady" told me that we saw much fine lace, chiefly Brussels, but she refused to accept any. I believe that my declared intention of paying full custom-house duty on all European purchases discouraged her somewhat; and lacking nothing essential to a lady's wardrobe, she heartily preferred not to put upon me unnecessary expenditures. Happy indeed it is to gratify only real and healthy desires! Little things can indicate very great things. Here was I being furnished with an obvious proof of the breeding and character of the wife God had vouchsafed to me. And my heart rose in thankfulness. However Ostend may differ from other seaside places—and does it—; except that it is more relaxed in conduct than are many, it shares the general tendency in seaside resorts to offer much cheap, shoddy jewelry and ornaments for sale.

The bathing hour was on us and the tide in the proper state. We prepared to sample the bathing.

There before the long esplanade stretched the wide, long beach of coarse sand. People sat beneath large umbrellas, sported on the sand, or made themselves into family groups in what looked like day housekeeping tents with wooden floors. Stylishly dressed people strolled along the landward edge of the beach and to the margin of the sea, along which were ranged, in several rows, bathhouses on wheels and painted in bright colours. Rental cost was according to their interior furnishing which ranged from bare necessities to carpeted floors, lace-curtained windows, etc. All we inspected were clean. Would we have a white one, cost 1 franc, a yellow one 2 francs, a blue one 3 francs, or a *de luxe* one 10 francs? In each case bathing-suits for two were supplied, also two rather small bath towels. Mounted in your vehicle, ten centimes secured you the service of a horse and man to wheel you into about four feet of water. "They" bathed. "We" viewed the general scene particularly. Women with scant skin-tight one-piece woven woollen bathing-suits were frequent, and red and blue tights looked like paint. And some of the women were very brazen. All along the water's

edge for half a mile or more and dodging amongst the rows of "bathing machines" was an idle, dawdling throng of men and women. Camera men walked in the cold and sullen surf executing orders. The men bathers wore white or red or blue one-piece woven suits which were comparatively decent. But altogether it was a rather tough crowd.

Returning to Hôtel Splendide we made a good lunch. And one of the party seeing "American cocktail" on the wine list ordered it, only to discover that it was a raw compound based on poor Scotch whiskey. The wines at Ostend were poor. Why is that generally characteristic of wines and whiskies at seaside places the world over so far as I have experimented? At night we mingled with the moderate-sized and motley throng that paced the board esplanade. Amongst them was a great number of flashy women in skirts so hobbled as to look then like the height of the fashion of to-day. Having inspected the great *Kur-saal* and its dancers amidst thick tobacco smoke and learned after much inquiry that only members could get into the gambling hall, and that only by paying twenty francs for a season ticket,

we withdrew to the open air and sat for a while upon the esplanade, which was at that late hour of the evening the scene apparently of adventurous flirtations on the part of many piratical-looking women and men. Soon we left for our hotel agreeing that Ostend is indeed hard and coarse and common. So much for "wide open Ostend."

There is, however, a fine and worthy side to it, the basis of which is its fine and promising development as a seaport,—indeed it is the only pretentious port along the total and pitiful little Belgian stretch of some thirty kilometers of sea-front. A good canal connects it with Bruges; scientific dredging has already given it a large, fair harbour and promises a better one, and it is as yet the nearest landing-place to England. Some day it may become the great foreign *entrepôt* such as it was developing into in the days when Emperor Charles V. of Austria chartered the Ostend Company, intended to conduct trade with the East Indies. Austria traded it off to England, who sought thus to protect her East India Company. This cession was a part of the price for England's agreement to the "Pragmatic Sanction," that is, that Charles's daughter Maria Theresa should succeed

him on the Austrian Throne. It is difficult to keep the harbour deep and open in face of the sea-swept sands, and its new and deep canal running down from Bruges has been given a mouth some eight kilometers to the eastward. However, Ostend with its 19,000 inhabitants and its spreading villa land and pleasant suburbs is Belgium's best seaside port and city, and stoutly claims to be "Queen of Continental Watering-Places" and looks down upon its ten or fifteen little rivals which dot the Belgian Ocean coast. But it is hard and coarse and new-rich, and oh, the army of "overfed and underbred" folk that are on parade there!

Thursday, 7/28/10. Left Ostend at 1.50 P.M. after a conventional lunch at the over-gorgeous "Hôtel Splendide," and began a delightful seven-mile run over the customary roads to France at the border of Normandy. We ran for some time within sight, to the east, of the West Flanders canal, while we caught glimpses of the North Sea to the west. The second stage of our outing and the first of our motoring was behind us. What did I carry away of Belgium? Let me see. It is shaped like a Napoleon I. hat, whose base

towards France is about 140 miles long, while the top is half that distance away. The North Sea end is about twenty-five miles and that adjoining the neutral Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and Germany is about seventy miles. It contains something over 11,000 square miles, and about 7,500,000 people which gives it an average density of population of some 650 to the square mile. In all Europe only Saxony exceeds that density. Some 4,500,000 of Belgians inhabit Flemish, that is, low Dutch Belgium, and 3,000,000, Walloon that is, Celtic Belgium. North of a line drawn west towards Calais from the Belgian mid-eastern boundary live the "Flamands" and south of it the "Walloons." The acquisitiveness of the Walloon peasants has led them to remove for building purposes the ruins of ancient buildings destroyed during many devastating and virtually incessant wars, principally with France. So that "back to the earth again ancient and holy things" in the form of noble buildings have generally "fade(d) like a dream"; while many are the fine old structures surviving in the leading cities and districts of Flemish Belgium.

The holiday land is either in or about the

beautiful Ardennes country in the south-east or along the limited sea-coast. From near the mid-northern boundary the land tends slowly but increasingly to rise generally towards the south, until in places it is about 2000 feet high. The valley east of that ridge belongs to the northwardly flowing Meuse and its very numerous little tributaries; while the "lazy" Scheldt which is crooked too, and its yet more numerous natural affluents, and frequent canals, is the river of the Belgian coastal plain. The "winds from the western sea" so sweetly sung by Tennyson, have through history been driving the waves of the North Sea to move the North Sea sand against the Belgian coast, while gravity has helped the rains of centuries to carry surface soil into Belgian streams, with increasing ease as tillage grew, with the result of cutting off many of her cities such as Bruges, Ghent, etc., from the vast foreign shipping trade which they boasted when they were amongst the greatest cities of the world.

To this hard treatment from Mother Nature was added the harshness of man towards Antwerp and its large sphere of business influence which could readily have been served by canal or canal-

ized streams. For about two centuries and a half, until some forty-five years back, Holland, in order to favour her ports, especially Amsterdam and Rotterdam, exercised her ownership of the lower thirty miles of the Scheldt to forbid commerce to use it to approach Antwerp. Thus the ship clearance of Antwerp was reduced from five hundred a day to only four or five ships a year; and Antwerp withered. Then for a large sum, one third of it contributed by England, and the remainder by other trading foreign nations and by Belgium, Holland sold the right of egress by her portion of the Scheldt; and Antwerp has thriven since.

How is it that what is now Belgium, rather poor of soil, the "cockpit of Europe," with sea access limited by wind and sand and man, has become one of the most prosperous, most populous, freest, and most uniformly matured amongst the nations of the world? In searching for the answer to that question there came to me the reply of the Spartan of old as to the chief product of Sparta. "Men," said he. So has it been with the Netherlands—Holland and Belgium—throughout their history of nine hundred years. But in place of

Spartan hardness and rigorous military training, Belgium—to keep to our special muttons—relied upon work, thrift, and community co-operation. Nine general communities were centrally dominated: West Flanders by Bruges; East Flanders by Ghent; Antwerp by the City of Antwerp; Brabant by Brussels or Malines; and Limburg by the City of Limburg, constituting Flemish Belgium. Similarly Hainault dominated by Tournai; Luxemburg by Clervaux; Namur by the City of Namur; and Liège by the City of Léige, constituting Walloon Belgium. Cæsar conquered Belgium and for four hundred years it belonged to Rome. Over each of its nine districts, we may say, was an overlord responsible to the ruler of some great power which had gathered the low countries—the Netherlands, for our special purpose Belgium—into its limits.

For another four hundred years those overlords were of the Salic Franks throughout the present Walloon Belgium; and of the Teutons in the present Flemish Belgium. Then the mighty Charlemagne assumed them all. The Treaty of Verdun (843) assigned the Walloon group to France, the Flemish group to Germany, and the old nine in-

choate overlordships, section by section, lapsed into independent feudal principalities.

In 1385 Burgundy annexed most of Flemish Belgium, and secured most of the remainder of the present Belgium by the beginning of the fifteenth century. Wealth, art, and elegance throve splendidly for a hundred years. Then came the overlordship of Austria, in 1477, through the marriage of the Duchess Mary, daughter and sole heiress of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, to Maximilian, heir of the Austrian throne. This may be said to have led to the Spanish overlordship beginning in 1555, when Charles V. abdicated in favour of Philip II. who had been husband of Bloody Mary of England, and was the Arch-Supporter of the Inquisition. Under him the wars of the religious persecution of Belgium spread and devastated the country and so the Netherlands revolted in 1568. What is now Holland gained its independence. What is now Belgium failed to do so until some thirty years later, when it was ruled with great wisdom and clemency by Philip Second's daughter, Clara Isabella Eugenia, to whom he had ceded it on her marriage with Albert, Archduke of Austria, the Spanish

governor. They had no children, and Belgium (the Spanish Netherlands) in 1621 reverted to the Spanish Crown. France gained it by war shortly thereafter. In 1714, the Peace of Rastadt gave it to Austria who revived the glories of the Burgundian days. Excepting the year 1789, when Belgium asserted independence, the Austrian overlordship continued until 1794 when the French began their control of twenty years. The Treaty of London, June 28, 1814, and then the Congress of Vienna, June 7, 1815, united Belgium and Holland.

The Belgian revolution of 1830 separated Belgium from Holland, and under a very liberal Constitution placed Leopold I., of Saxe-Coburg, on the throne. His able leadership in planning in 1835 the national railroad system and in developing the fifty-two canal companies, etc., and the leadership of his abler son, Leopold II., now continued by that of Albert I., great-nephew of Leopold I., has enormously helped to mature all the possibilities of Belgium. But its neutrality, guaranteed in 1830 by the Great Powers of Europe, and unviolated until 1914, and chiefly the indomitable energy, thrift, and adaptability of its citizens

have wrought for it wondrous intensive developments. Throughout Belgium's noble history these were made more effective by the organized trade guilds in each leading city. Through their ceaseless struggle for self-government such cities and their contributory districts at first intermittently and then finally obtained it. So it was natural to secure for the sum of them all—Belgium—a very modern and democratic constitution in 1830 though it retained a King at its head. And as time has since passed the Belgian people have, by the use of the ballot, socialized whatever was not adequately serving them through private initiative. That full democratization is being hampered somewhat by the remarkable growth of wealth which naturally utilizes the Belgian plural voting system as best it can to protect itself. But the majority intend to rule in Belgium and plural voting seems destined to give way to universal suffrage.

Under plural voting a Belgian may have three votes:

One if twenty-five years of age or more, and a resident for at least a year in the same commune.

One extra vote if married and aged thirty-five

years or more, or, if a widower having legitimate descendants, provided he pay five francs of direct taxation, or proves exemption. Two extra votes if he is owner of real estate with a minimum cadastral revenue of forty-eight francs, or if he has a yearly revenue of one hundred francs or more from State stock or savings banks. Two extra votes if (1) he holds diplomas of various stated descriptions, or (2) if he holds certain government posts or public dignities.

The Senate will doubtless be more democratized under the same pressure. The pendulum swung the other way fourteen years ago when the councils of the nine Provinces were empowered to delegate twenty-seven representatives to the Senate who were to sit independently of all elections. It began its return swing when proportional representation was adopted six years later, in 1899. Belgium is divided into a fixed number of electoral districts and each has a number of representatives, indicated by the percentage of its party in the total registration.

In brief, proportional representation is worked as follows: Divide the total number of seats by the total number of parties and distribute seats

to each party according to the percentage of the total vote secured by each party. The smallest minority inevitably secures one seat by this system. To illustrate: A district in which 40,000 voted, returning seven members, from four parties casting, say, 25,000 "Catholic votes," 8000 "Liberal," 5000 "Socialist," and 2000 "Catholic Democrats," would produce the following representation: One "Catholic Democrat," one "Liberal," one "Socialist," and four "Catholics."

But I tear myself away from this delightfully interesting country which has wisely superimposed virtually all that modern democracy can ask and that upon foundations laid by mediævalism. In amusements, sports, legislation, in everything, this marvellous little kingdom presents one of the world's most thorough triumphs of essential democracy. Some of it I could not visit; go you, my reader, and do better. Visit the independent Duchy of (Belgian) Luxemburg for its beauty of country and architectural ruins; Hainault and western Namur for their coal mines and their iron factories respectively; remoter and less frequented eastern Namur for its friendly welcome of every

kind to the leisurely traveller and any and all of its cities for their quiet and mellow and unostentatious interest in every way. Verily, enlightened self-interest thriftily applied with diligence in the time of peace has turned this comparatively and naturally rather poor country into a glowingly splendid one. And today as I write the Belgian is proving against the German invasion that neutrality has not enfeebled him. At their head is their heroic King and best Servant, that noble, intrepid, and manly man and fighter—Albert of Belgium. Long may he live to illustrate the formal truth that the best Ruler is the chief Servant.

CHAPTER III

Normandy

Here on their ocean steeds
Rode the fierce Northern breeds—
Scandinavian and Danish;
Wrought with the Berserk sword,
Vassal and overlord,
Stark, fearless and clannish;

Laid all the coast line low;
Pierced whence the rivers flow
Out of Gaul Merovingian;
Left but to come and gain
Mid-shore to central plain
By pact Carlovingian;

Kept well their plighted word—
Checked all the Northern herd
Who would not settle;
Till, their Duke's kinsfolk gone
From the French throne, forlorn;
They showed Capets their mettle.

Long waged those warrings then
Till the great Conqueror's men
Turned, to keep ever, England the Great;
Thence have their children fought
Whom and whate'er they ought,
Careless of fearful odds, conscious of Fate.

Long may their slogan ring—
 What though they have a King
 He is but one of them pledged to be free—
 Over the years it comes
 Chorused with beat of drums:
 "Right shall decide what World Peace shall be."

<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Arrived at at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals</i>
7/28/10	1.50	Ostend	Boulogne	6.50	5.00	Dinner at Imperial Pavillon Hotel. Excellent.



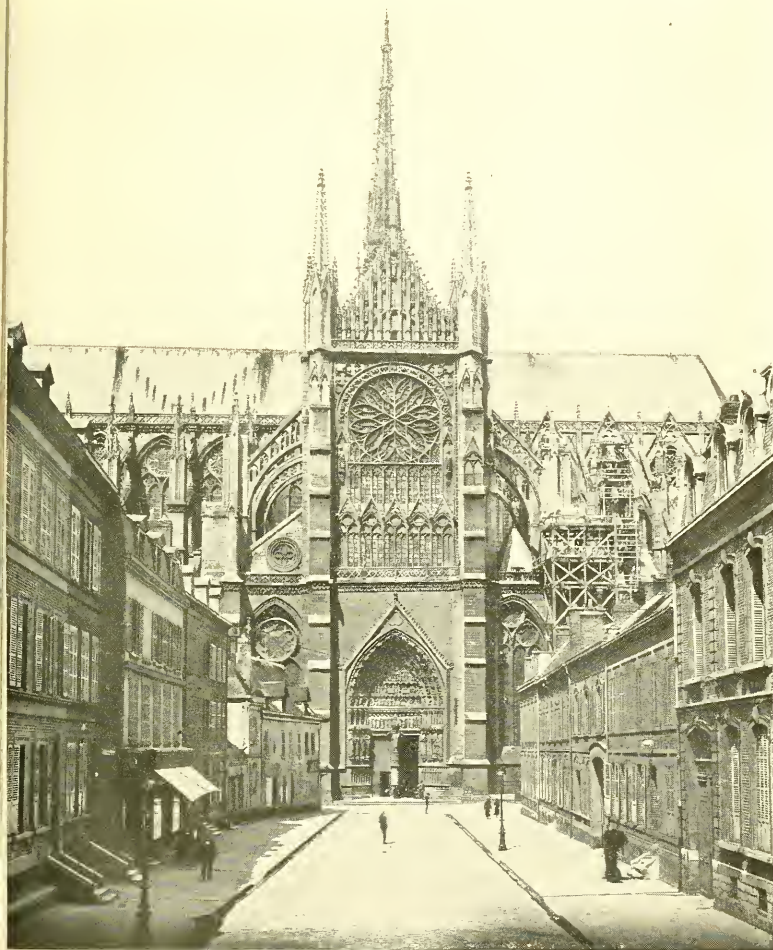
OUR faithful "Packard 6" was crossing the boundary between Belgium and Normandy at our average speed, some twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, when I closed my chapter on fascinating Belgium. Now we came upon one of Napoleon First's great national roads. They are macadam, and about forty feet wide between their deep ditches, on either side of which are grassy surfaces of equal extent with the driveway. That would allow a regiment to march down the centre with its artillery and supply train on either hand. The other styles of roads in France are those of the 1000 or more Arrondissements and of the Communes which number about 30,000. The Arrondissement roads are macadam, about thirty feet wide, and are poorer than the national roads, while

the Commune roads are narrow dirt roads little cared for. We bowled comfortably along in the sunshine, through a dull, almost hillless pastoral country, which in general lay in folds whose valleys were approximately at right angles to the not distant sea-front on the north. At the foot of the wider valleys nestled settlements along the sea-beach and between the chalk cliffs that the North Sea (*Anglice* the eastern end of the "English Channel") has steadily been eating away since the world was young. We passed on our right hand Dunkirk, in ancient times of smuggling fame, and Calais, the last French holding of England in France, from whom it was recovered in 1558, the time of Queen Mary. (Wasn't it that "Bloody" Mary who sadly said: "Its name is graven on my heart"?)

We arrived at Boulogne at 6.50. There the "Imperial Pavillon" Hotel afforded us good rooms and excellent food. The hotel was on the beach, opposite the band-stand, where was a fine military concert at 8.30 o'clock. Our rooms overlooked the music grounds and we watched the crowd gathered around the simple and the beautiful streaked sea beyond. In the earlier sunset the

blues and reds and pinks of the evening sky lit the cliffs behind the hotel, and the quays before and beyond it, the green blue water, the glistening sands at low tide, and the brown sails of the fishing boats were wonderfully beautiful. The bathing beach with the usual bath-houses on wheels was just before us too. And in front of the hotel a very creditable statue of San Martin, Liberator of Chile, Peru, and his native Argentine. The man was worthy of his statue for his heroic march over the Andes near La Paz enabled him not only to expel the Spaniards from the three countries named, but to demonstrate in his subsequent official life that the highest civic virtue could be found among the much vilified rulers of the Spanish American Republics. Dying in Boulogne, his memory survived, but it was not until fifty-nine years thereafter that this good equestrian monument, designed by M. Allonard, was set up.

Immediately back of our hotel, a brick wall belonging to the defences of the old town survives, with its ramparts turned into boulevards. I should have mentioned that a mile and a half outside of Boulogne we passed the Column of the Grande Armée. It was begun by order by



The South Front of Amiens Cathedral

Photo Levy

Napoleon I. to commemorate the long encampment there of the splendid army of invasion he intended for use in England when Villeneuve's French fleet should secure control of the English Channel by defeating the English fleet under Nelson. The reverse experience saved England and Europe, too, from being Napoleonized. The column is in reality a memorial of failure. Indeed, of several failures, for work having been suspended on it during the time of Napoleon I. it was ordered completed by Louis XVIII. to commemorate the return of the Bourbons, but they departed again and so did the Orleanists, so it was left for Napoleon III. to complete it. There it stands, a poor copy of the world's greatest memorial column, the Trajan column at Rome.

But to return to Boulogne. After a comfortable night we had a really delightful and very simple breakfast at our hotel, and then visited the extensive fish market, where the great fish business of the port is transacted. We noted again the walls of the old town with its four gates and the eight-hundred-years-old château in which for a time they imprisoned Louis Napoleon after his

threat and failure to claim the throne of his wonderful uncle. We did not visit the new docks along the Liane River, which make Boulogne one of the best four ports of France; nor the bathing houses; nor the Casino. Of such basins we had seen splendid examples in Antwerp and the other features were also repetitions to us. So we took our departure.

Thursday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals
7/29/10	11.45	Boulogne	Amiens	124	1.05		Lunch at Hôtel
"	1.30	Amiens	Neufchâtel	84	6.50		tel Tête de
"	7.50	Neufchâtel	Dieppe	45	9.00		Bœuf. Dinner at Hôtel
				253		7.50	de Grande
							Cerf. Quaint and hard!

We left Boulogne for Amiens at 11.45 and arrived there at 1.05.

Saw the beautiful Cathedral, whose tall and white and perfectly proportioned and faultlessly built interior with its many small, beautiful columns simulated an open and sunlit forest. The right entrance very fine as to its interior, and good without. Fine Choir: L'Ange Pleureur tomb at back of it,

says my old commonplace book. But *en avant*. We started 1.30 for Neufchatel where it seems that at seven o'clock four of us dined on a very fine ome-



Photo Levy

The Weeping Angel of the Cathedral of Amiens

lette, a native cheese, grapes, and beer, coffee, or cider at choice, for a total sum of 7.65 francs. Our chauffeur's dinner! was extra no doubt. The hotel was good and clean, and the cooking was done behind a screen in the general waiting-room.

At 7.30 we left for Dieppe which we reached by nine o'clock, having taken the longer but more level road at Poins. All day long we had enjoyed a lovely smooth run. At Dieppe we stopped at Hôtel Royal, "very good, rather dear"; our rooms overlooked a street and a garden running to the sea just beyond. Stumbling into the Casino my brother-in-law and I heard a man and a woman sing and recite what were evidently some political effusions, to judge from the exclusiveness of the whole performance, the wording, and the enraptured little crowd. Part of some political propaganda, doubtless. Returning to our hotel I relished

the view over the esplanade and sea which was wonderful in charm and colour—green-blue-whitish; lights of vessels; the lighthouse beyond the pier to the far right; the pier; and the cliff heights; the lights in the old fortress castle, and in the Kursaal and grounds, and the glimpse of the bathing facilities before the cliffs.

<i>Saturday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals</i>
7/30/10	11.30	Dieppe	Rouen	56	1.00		Hotel accom- modation. Lunch at Grand Hôtel d'Angle- terre. Excellent Dinner at Hôtel Belle Vue.
"	3.50	Rouen	Trouville	90	7.20		
				146		5.00	

This day began by our viewing the bathing. It was decorous but otherwise like that at Ostend. Here and wherever bathing-machines are not used, the women wear long bathing-robcs to and from the water's edge. Except that it is staid, it reproduces all the phenomena of the typical Norman watering-place and shipping-town, and over it stands the usual ancient castle erected as a protection against the English. After a short, pleasant, and successful resistance to an effort to charge us more for our accommodations than had been agreed upon, we took our leave. "*Au revoir, Messieurs, Mesdames,*" said mine host; and "*Merci beaucoup, Bon jour, Bon jour,*" said we, and were off at 11.30 through the district called "Caux" for Rouen, which we reached at one o'clock, having passed over good and beautiful roads lined here and there with fine beech trees. Many handsome châteaux stood back in long matured grounds, often with spacious front lawns

bordered on either side with triple or double rows of beech trees. Many such lawns had no gate leading into them from the public road. Their boundaries were often marked by grassy mounds about five feet high and tapering from six feet at base to two feet at the top, through which grew beech trees some fifty feet high and trimmed into a wall hedge. And all along there were extensive beech woods.

Again we came to open country and began to have glimpses of the much more level interior. Presently the famous wide southward slope began, though we were yet running over country undulating from east to west. There, in the distance on a splendidly isolated site dominating the Seine Valley, and Rouen near its mouth, was, I believe Château Gaillard often besieged and more often besung. *Morte D'Arthur* contains references to it in several of its quaint old versions. Château Gaillard and Castle Domfront to the south-west and Falaise, nearer the coast, were built by the Normans to hold the land against the French. They served well, too, against the English, and in the very frequent internal troubles between the various members of the ducal family of Normandy.

Soon we came upon the splendid view of the Seine and there on either side of it Rouen; its bridge, its islands, its very modern water front, its quaintness in streets, houses, and public buildings, chiefly churches. Again and again the winding and sharp descending road allowed glimpses through thick groves of roadside trees of the charming view, and then would tantalizingly shut it out. In fifteen or twenty minutes we crossed a good bridge into Rouen, the interesting and ancient capital of Normandy. Even truer than the inability of civilized man to live without cooks is his need of food. No poetry of view can supply that need. We were frankly glad to lunch when at one o'clock we reached the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre on the new public place running to the river. They gave us excellent things,—omelette, fried sole, peach-strawberry melba, and a bottle of good Beaujolais wine.

We saw the splendid mediæval cathedral with its two high and well contrasting towers, one called the "Tour de Beurre" because built from money derived from indulgences to eat butter during Lent; then the old and almost round Church of St. Maclou of overpowering floridity

of architecture outside, especially about the entrance, but everywhere the decoration is the extreme of Gothic style which sinks to prettiness in place of retaining its natural and noble grandeur. Within, the church is somewhat fussy and extraordinarily dirty; and oh! the close and foetid odours in lovely St. Maclou! I recalled them when, on the steamer coming home some two months later, I asked a bright little girl which one of all the European churches she had seen she liked best. "All churches smell alike to me," was her reply.

From this marvel of a richly decorated church we passed to the ancient Gothic Church of St. Ouen, delightful within and without. Its windows are so many and spacious and all ablaze with splendid coloured glass that a marvellous architectural grace and lightness is the result. There was a church here in the sixth century in connection with the Abbey of St. Ouen, and upon its ruins began to appear early in the fourteenth century the present building which was completed in some two hundred years. The recent "restorations" are indifferent; but, says my commonplace book,

all the rest of the interior is wonderful, especially the side entrance showing the Assumption and Death of the Virgin, six apostles, and the figure of Bishop St. Ouen—a splendid and satisfying expression in stone of reverential worship. Glass good and old.

We visited the old market-place and saw the stone bearing the sorrowful statement that there on May 30, 1431, Joan of Arc was burned by the English under Russell, Duke of Bedford. We then went to the bright and typically new, stone-flagged, tree-shaded, open-air produce market-place where we bought some luscious grapes and apricots. Then to the fine old Gothic Palais de Justice in process of restoration. We visited the ancient, simple, and strong Protestant Chapel of St. Eloi, because there, in 1680 odd, were married two Huguenot progenitors, named Desmeisniers, of one of our party. Upon the revocation in 1685 of the Edict of Nantes, they went to the Low Countries (Holland, presumably), and thence to Dublin, Ireland, where two of the subsequent family served as Lord Mayor. We wandered about the narrow, crooked streets which extend everywhere except along the river front, and among the old carved timber and

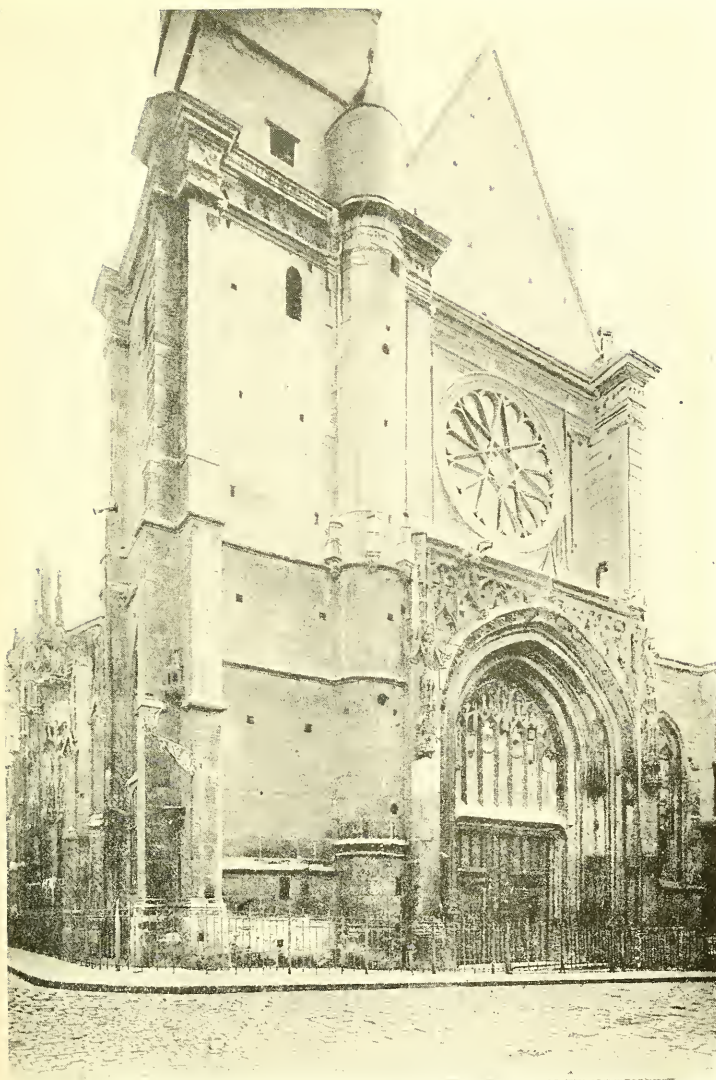


Photo Mansell

The Protestant Church of St. Eloi at Rouen

overhanging houses. Numerous ancient Norman dwellings, and other buildings, as, for example, the ancient Clock Tower, still remain, but the inhabitants are French, French, French. This is true of every large settlement in Normandy, because all such settlements are easily accessible. Only in remote corners are the traces of old Normandy to be found in the more primitive looks, manners, and possessions of the inhabitants. Indeed the popular English belief that in the lapse of nearly nine centuries the Norman of to-day has changed but little from his ancestors who conquered England in 1066, seems to me to have little basis in fact. About all there is to it is that Normandy is yet principally a grazing country with all that that implies and that the men folk shave their faces.

We left Rouen with great regret. Crossing Pont Boie le Dieu, and then via Rue St. Sever, we came to Rue de Caln which led us to the road for Trouville. As we rose above the town the backward view again entranced us, as also the view before us across the Seine, as we traversed the hilly road bordered with hedges of hawthorns, or stone or brick walls covered with ferns

or iris. We ran through apple orchards, where tree trunks were wound with crimson ramblers. About 6.55 we came to historic Honfleur opposite Harfleur and south-east of Havre at the mouth of the Seine. At 7.20 we reached Trouville and secured at the Belle Vue excellent rooms giving on a balcony which flew the "Stars and Stripes," and overlooking the public square. No bathroom was obtainable. The dinner was good and would be served either in a gravelly garden or in the hotel. We chose the former. All was well except a bottle of "Beaune." Wine and, for that matter, the vaunted cider, is apt to be wretched in Normandy and even worse in Brittany.

Sunday, 7/31/10. Very early in the morning the fruit, vegetable, household supply, curio and knickknack market proceeded to develop itself before the hotel. First iron supports were set up in the stone flags. These rods were covered with canvas beneath which on wooden forms supplies brought in from the country were spread out. Here we bought grapes which we consumed at breakfast. Later, we inspected the pier and its surroundings. The great glistening beach exposed by the low tide was lively with parties gathering shrimps

from little pools or with playing bands of boys or men and women. There in the distance over the green and dancing, sunlit waters went steamers and sail-boats. For the rest Trouville presented along shore the typical French seaside effects, for it was not in social season. Back of it are many very lovely villas. The season was to begin in precisely so many days. Then high, and wealthy French society life would horserace and aviate, play golf and tennis, gamble on the green and gambol on the beach,—splendid beach, the best in France,—and disport itself in the most beautiful clothes, equipages, etc., and of course, pay for the pleasure accordingly. The season at Deauville, immediately across the narrow river Touges, whose tidal rise is some fifteen feet, is part of all this. As “we” were returning from our walk, “we” crossed by the “dry” ferry between Deauville and Trouville. It was simply a walk-way then, whereas during high tide it consists of a ferry-boat pulled along a rope stretched from side to side of the stream. After a poor but cleanly served luncheon, we motored in a drizzily rain to Pont l’Evêque and back by St. Galtan. Roads good. Then a fair *table*

d'hôte, and "we" walked in the clear evening air along the beach walk and to the pier head whence we saw seven lighthouse lights at work, and Havre lit up; and in the other direction, towards Villers, the lights of two little settlements at the mouth of their valleys, and—was that Dives-sur-Mer? Turning hotelward we had to use the wet ferry; we happened to glance seaward across the harbour front. Boats that had been stranded on their keels or sides by the tidal drop were beginning to feel the returning water, and their yellow lantern lights were glowing; and here and there sailors were at work tarring their boat hulls.

Monday, August 1, 1910. Got money and mail from our bankers the Crédit Lyonnais and a notice that for lack of sufficient postage the local post office was holding a letter for me. Now why had not our bankers paid that overdue postage? Our mail had been forwarded to their care and we held letters of credit on them. Having read our letter mail and glanced over our home papers, "we" motored to the old "Inn of William the Conqueror" at Dives for luncheon. Its gateway is flush with its façade and leads into

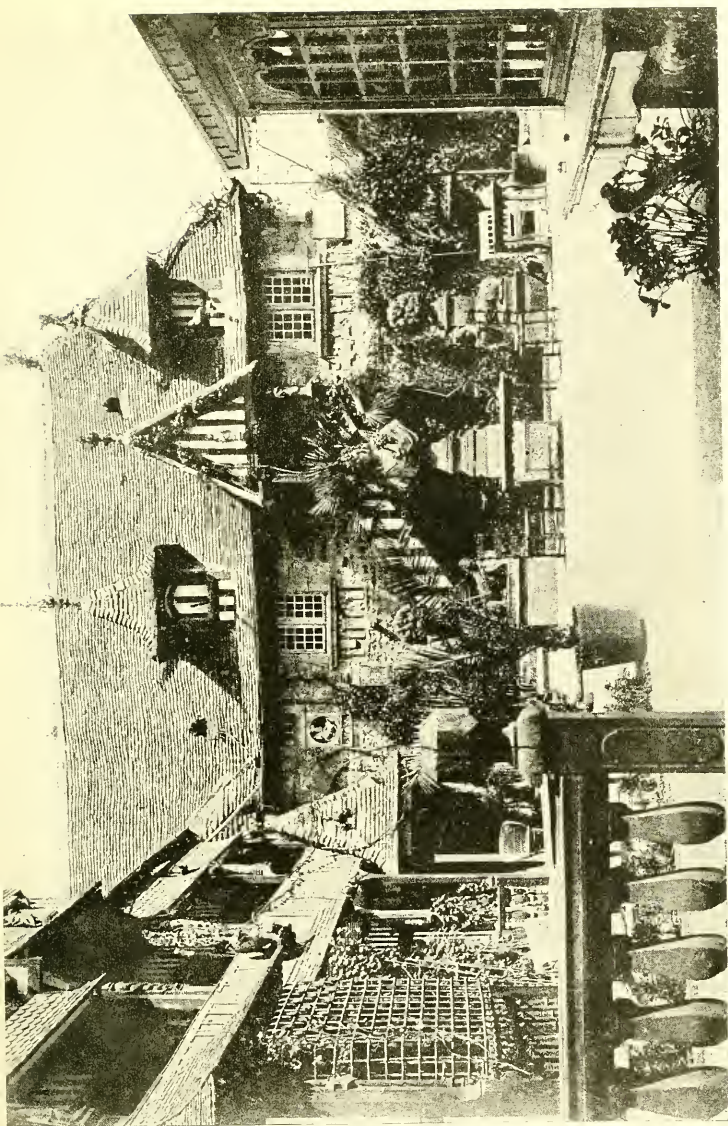


Photo F. Postel

The Inn of William the Conqueror at Dives-sur-Mer. Court of Louis XIV.

the large courtyard around which it is built. The Inn is embellished unconvincingly. There in front of us sat our late acquaintance Mr. Hopkinson Smith, painting "a pot boiler," representing a certain view of the courtyard. He painted many pictures hereabouts every summer. Presently his wife looked us up and while kindly showing us the various highly decorated public rooms of the Inn made us known to Monsieur Pol, the proprietor. While viewing his kitchen at one side of the courtyard, "we," Mrs. Smith, and Monsieur Pol, held a consultation as to an especially fine luncheon. Some dishes mentioned "we" and Mrs. Smith disapproved of, but they put in an appearance so that a gourmand might have been pleased as well as a gourmet. My French is too indifferent! We were served delicious cold mussels, and mussels with cream sauce; tomatoes sliced with onions and cucumber, with French dressing; an omelette; lobster with tomato sauce, *à la maison*; the specialty of the Inn, poulet validos, tomato farcis; and fried potatoes; pêche Flammaise; and café noir,—all excellently cooked. And we found a very fine bottle of Château Moncontour Vouvray, 1893. Then we inspected the old

church at Dives whose walls are embellished with the names of the Conqueror's chief companions in his invasion of England. Among them was the name of an ancestor of one of our party. Tradition has it that the intending chieftains of the English invasion had religious service here as they intended to embark from Dives. Their point of sailing became, however, on account of more favouring wind, St. Valery-sur-Somme. Returning to Trouville "we" passed a pleasant evening strolling about the sea front and soon retired to be prepared for an early start in the morning for Caen, Bayeux, St. Lo and Avranches, on the western border of Normandy.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Re- marks</i>
8/2/10	11.00 A.M.	Trouville	Caen	50	1.00 P.M.		Blow out at 12 M. First one on trip. Though we had a flat tire when machine was taken from the <i>Vaderland</i> , and another at Brussels. Lunch at Hôtel d'Angleterre. Caen. Dinner at Hôtel France et Londres réunis, Avranches. Excellent.
"	3.15 P.M.	Caen	Bayeux	24	4.05 P.M.		
"	4.45 P.M.	Bayeux	Avranches	87	7.05 P.M.		
				161		5.10	

Just before breakfast our companions—"they"—informed us that a cable telling of the impending

marriage of a close friend in London in two or three days called them thither, but that they would rejoin us speedily. Meanwhile would we motor westward? So "we" started on the above itinerary at eleven after most regretfully parting with "them" who were to take that night's channel steamer at Havre. We ran along a road now commanding the sunlit sea and now shut in by charming hedges, through a grazing country dotted with red-tiled old cottages to Villers, and then past several estates surrounded by high stone walls. We were about to enter Caen when there occurred our first blow-out and that in a sudden rain squall. Before long we were going again and we arrived in Caen which was gay with bunting and visitors in honour of an expected Aviation Meet. Squads of soldiers were marching to the field to protect the public.

Lunching at Hôtel d'Angleterre we encountered a friend and his sister. The former accompanied us to the curious old Church of St. Pierre and to the Churches of La Trinité and St. Étienne. La Trinité is the Church of the Convent founded by Matilda, wife and first cousin of William the Conqueror, at the same time that he founded

St. Étienne in similar expiation for their having married one another though, in the opinion of the Church, of too close blood kinship, and who shall say that the Church was wrong. My note-book is good enough to remark:

La Trinité is over-ornate but successful. The effect of light at the back of the choir is wonderful and as if emanating from within. St. Étienne most highly ornate. These two churches have broad walks behind the clerestory. Towers in all cases rather negligible. Hôtel Dieu now takes place of the Abbaye for Women formerly connected with La Trinité; and the Abbaye formerly connected with St. Étienne is now used as a government receptacle for poles, etc., for building, and for *dissecta membra* of the former Abbaye's interior.

Taking our kind friends back to their hotel (d'Angleterre) we started at 3.15 for Bayeux. Our route was over one of the fine national roads, typically straight, though often that characteristic is not apparent because of undulations of the ground or growths of trees. We overlooked a grazing country. And here and there were the typical red-tiled, timbered Norman cottages, picketed horses eating half-moons into lush clover,

and numerous cows, and magpies. Trees, or earth mounds or bushes defined the margins of the road. Thus we sped along and at 4.05 entered quiet, retired, and interesting Bayeux. Here we saw in the Library a typical collection of ancient MSS. and books, and the wondrous Bayeux tapestry. In Normandy something at least of three things is found in each leading old town—an ancient fortress, the church founded by the fortress builders, and much of the church's library saved by dint of special devotion of the monks through all the frequent and terrible vicissitudes of centuries. The chief treasure of Bayeux's library, the "Bayeux tapestry," we nearly missed seeing, for we arrived when the schedule called for closed doors. But my supplications in piteous French, and my wife's perfect and fluent appeal in that tongue, and the silent eloquence of the large *pourboire* I tendered as tactfully as I could gained us entrance to the library, where was the famous "tapestry" on a linen base. It is framed and glazed on both sides and elevated some four and a half feet in a long ellipse, thus being conveniently accessible to view throughout its length and breadth (230 feet by 20 inches). In

four colours of worsted—drabs, russets, greens, and blues, yet freshly bright—the story is woven in—the story of Edward the Confessor, of Harold, his delegate to Normandy, afterwards slain as King of England at the battle of Hastings, of William the Conqueror's flotilla for the English invasion, of the battle of Hastings, of Harold's death and the events following it. The Conqueror's Queen Matilda is said to have designed it and begun it about 1062, and together with her ladies to have wrought it. The Church has preserved it. It is a world wonder among historical documents.

We next visited the fussy and curious cathedral which was built by Bishop Odo, half-brother, on the mother's side, of the Conqueror. It is constructed in four elevations; it has very small windows in the nave; and its crypt is a fine specimen of Norman architecture. Throughout it, as in all the oldest churches of Normandy, the simple and powerful Norman arch and short massive pillars are employed. Much of the higher raised work in this church is of poor restoration.

But we had to hasten on to our night stoppage,

Avranches. Leaving Bayeux at 4.45 we passed through the old town of picturesquely situated St. Lo which has a handsome church, a notable public square from which the roadway winds downward sharply and crookedly to the new town. Near by is one of the famous French "Stud Farms." We wanted to carefully inspect St. Lo, but "far in the distance the white road glistened" and called us to Avranches and its wondrous view, at sunset, of the Bay of Cancale and its jewel Mont St. Michel. So we departed not only from the attractions of St. Lo itself but also from the district called Cotentin. Now the Cotentin is the peninsula north of St. Lo, on whose northern middle is Cherbourg. It is naturally Norman of the Normans, for is it not the ancient cornering place of that race, and have not its granite walls kept it little bitten by the sea into the numerous bights which have elsewhere along the French channel coast invited alien settlers? In the far nooks and corners of a country are naturally preserved much of its ancientness. The Picts sought Northern Scotland and Wales; the Normans, the Cotentin; the Basques, north-western Spain; the Celtic Britons, Cornwall in England,

and Brittany in France; and the Mexican Indians, mountainous north-western Mexico, and so on. What revolutionary outbreaks shall come from such national refuges none may safely prophesy. Like a red thread traversing some white woven cloth they direct attention and arouse the eager fancy to dreams of olden days. Here then in the Cotentin the traveller should linger and explore the many splendid and romantic architectural ruins and all the hundreds of historic sites; the ancient farmhouses and the typical ways and means, preserved from olden times, for negotiating life.

Alas! but also well, to none is granted the opportunity to enjoy everything. We had to pursue our way to our sunset tryst. We sped through Villebaudon, Percy, Villedieu, and soon were breasting the steep ascent to the somewhat cone like Avranches which keeps watch and ward very near the western border of Normandy. At 7.05 we approached the courtyard of the Hôtel "France et Londre réunis." Four waiters in long white aprons sprang upon the car and sought us for their respective hotels. What! barkers! as on old Harrison Street, Baltimore, or Shoreditch,

London, or before the hotels at Kew? We "followed Baedeker" into this "re-united" hotel. Did that name indicate a statesmanlike seeking of co-operation in the midst of cut-throat opposition? What were the terms of the alliance? Was this placid and subdued and rotund "Monsieur," the landlord, but the amiable consort of that vigorous "Madame," the landlady there, whose personality seemed to suggest that she was the reigning sovereign who had conquered peace in at least a portion of this hotel-distracted little corner of the world? So we went conjecturing into the old-time candle-lit apartment she assigned us. And then the rain fell, and though there was some pink in the higher sky we could not view at sunset distant Mont St. Michel. Instead there came the prosaic comfort of fresh mackerel; Haricotverts, Camembert, and a good and light Avranches beer for dinner. As we ate at a little side table the hotel family and some chosen guests dined at the long table near us. "Monsieur the landlord," under the keen guidance of "Madame, the landlady," frequently himself or through the waiters or waiting maids, attended to our wants, and then at dessert time kept tempting

us with cake, wine, sparkling cider, fresh almonds, etc. Verily we must have been assisting at a family fête without knowing it. After as gracious expressions as we could give for undefined kindness from this little hotel family which seemed almost lost in their big hotel, we withdrew to a large cold sitting-room much swept and waxed as to floor and much though simply garnished. It was one of the few rooms answering to the English or American public sitting-room kept free from smoking and drinking and games of men, which I have ever come across in really provincial France. Here "we" planned for a morning view of Mont St. Michel and I brought my commonplace book up to date, I find, with these words, "Wishing our comrades—"they"—were with us instead of on the channel between Havre and Dover." I concluded the entry with the record that

our one hundred and six miles' run today was delightful and brisk, and afforded many fine broad valley views. Drizzling tonight. No walk; but no dust tomorrow. My wife who has just been presented with four roses by "Monsieur, the Landlord" is finishing a letter to her dear home-folk. Done; and so good-night from us two.

Date	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Re- marks
Wednesday	11.00	Avranches	St. Michel	30	1.30		Lunch at Hôtel
Aug. 3, 1910	3.30	St. Michel	Dinard	69	5.30		Poulard Ainé.
				99		4.30	Good. Blow- out No. 2 at 5.15. Patched it. Hôtel Royal. Restaurant very good. <i>Table d'</i> <i>hôte</i> very poor. A good costly hotel wherein are many "bounders."

And now, says my commonplace book,

Café complet at 9.45 on first floor porch after a delightful night's rest. Sunshine and balmy air. Baggage *déscende* as we had coffee. My wife carried the three pink and the one white rose Monsieur le Maître d'Hôtel had asked permission to present to her. Canaries and finches singing in cages near us in mixed assemblies. My wife reading of our route to-day,—Pont Orson, Mont St. Michel where we propose lunching, and Dinard. But first, after café, we shall see the Church here and the Jardin des Plantes and take from it as a base the distant view over land and sea to Mont St. Michel. The church is modern, in good, strong Gothic style highly exploited. Evidently rich folk have done the good deed. Across the broad plaza on which it faces is the Jardin des Plantes containing the small old Roman Arch beneath which "we" walked and saw in front of us over the land and over the tide-freed sands, Mont St. Michel the wonderful; and to the landward, L'Île Tomblaine.

At high tide Mont St. Michel seems to float on the water. Far away the principal charm was its mysterious attraction as a place of ancient and present worship. For the rest we saw it as a pyramid glistening in the sun, upon the glistening sands. But the time had come to start unless we should stop to see the column here commemorating the barefoot penance of Henry II. of England before the old Church destroyed in 1192, to expiate the murder of Thomas à Becket. This we omitted, and at eleven o'clock started for the "Mont," down a steep road, crooked as a long series of capital M's. Indeed, the road is called "le chemin M."

Our route lay through banks crowded with shrubs and small trees or with flowering plants and tall trimmed trees and brought us to Pont Orson on the River Couesnon which separates Normandy and Brittany. A typical country market was being held. It was especially rich in pigs, and here in a bag, held by a hind leg, I saw moving the oft-mentioned "pig in a poke." Turning abruptly to the right we ran a few miles and then came to the long causeway leading across the sands or water, as the tide determines, to

wondrous Mont St. Michel. At its end rose the basic and fortified walls above which climbed pyramidally the village dwellings, including the Poulard Inns (at the older of which "we" were to lunch, principally on their famous omelette), the eight-hundred-year-old Monastery and its great refectory largely hewn from the rock, and at the peak, the Church over which in modern times has been erected a metallic spire surmounted by a figure of St. Michael. Was the less beautiful old shape of it all preferable or is that lineally perfect spire an improvement?

That reminds me of the objection of the Art Committee to a Rodin sketch of a too wondrously muscled horse. The Committee referred the matter to the manager of one of the great French slow-draft horse-breeding establishments. He said: "It is true that no such horse has ever existed. Nevertheless that is precisely the horse I am endeavouring to produce." It is useless to attempt further to describe this most beautiful, architecturally perfected island. Dream it out; or better still, go and see it. Or if that is impracticable, inspect St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, England, which was its rude but beautiful off-

spring. We saw its dungeons and its village of ancient mould, but the enchantment lay in the long, long view over the sands, here grey, there wet, reflecting the clouds; landwards the green meadows with grazing sheep, seaward blue water and the distant Îles Causey, Cancale, the headland towards Granville and Avranches, and the land swing east of it. Above, the sky was tender blue with white fleecy clouds. The wind was soft. Sunshine and rain alternated. We wanted to wait and see the high foam-fronted tide rush in and hear its hissing roar. Alas, we had to leave in time to get housed at popular Dinard before nightfall. So we were off at 3.30, and soon we crossed the Couesnon River and left Normandy behind us.

What picture have I in my mind of its five departments, La Manche, Calvados, Eure, and Seine Inférieure which constitute about the middle third of the French channel coast with Orne, the other department, a little west of south of that channel tier? Speaking very generally, it forms a rough parallelogram with its east and west extension nearly twice as long as that running north and south. Generally speaking, too, it com-

prises the high land between the great northern French plain and the sea. And when Charles the Simple ("simple" meaning straightforward) granted Normandy to Rollo and his Northmen as guardsmen against other and less amenable invaders, he evidently defined its limits on the west by the clear demarcation of the peninsula now constituting La Manche and extended it through the mouth of the Seine Valley. A buffer state was needed by France and demanded by the Norman guardsmen as a strategic position. And so it was. Here then with the daughter of Charles as his wife (unfortunately she did not bear Rollo an heir), and with Rouen as the capital city of Normandy, Rollo and his Northmen settled in 912. Strong and masterful were all his descendant Dukes of Normandy, but none of them his equal until came his great grandson who in 1066 became the Conqueror of England. There was Rollo, the Great; William Longsword, the Wise; Richard, the Fearless; Robert, the Devil, and William the Conqueror; except William Longsword none of them was born in wedlock, though the parents of all of them save those of William the Conqueror were subsequently married. Under

their Dukedoms strong men were given lands and lordships if they would build protecting castles at designated points and duly serve their Duke in time of war and peace. The Church was duly placated. As we have seen fortress, castle, abbey, and church rose together at all great centres, while around them gathered, for spiritual and bodily protection, the common folk who developed city trading around the open space used as a market or for pleasure. The belfry was hung with a pet bell perhaps as is "Rouvel" in its street-pierced tower at Rouen, which still rings curfew at 8.45 each evening, or like its fellows in other towns, yet ready to call to civic festival, or to war or peace. Later came the Palais de Justice, and latest of all the Museum. A "rich grazing country indeed," says my commonplace book

is western and north-western Normandy. Heavy its storms in winter and sweet its springs with blossoming of apple and cherry trees, with wild flowers and the foliage of beech and poplar and lime, and the budding of yellow gorse and white and purple heather in the far western uplands; and except in heavy winter weather its skies are bright and blue.

Over such a country, preserved to his use by feudal lords whom in his early manhood he had brought to uniform subjection and whose castle strongholds thickly dotted all his duchy, ruled the Great William. But though "his Norman sheep were fat, the English sheep were fatter; and so it seemed the meeter, that he should take the latter." The conquest of England occurred in 1066. The force of Norman rulers began to wane amidst the greater luxuries of England, and Normandy drained of her greatest leaders declined in independence, for the Conqueror's son and heir, Robert, was both spasmodic and dissipated. For nearly four hundred years England and France sought to annex Normandy, until in 1450 it finally fell to France. Since then the overshadowing influence of her southern neighbour, so quick always to absorb the world's new thought, has been drawing her towards modern civilization. Slowly the old Normandy of the Normans has retreated. Her ancient customs and costumes have very largely disappeared, though the coarse blue linen clothes are yet in use for her men, and a white cap for the women. Only Norman thrift and trading, perseverance, and love for its thin

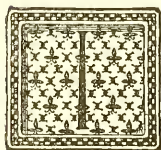
hard cider, and such ingrained characteristics and, in its less accessible parts, house furnishings and domestic ways, are left to illustrate the Normandy of the ancient times, while in its easily accessible cities non-Norman France prevails and the world's tourists have subjected to their use very many of its numerous seaside villages. Much of the Seine Valley and of southern portions of Normandy and of its peninsula, La Manche, we did not see. That remains for another trip.

CHAPTER IV

Brittany

You who have Celtic blood in your veins or who love
The fire of their living—the warmth of their love or the chill of
their wrath—
Tell over with me in careful imagining how the fierce Franks
Beat them back to the uttermost limits of what was their ancient
Empire
Till to-day the Walloon, the Breton, the Gaels, and the stout men
of Cornwall in England
Must speak for the vanished and separate nations that once
constituted them.
Eclipsed is their national power. But brightly their national
characteristics persist
Though modified greatly by climate and more by their methods of
life.
Note the Walloon. What a cheery and diligent fellow at work
or at sanctimonious beggarship
In his equable climate and country! Note the deep Breton all
silent through pressure
Of life in his sea-girt peninsula home where the wild ocean winds
Lash his land, or drive frantic waves to beat all in vain on his
stark granite coast,
Or lure to their death so many who fish off the coast of far, foggy
Iceland in Spring!
Note the voluble Irishman given to roam o'er the fertile and fair
Emerald Isle,
Whose easier life never forced him from home into strenuous work
Until a few generations ago. Note the Scotch and the Welsh
Highlandmen
As they wander abroad or dwell midst their own storied hills.

And note the Cornishman, rugged and stubborn and moody and
burly as his own iron-bound coast,
Which is smitten so often by terrible gales from the maddened
Atlantic.
But full in the innermost core of the heart-life of each of them
Beats the call of religion, and in the brains of them all the white
soul of fancy,
That communes with the spirits of fairyland, be they of heaven or
earth
And evokes songs from land, sea, or sky, or brings beautiful
miracles down
From that heaven which the same for us all seems so different to
each.
Far have the centuries flung you, O ancient septs of the once
mighty Celts,
And differing your speech of to-day; but your fancy and fighting
And poetry still remain one. Often like threads of bright scarlet
Drawn full through the length of a spotless white weaving of linen
Your fancy gleams forth in some passionate story, or fray, or
heart-moving verse,
Or the chill wrath in you forces such dour and terrible battling
As your courage compels when fanned hot by the zeal that religion
imparts.



INTO Brittany we dashed, upon crossing the Couesnon River after our departure from Mont St. Michel with its battlements, its monastery, its pinnacled abbey, and its dominating church, the new steeple all alight in the westering sun, its dark base picked out in white by the foam-flecked waves of the inrushing tide, and Port Orson old, but developing rapidly under tourist influences,

Dinard—the modern, high-pressure, and very dressed-up, Frenchy, not Bretonish, summer resort—we were scheduled to reach in time for a formal dinner among Parisian gowns of women and black coats of men! However, I have been spoiled, for certainly the ease one enjoys at the inns of Northern France, reached with an agreeable automobile party, is unsurpassable.

But to resume. We started from Mont St. Michel at 3.30 and after Pont Orson passed through Dol, Dinan (which we saved to visit with “them” when they returned from England), and ran through country which gradually became more country-like, rude, and romantic, and came at 5.15 within, say, five miles of Dinard, where our second blow-out occurred. Patching until we could buy new tires on the morrow we were passed by five scorching autos and two moderate ones. Dinard was evidently well into its season. Bicyclists passed us frequently. Soon we ran into Dinard and secured accommodations at the Hôtel Royal, whose restaurant is very good, *table d'hôte* ordinary in every sense, and among whose patrons were some especially nice

people but many others who apparently were vulgar moneyspenders.

Thursday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Re- marks
8/4/10	3.20	Dinard	Cape Fréhel	45	4.50		Lunch and dinner at Hôtel Royal.
"	5.00	Cape Fréhel	Dinard	45	6.20		
				90		2.50	

The extra charges of this hotel are wondrous high. But the Eastern or native or more lively music played by its famous Hungarian band was delightful when not too boisterous. And the view from the hotel's front over the bay and the bathing-beach with its bathing establishments, machines, and bathers between the two garden and villa-covered capes framing it in, is delightful always, and in the early morning sunrise when the tide was beginning to swing in again, was altogether lovely. Says my faithful commonplace book:

At low water some fifty separate rock ledges can be seen stretching here and there out seaward, and St. Malo and St. Servan just across the Rance River. Sails and boats, some white, some brown, dot the waters, green, blue, and whitish-blue gleaming beyond the yellow sand far out beyond the brown beach with its splotches of wet seaweed. Men are forking the seaweed into carts. A man and a horse

are pulling bath-houses to and from the water's margin, children are at play on the beach, two men are fencing on the terrace in front of the hotel.

There is little bathing. The cliff walk is very agreeable and offers wonderful views over land and sea. Towards the Point de la Compte to the south, that is, towards Dinan, the sands at low tide are covered with bright green seaweed. Has its emerald green colour suggested the name of this coast—the Emerald Coast? Certainly the view “Comptewards” is verily emerald green with its green seaweed stretches, green shore, green boats, and, far beyond, the green channel waters.

Poor lunch at hotel. And at 3.20 went in the machine through St. Briec and St. Lunaire to a beautiful wild country about Ploubalay and Matignon to Cape Fréhel Lighthouse, surrounded by moors covered with yellow gorse and low purple heather, and frowning at a wild waste of channel water in which beyond eyesight lay the Channel Islands. Back to ordinary *table d'hôte* at hotel, and after listening for a time to some thunderous music by the Hungarian band, to our apartment whence the view over the bay with its shore lights was lovely indeed.

Friday, August 5, 1910. Now luck was with me on this Friday.

But aren't we all the chief creators of what we call our "luck"? I made this particular bit of mine by looking out of a window over the bay of Dinard upon waking just before daybreak. The tide was out. The sand stretched away and away between the lamplit peninsulas defining it to right and left; dozens of sharp, rough ledges and great areas of seaweed broke its dark grey surface, while over sands and land and distant sea-line the mists of morning cast their enchantment. As I gazed, the dim horizon lightened seaward. Sky and sea merged into each other. The sun was struggling to arise. The further light grew lighter. Then at the sea edge appeared a whitish line—the foam of the advancing waves. The low horizon blazed into yellowish-white changing to red as the sun's rim swam above it. The clouds above which had run the gamut in delicate colouring turned to that most trumpet-like call of colour, a true, deep, living pink. Back of them the wide sky was of tender blue. Up swung the great red sun; on came the leaping white-pointed channel tide into our land-locked bay,

glinting and carousing, sliding over brown rock-ledge and glistening sands, and saving stretches of emerald green seaweed from the men and carts who would gather it for their farms, until the foam-fronted tide had murmured its way up to high-water mark and all the beautiful bay had yielded to the sea again. The blues and pinks and yellows that the early dawn of day had painted on the flooding tide as upon their overarching sky gave place upon the dancing waters to limpid channel green and glinting golden sunshine and white lights from clouds above and sands below, while the heavens above were blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud. I know that only a painter or a poet should dare to describe such a glory of colour, but having seen it once I attempted to fasten it forever in my memory. Formal Dinard did not gratify my taste; but the passing of the evening and the coming of the morning over its lovely bay were to me more gratifying than I can express.

We explored Dinard's pleasant walks by sea and shore, and in shops and gardens; had an indifferent *table d'hôte* luncheon, and afterwards listened to the Hungarian band play very pleasingly from

Tosca and Mireille and then with great verve, but no understanding, many American selections. "We" received a telegram from "them" that they would on Sunday morning reach the seaport St. Malo just across our bay and the River Rance. Telegraphing that "we" would go to Morlaix whence the car would return for "them," we left the hotel at 4.15. I wish I had a kodak picture of the retinue of servants who saw us off. The three men and a boy who had carried downstairs my wife's dressing-case, hat-box, and small automobile trunk, and my suit case, stood with the waiter, three boys, and the porter to receive *pourboires*. To most of the throng I had given liberal *pourboires* for services upon arrival or during our stay, but again I "remembered" them. Tip collecting can be pushed so far as to be a disgusting performance.

Friday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Re- marks
Aug. 5, 1916	4.15	Dinard	St. Brieuc	109	7.30	3.15	Lunch at Hôtel Royal, Dinard. Good dinner at Hôtel d'Angleterre, St. Brieuc.

We ran through St. Lunaire, apparently a mushroom summer resort village affording beauti-

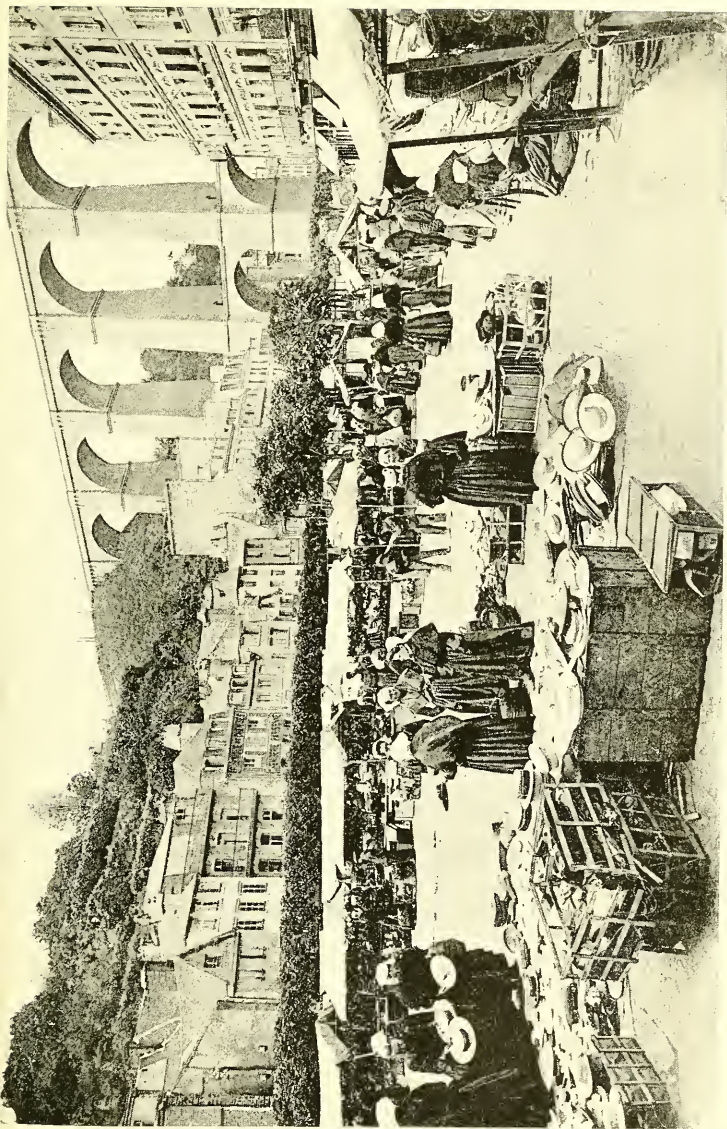


Photo Neurdein

The Market Place of Morlaix

ful views over the dancing green channel water, and through St. Brieuc with similar outlook and a golf course, through Ploubalay, Matignon, Plurien in the uplands near the coast, and then dipped down to Urguy, a vigorous little village on the water and offering with its new built hotel and simplicity a lovely though very retired bathing resort. We passed to the uplands again and ran through the villages of Plened, La Poirier, Planquenne, St. René, and Villinel into ancient St. Brieuc (population 24,000, now capital of the Côtes-du-Nord Department) at 7.30, where at Hôtel d'Angleterre we got an excellent "French" *table d'hôte* dinner, and the last bedroom in the house. We took a walk to see some of its many quaint old buildings and slept well, after noting that a starry night was closing a sunny, beautiful day.

<i>Saturday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Re- marks</i>
Aug. 6, 1910	10.00	St. Brieuc	Morlaix	83	12.15		Ordinary lunch at Hôtel de l'Europe. Fair dinner at Hôtel de Bre- tagne.
"	2.45	Morlaix	St. Brieuc	83	5.00		
				166		4.30	

After early coffee we motored to Place de la Préfecture, where in a typical market gathering,

women wearing the white linen caps peculiar to this department, Côtes-du-Nord, were huckstering. Those who had come to buy or sell in a small way stowed their supplies in large, close-woven baskets swung on their arms from two curved handles playing on swivels. In more than one basket I saw a large live hen or rooster.

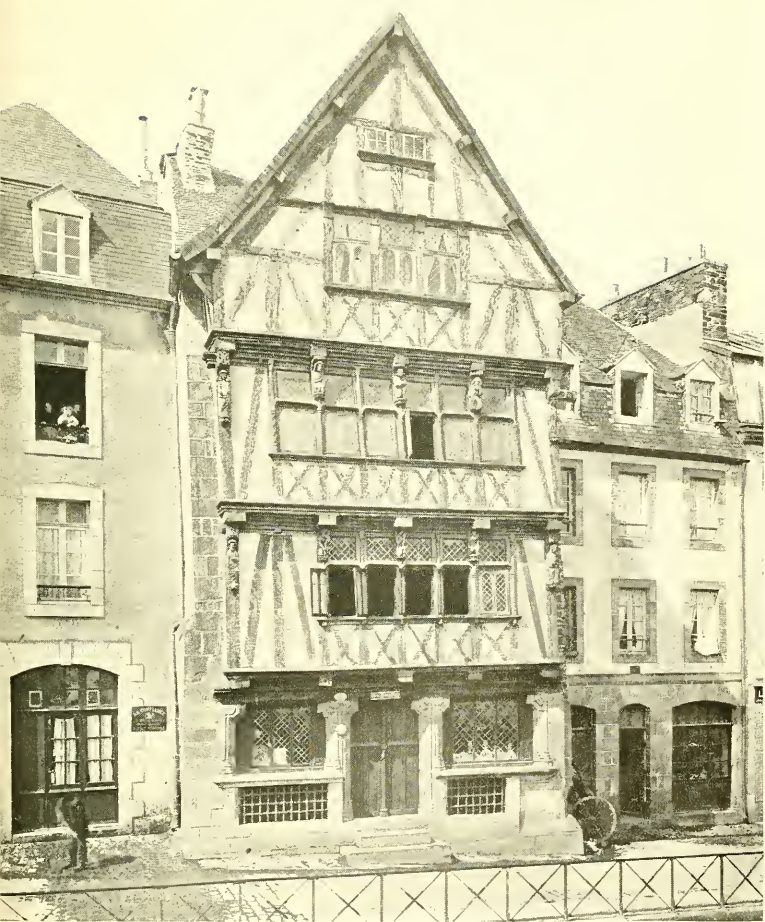
Soon we started for Morlaix, some fifty miles away, over a fine national road which was almost straight, and which as it ran over very hilly country (in the mountains of Arrée) afforded splendid panoramic views, including our white ribbon of a road perhaps for ten miles ahead. Along the road were numerous churches in all stages of antiquity, decay, and beauty. Indeed, the simple faith of the Breton people throughout their thousand years of ardent Christianity has led them to erect hundreds of churches and chapels and to entrust them to the safekeeping of the various saints. These edifices are left piously undisturbed by builders. The smaller chapels have usually been built halfway under ground and are on almost any kind of site. A hillside offering a good support for a niche protecting the image of the saint, and proffering a spring whose waters can be

led into a stone basin in which pilgrims are to drink after praying to the saint, is a favourite location. But wherever they have been placed they are expected to stay virtually untouched until only the holy ground on which they stand remains to attract worshippers.

Innumerable pilgrimages — “Pardons,” — embracing marching to the Church and then processions from it led by the image of the saint and holy banners frequently occur. After these processions the worshipping company eats and the young men hold country sports before their elders and the young girls and then continue their shy courting as couple by couple they walk home through the encouraging dusk. Most of these local saints are specialists whose powers are suited to neighbourhood needs, but some of them, as St. Ives, the only lawyer saint of which I know, have powers suitable to any Breton need. More of these ancient fanes constructed like most of the buildings in this granite, wind-swept country would be standing today, had not the irreverence of the Revolutionary times laid hands upon them.

About half-way to Morlaix we passed several

weather-worn old granite churches with beautiful steeples. One of strong and delicate lines was pierced by so many openings as to suggest the apertures in lace. These churches must have been built by the ancestors of the owners of some châteaux hard by whose fine and simple grounds we admired in passing. Simplicity is the key-note of Breton buildings and homes and views, and loyalty the key-note to duty to pastors and masters, as is tender reverence the key-note to their conduct towards the memory of their dead for whom they perform many an ancient rite, founded on the customs of the old Celtic people from whom they come, and sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Church whose wards they are. Thus in their mountain fastnesses, or in quaint villages along the Channel or Atlantic shores there are practised on certain Church anniversaries such rites as the Feast of the Dead, when at midnight food is spread on the dining-room table and the hearth brushed clean that the souls of the dead may until morning light find food and warmth while all the household prays; another ceremony is that of starting bonfires at night upon the hilltops on St. Peter's Eve during the saying of prayers, after



Queen Anne's House at Morlaix

Photo Neurdein

which each participant places a smooth stone, as a seat for a soul, in one of three circles closely surrounding the ashes. And sometimes in the dusk as the night winds begin to whisper the Breton hears the poor dead tramping by him and sings a song of consolation, or turns away his eyes lest seeing he should distress them.

Presently we came to Guingamp (population 9200), on the Trieux whose church Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours is a favourite resort for pilgrimages. And by 12.15 we came to Morlaix a place of 15,000 inhabitants, and lunched fairly well at Hôtel de l'Europe. Then we walked through a market in full blast, wherein a very few of the peasants wore their typical costumes. "We" visited the quaint old sixteenth-century church of St. Melaine, near a splendid modern bridge and viaduct one hundred and ninety feet high; went through the highly carved wooden house of Anne of Brittany, through whose marriage with Louis XII. Brittany became a part of the Kingdom of France; viewed the English fountain marking the spot where six hundred surrendered English soldiers were treacherously murdered; saw the commercial basins whence four miles down the Morlaix River

to the Channel goes much of the produce of this region to Northern Europe, the three hundred steps leading to the upper town, the long street piercing Morlaix, and then returned to our hotel in St. Brieuc comfortably by five o'clock. At the markets and in conveyances on the way we had seen live-stock of very many kinds, and produce and household supplies galore. After dinner at 7.30 we inspected this fast developing town.

<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and marks</i>	<i>Re-</i>
8/7/10	9.15	St. Brieuc	Lamballe	20	9.50		Lunch at Hôtel de	
"	2.30	Lamballe	Dinan	37	5.45		France. Very	
				57		3.50	poor. Dinner at	
							Hôtel de Bretagne.	
							Fair.	

Left at 9.15 for Lamballe, whence at 9.50 from Hôtel de France sent Tom with the machine and a note for "them," telling how to see Dinard, and that we awaited them at luncheon at Hôtel de France, Lamballe, and suggested going via Loudéac and Pontivy to Quimperlé for the night. Then "we" walked through the town and saw some quaint old wooden houses, highly carved, and having overhanging stories; passing through a corner of a park, tree-lined and terraced, we visited the much "restored" Church of Notre Dame,

which was formerly the Chapel of the Dukes of Ponthièvre, and from which we had a most beautiful view; we visited also the ordinary but ancient Church of St. Jean.

Our visit to the spacious, wonderfully clean and delightfully neat government breeding establishment where some three hundred stallions are kept to improve the breed of heavy horses in France was a great treat to me. Most of the horses were Percherons, Bretons, or Ardennes, though some were from around Boulogne, and some half-bred of each from lighter mares. A few pure-bred racing horses, "Pedler," a strictly English horse, a race winner, best; and a good rangy French horse "Longueville," next best; some half Arab and English and French horses were very good. Of the heavy draft horses, the Percherons were the most compact and showy for their size, I think. The Breton and Boulogne horses were mightier, and looser built. The Ardennes horses ranked between the above two classes. We were conducted through this splendid establishment by an employé arrayed in a red coat, blue hat, white trousers, and spurred foot-gear, who finally had us register as visitors,

received our *pourboire* as a welcome matter of course, and then bade us "good-bye" with military precision.

After visiting the Church of St. Martin, part old, partly restored recently, and admiring its fine roofed doorway with settle side-seats, and its old tower as good as was that of Saint Jean, we kept "rendezvous" at the hotel at 11.20. No arrival. Wrote letters and postals; and lunched poorly at 12.30. Then some reading about France. At 2.30 "Tom" came back with the car and a telegram from Paris from "them" saying, "Unavoidably detained."

Whereupon we started for Dinan by the direct road but stopped at a village about a mile from Dinan to mingle with the people holding an impromptu fair in connection with a race meeting over a turf course. Refreshments were to be had as follows: Two "hot dog" sausages and a wedge of bread, 10 centimes; cider by the cup, 5 centimes; two mushroom crackers, 5 centimes; dehulled almonds for a few centimes; and some hard dry sugar cakes like those we used to buy at corner groceries when we were children. Among the amusements were games of chance; testing

strength through blows with a huge mallet; and singing songs in company with a fiddler who offered "broadsides." There was also a steeplechase of about two and one half miles over low hurdles, and one high jump before the grand stand, with seven entries by soldiers. Winner, a hard riding man on a rangy high-bred horse, which finished under whip and spur, swinging his tail around quickly in circles. One may say that the rider really won the race. The second horse was too long held back. The riding was very indifferent.

On to Hôtel de Bretagne at Dinan by 5.45. We secured a fair room overlooking the extensive plaza, righted ourselves, and walked to the ancient Church of St. Malo which is of conglomerate style; and then to the Church of St. Sauveur. Curiously the right side of this church is of Romanesque architecture and the left of Gothic. Within lies the heart of the great General Bernard Du Guesclin. The interior is in careless and mixed style, but has some good Gothic chapels and details. From the "English Garden" on the town's old ramparts we had a fine view of the valley of the Rance River and later we saw a part of the château of the Duchess Anne, of Brittany, now

built into the town walls. Dominating the long public square is Frémiet's fine equestrian statue of Du Guesclin who when recapturing the town from the English, in 1359, although he was as small physically as he was great in all military matters, defeated in single combat an English Knight, Sir Thomas of Canterbury. When we saw it, the square was dressed for a fête that night. Thousands of small thick drinking glasses, blue, red, yellow, and white, containing fuses set in tallow were strung on cords along all its walks. That night we were to see them lighted up.

But now we returned to our hotel for dinner. We hurried through it, for a dense crowd had been attracted by the Race Meet Fête. After having succeeded in getting some food with some excellent coffee,—most of the Breton coffee is poor,—we walked in the brightly lighted streets which were crowded with merrymakers buying and throwing confetti, but saving most of it for the Place Du Guesclin. All the tapers were shining in their coloured glasses; a large brass band was blaring away in the huge stand, draped pagoda-like with bunting of many colours and numerous strings of the coloured taper glasses brightly burning.



Photo Laurent

Fountain of Saint Barbara
Young girls wishing to marry within the year throw pins into
this fountain

One third of the square had been made into a castle with varicoloured bunting walls glowing in red and blue lights, cast on it from rear and front. The entire square was surrounded by a railing within which one could obtain admittance for a small sum and engage in the battle of confetti. There, as on the walks just outside, the crowd was thick as sardines in a box.

But by this time "they" were to have been brought to the hotel by Tom whom we had sent to meet "them" at Dinard. "We" found "them" in poor rooms though the management had promised us it would do its best. "They" were very tired after a long and strenuous crossing of the Channel from Havre, rushing around for the wedding, abortive efforts to sail to St. Malo, and a return via Paris. Very fatiguing all that. To rest was the thing, and so "good-night" in preparation for an early start tomorrow.

Monday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Remarks
Aug. 8, 1910	9.05	Dinan	Pontivy	125	1.00		Lunch at
"	2.20	Pontivy	Concarneau	85	7.45		Hôtel Grosset.
				210		9.20	Dinner Beau Rivage. Or- dinary.

Started at 9.05 after strong *café au lait* at a table on the pavement in front of the hotel.

Passing through Lamballe I recovered my umbrella which the manager and *femme de chambre* of the Hôtel de France had failed to put in the car with our other belongings. During all our four thousand miles of motoring we rarely had rain in the daytime though frequently at night, so that except as a mascot to ward off rain, there seemed little need for the umbrella. Having picked it up we ran along through cloth-making Loudéac (population 5700), situated on the borders of a forest of 6670 acres. Then came Pontivy (population 9500) with its old and picturesque town begun twelve hundred years ago, and the new fine little town Napoléonville, founded by Napoleon in 1805 to keep in order this most royalist country. But it is all called Pontivy now, after St. Ivy a monk of Lindisfarne, Ireland, who founded a monastery here in the seventh century. We lunched at Hôtel Grosset where the meal was tolerable, and the characteristic native costumes of the waitresses very notable. After viewing the monument of the Breton-Angevin agreement of 1790 surmounted by an allegorical statue, and noting in the near distance the demesne and château of the Duke of Rohan,

we started for Concarneau via Quimperlé, Hosporden, and Pont Aven.

Quimperlé (population 9000) is at the confluence of two little rivers, and has two old churches of which Ste. Croix, built after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, has been rebuilt in the last fifty years. The curious ancient shape of it contrasts strongly with the freshness of its rebuilding, but its very ancient crypt and four-hundred-year-old rood screen are very convincing. The town and its bridges and ancient houses are deservedly popular with artists, many of whom we saw at their easels. That it is near the sea was attested by the large quantities of salted mackerel, great live crabs, etc., which were being offered for sale at many of the stores.

Soon we passed through Hosporden, and picturesque Pont Aven beautifully situated on a tidal river, and at 7.45 ran into beautiful, individual Concarneau which has a population of 8000. Here we tourists tried four hotels before we found a vacancy. A curious, out-of-the-way sort of a tourist hotel our Beau Rivage Hotel proved to be. But it was right on the bay, and there, if

not in our bedrooms, was clear water of delightful temperature in plenty, as we promptly proved.

Underfoot were big pebbles. The bath-houses were rough and clean as were the towels, and oh! how small those towels were. Wandering about Concarneau we came almost at once upon the wide area around the west side of the fine old artificial harbour containing an out-of-date fort. The evening had come when we first viewed it, and hundreds of staunch sailing boats, used in sardine fishing, had entered it for the night, and had drawn up their pale blue seines to the mast-heads to dry, while in the offing other such boats were sailing in with the sunset light upon their varicoloured sails. When we had found a hotel at the other side of the town upon the open bay, the sky to the westward was glowing with all the tender and varied colours of a summer sunset over the water. But when the golden crescent moon was setting across the rather narrow bay towards Beg-Meil and its golden light danced in a long line across the waters, and lit up in shades of gold or brown some banks of ragged clouds which floated in the sky, then the scene was most beautiful. Gradually the lights died out and in the

grey-black sky the stars shone brightly. Concarneau is very lovely. But we tourists are conventionalizing it. I cannot recognize the French "'Arry" and "'Arriet" as I can their English originals, but I believe that most of the flood of summer visitors who have overflowed and conventionalized nearly all of the beautiful Bretagne which we visited belong to that unpropitious class of travellers.

<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 9, 1910	9.15	Concarneau	Penmarch	60	1.00		Lunch at Hôtel du Phare
"	2.15	Penmarch	Vannes	186	8.15		d' Eckmühl.
				246		9.45	Very poor. Dinner at Hôtel du Commerce et l'Epée. Excellent.

We had expected to cross with the machine by ferry to Beg-Meil, immediately across the Bay, but the ferry-boat was being repaired. Therefore, starting early, at 9.15 to reach Vannes (population 23,000) that night, our way was around the Bay of Concarneau, or, more accurately, the Bay of the Forest, and carried us to Croix Neuve, to La Forêt, to Fouéssnant. There we stopped to visit a dull and worn old church in good repair, and just made ready for a peasant's funeral, as

we learned from the large red-faced beadle at its door. Eight old women in black dresses and white caps and carrying Mother Gamp umbrellas awaited it in a hollow square beneath a tree and gossiped quietly. Knots of men and women were coming in from the cross-streets of the village. Then we started away so as not to intrude, but had to stop within fifty yards, for lo! the funeral cortège itself. It was headed by boys ringing hand bells. Then came in the order named men bearing crosses mounted on tall staves; the chief mourners among the men with their arms crossed on their chests; the chief women mourners with their faces muffled in hoods; a plain coffin of unpainted white wood (ash?) in a plain cart drawn by one horse; many mourners four abreast; one tall, bent, middle-aged, very sad-faced man (How closely had he been related to the deceased?); and last, a straggling crowd, who seemed less mournful as they stretched away rear-ward. Years before I had read Blanche Willis Howard's pathetic novel *Guenn*. Was there a romance involved in this funeral as in *Guenn's*? Beyond doubt there was agonized love and surely God's tenderness was not forgetful of the mourners'

need. Breathing a prayer for them I turned away as they entered the church, and with one consent we had the automobile start again.

We were in hilly country and ran along rather winding roads with groves of trees here and there, especially along the tidal river Odet, many charming glimpses of which we had from time to time. A flat-bottomed barge ferried us and the machine across at Bénodet. Thence we ran through a romantic country to Pont l'Abbé (population 6000) which grew up around an ancient abbey. Its inhabitants are said to be descended from a pure Celtic people. Thence by a rough road through a wild country swept by the sea winds we passed on to Penmarch, seeing here and there a great rude monument of uncarved stone. So we came to Penmarch, once proverbial for great wealth derived from its shipping, for up till a little more than two hundred years ago the cod fisheries near by were a rich resource. Then the Banks of Newfoundland lured the Penmarch and other Breton fishermen, and comparative poverty began to help the physical inroads of the sea to gnaw away the prosperity of this ancient settlement. Its one modern feature is the great

Lighthouse of Eckmühl (two hundred feet high) whose electric light is visible for sixty miles. There are two hotels within the wide-flung limits of this scattered town,—Hôtel du Phare d'Eckmühl, where for our sins we lunched miserably at one o'clock, and another which cannot be so bad. However, the fresh mackerel was very good.

Then we passed along the coast and enjoyed some marvellous glimpses of the sea, and on through a chain of modern seaside resorts, very over-developed, many of them, and without doubt the creation of get-rich-quick-seaside resort companies. At one of them, La Boule, I sampled some very small, ordinary, native oysters and tasted some weak and tepid native beer. But as we had the ancient and stone built Quimper (population 1900) at the junction of the Steir and Odet, and the famous plain of Carnac with its dolmens and Druidic memories to visit before we came to Vannes for the night, we hastened along, away from "everydaydom." The contrast made greatly for our enjoyment of the splendid thirteenth to fifteenth century Gothic Cathedral of St. Corentin in Quimper, with its fine glass. In Place Corentin we saw the Statue of Laennec, born there in 1781,

the inventor of the stethoscope, and the benefactor after whom is named one of the chief Medical Societies of Baltimore, Maryland, the home of the great Johns Hopkins Hospital and University. The architecture of Quimper is quaint; and its waterside situation very picturesque and having a strong influence upon its life.

Taking with us a delightful impression of Quimper, we began a long, zigzag search for Carnac. Apparently we were off the beaten road. However, over this, that, and the other narrow road winding through moorland country, soon after we left Quimper we came at the sweet and tender evening hour to Carnac. There in long lines were the great rough parallelograms of time-worn granite menhirs mostly set on end, but some of them prone as gravity had decreed. In olden days the Druids conducted here the worship of the sun. These huge stones, some of them sixteen feet high and weighing forty to fifty tons, extend in three principal groups numbering respectively 874, 855, and 262 of standing stones out of an original number of 12 to 15,000. They are in thirteen avenues and form a quincuncx. Today

they are a diversion to the traveller, and to the small Breton boy of the neighbourhood a glorious plaything. Several boys were clambering up and down them in great glee. And one very regularly blond Irish and active boy, who had acted as our guide just as we approached the quaint stones, was evidently destined to become a man of means, for his masterly job apparently was to collect coins from visitors upon whom he pounced as a guide and lecturer and climber. I have seldom seen any shrewder expression than gleamed from his young greenish-grey eyes and freckled face. We left Carnac as the sun was setting, and carried with us along the shadowy road to Vannes and even until now, a strong impression of its antiquity. This we should have spoiled had we stopped at the great modern hotel called Hôtel de l'Océan, to be seen in the distance, in a village called La Trinité-sur-mer,—famous for oysters and a bathing beach. So bringing our unimpaired impression of ancient Carnac and its wind-swept, sunset moor along with us, we entered Vannes at 8.15 and found delightful quarters and a good dinner at Hôtel du Commerce et l'Epée.

<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 10/10	9.50	Vannes	Roche- fort- en-Terre	44	11.00		Lunch at Hôtel de l'
"	12.00	Roche- fort- en-terre	La Roche Bernard	25	1.20		Esperance. Hopeless.
"	3.00	La Roche Bernard	Nantes	23	7.30		Dinner at Hôtel Royal.
				92		7.00	Very good.

At our early breakfast we sang the praises of the hotel; but each regretted that the fine bathrooms were not more numerous. There were only two to a floor. Then it developed that when each of us tried for the bath we had each eagerly bespoken, it was only to learn that it was in use by one of our party so that we simply held back with all the patience we could. Who was the gloating engrosser of those fine bathing facilities which were so very tempting after the make-shifts forced on us by most of the Breton hotels, we had recently visited? We did not say so, but we each thought the guilty party an unconscionable to so greatly delay us, and I think we expressed our opinions—politely of course—but with a certain allowable clearness. Soon we had each proved an alibi. Lo, and behold! it was "Tom" who had thus luxuriously prolonged his bath. His French had not been sufficient to let him understand for whom of the party the first of a series of

hasty baths was intended and he had plunged in and remained there. This innocent trouble was the only one Tom gave us throughout our whole tour.

But Vannes on the Vannes River three miles from the shallow and island-studded Gulf of Morbihan, capital of the Department of Morbihan, and formerly chief city of the Veneti whose leather-sailed, shallow-bottomed fleet so nearly defeated Cæsar's as he relates in a difficult passage unpleasantly familiar to most of us in our school days, was to be seen, and accordingly we had read up about it and otherwise prepared for that last day in characteristic and lovely Brittany as best we could. There in the fine Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville we admired Le Duc's equestrian statue of Constable Arthur de Richemont (1393-1458), co-worker with Joan of Arc in finally driving the English out of France. The good modern buildings, and the ancient Cathedral of St. Pierre, thirteenth, fifteenth, and eighteenth centuries, and the many very quaint and ancient houses in the Cathedral quarter were proof enough that through the centuries Vannes was the capital city of the surrounding country. Only spontaneous strength

could have preserved so much from the destructive wars which have so often worn it down. Chief among the attractions of the self-contained and soundly matured city of Vannes is the garden-like Promenade de la Rabine near the harbour, with its statue of Le Sage who was born at Sarzeau just south across the Bay, and who through his *Gil Blas* has been a benefactor to all laughter lovers everywhere. So much and very much more of pleasure we owed to Vannes. But each day in delightful Brittany had held most charming wanderings for us.

Therefore we started early for a final relish of her appealing and mellow pleasure grounds. We ran through hilly, sequestered country over good roads to the ancient and picturesque village of Rochefort-en-terre, dominated by the fine remains of an ancient castle of Henri Rochefort's family. Much of it was destroyed by the Red Revolution, but the old gateway, and a few of the rooms remain within the borders of its great high buttressed courtyard. From an eyrie it overlooks a broad expanse of open country with high, dreary-looking hills in one direction by way of contrast. Order reigns within this romantic

demesne. The dining-hall of the old castle is now a spacious modern salon upon whose walls hang a number of the strong, finely coloured, and well-posed portraits painted by its owner, in his studio built into part of the ruins. Beyond the studio are a number of the old-time dungeons and an old draw-well which furnished water to the castle during time of siege yet remains in the middle of the courtyard, protected by its ancient coping. Gazing deep down into it we saw phosphorescent gleams here and there; and were informed that they came from a species of lily growing from crevices in the side of the well. The comfortable twentieth century living in the romantic and ample setting of this old and ruined fortress-castle is very charming. The châtelaine, a delightfully kind and winning Baltimore woman very graciously invited us to remain to luncheon; but that would either have forced on her a meal too soon after her breakfast or have kept our pilgrim band too late. Bidding her and her house guests a cordial good-bye and leaving our compliments for the artist owner who was absent for the day in Nantes, we departed.

We wanted to drop down into the village of

Rochefort-en-terre to inspect a little inn there which the artist and his wife have helped the owner develop into a good rival of that one called "Hôtellerie Guillaume le Conquérant," which "we" had visited at Dives in Normandy. But time drove us on.

We passed along over winding, hilly, wooded roads, with here and there a glimpse of water, till at high and dry and unpopulous La Roche Bernard we lunched very poorly at Hôtel de l'Esperance. Gladly we left it for Nantes. Amongst other things making that departure pleasant was our escape from a certain dumb, half-witted beggar. Brittany has many beggars. Its peasants look on the idiotic as the special agents of fortune. From the poor fellow's extra misfortune I assume that our La Roche Bernard acquaintance was of special importance. By the way, the very large number of respected beggars in abstinent Brittany, and also in thrifty and hard-working Belgium, in one of whose chief cities they even constitute one third of the population, sets one to ask the reason why. The most popular Breton saint—Saint Yves—is the patron of beggars and of hospitals, and of lawyers too, who are no beggars at all.

Both countries are almost entirely Roman Catholic. Are there any Protestants in Brittany? There are said to be only fifteen thousand in all Belgium. And in both countries there is taught and blissfully received a most ingenuous and literal belief in every word of the Vulgate and in all the legendary histories and teachings of the saints. Thus is carelessness as to providing for this world's demands for livelihood and praise for the giving of alms inculcated unceasingly under the influence of the Church.

In Belgium the Church is the great twin sister of thrift in moulding the national character. In Brittany the Church is nearly all in all in the lives of the people, who exhibit the full round of passionate Celtic characteristics moulded into silent and persistent practice under the spell of the seafaring life to which its coasts invite them or of its wild and sparsely settled highlands—Mountains of Arée and Black Mountains—and moorlands which offer contrast in the variety of its territory. The sea lures many as far away as Iceland for the cod-fish which once frequented the coast of Brittany and then led its inhabitants to follow them to the Newfoundland coast. The

"Pardons"—that is, religious pilgrimages by water or by land, on some Saint's day,—are very frequent. They begin at one of the many stone Calvaries, which dot this country at more frequent intervals than they do in Normandy, and after religious services in a church they proceed all night or all day to the special chapel of a saint. Miniature Lourdes of many kinds are to be found throughout Brittany. But these "Pardons" have grown so boisterous now and then and their cruder features so ludicrous that Mother Church with her customary tact is repressing them. However, she retains that which is significant in them just as she so wisely adapted for her Christian worship many of the undying simple countryside methods from the old Druidic ceremonies that gave way to the meaning of Christianity.

The wild beauty of shape and colouring of Breton coasts, bays, effects of light and cloud; and of moors, woodland, and valley stretches is unique so far as my travelling experience has shown me. The trail of the tourist covers it all now. And soon I and my fellows will in one way or another fully conventionalize it. Go to Brittany

before it is too late to sample its ancient quaintness. Its wandering bards have just died out; its "Pardons" are being treated as a show for tourists; and the city dweller is in spectacular evidence there during the summer-time. But the dogged religious faith and patriotism of its natives is trying to assert itself in the revival of its long-gone-by Miracle Plays; and in the collection and statement of many of its ancient songs and stories and traditions. Within the six departments *Île et Vilaine*, dominated by Rennes (population of 75,000), the ancient capital of Brittany; mountainous *Côtes-du-Nord*, dominated by the ancient seaport town of Dinan (population of 11,000); *Finisterre* containing Brest on the west coast, the great naval base; *Morlaix* in the north, the commercial; and *Quimper* in the south, the seat of ancient legendary Breton life; *Morbihan* with Vannes that dry and self-contained and persistent city and *Loire Inférieure* dominated by Nantes (population 133,000), constitute the great peninsula of Brittany. To its separateness can be traced much of the solidarity of its life, while the Celtic blood of its inhabitants is quite sufficient to account for their lively faith, imagi-

nation, and general attractiveness. Religion has greatly helped to make them staunch. Over the English Channel, Cornwall in England, and Ireland hold many of their race. And wherever they are found they exercise a peculiar and ingratiating influence of which whole-souled and tender religious faith is the principal element.

But I am neglecting our route over quiet roads. We passed through Hubinac and Guérande to Le Croisic, another but cruder and smaller Concarneau with wonderful stretches and little bays of blue and dancing sea, to Le Pointe Croisic, a charming peninsula being rapidly conventionalized into a summer settlement, through the coast villages of La Baule and St. Nazaire to Savenay and St. Étienne to Nantes. There at Hôtel Royal we passed a comfortable night and enjoyed ample bathing facilities. On the morrow we were to leave Brittany. I hope to visit it again; and especially its most north-western coasts and remoter mountain fastnesses. In them there lingers the Brittany of the days of the Duchess Anne, last inheritor of its rulership. She carried it to the Crown of France when in 1491 she married Charles VIII. of France and after his death his

successor Louis XII. The "Duchess Anne"! the Bretons love her still as their most distinctive national figure. Did she not live the typical life of Brittany, indulging even in pilgrimages with the people? One such she made barefoot to the Chapel of St. Anne of Rumengal in Finistère. What sought the little Duchess of Brittany, then also the Queen of Louis XII. of France, from her saintly namesake as she sang the canticles in the procession or prayed in the chapel or drank from the sacred fountain in the water-filled district of St. Anne? An heir to her thrones? It never came. France kept and keeps her Duchy. But the Bretons are Bretons distinctively even now.

<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo-metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
8/11/10	10.40	Nantes	Ancenis	36	1.10		Lunch at Hôtel
"	2.40	Ancenis	Château Serrant	33	3.30		des Voyageurs. Atrocious. Dinner at Hôtel Budan. Indifferent.
"	4.00	Château Serrant	Saumur	62	6.30		
				131		6.50	

Nantes we saw little of, because, I believe, our view of it from the St. Étienne side and the view of its fine docks now revived by a good canal of deep water led us to dwell on its modern side. Its ancient castle which dominated this seaport of great importance in early days and in the days

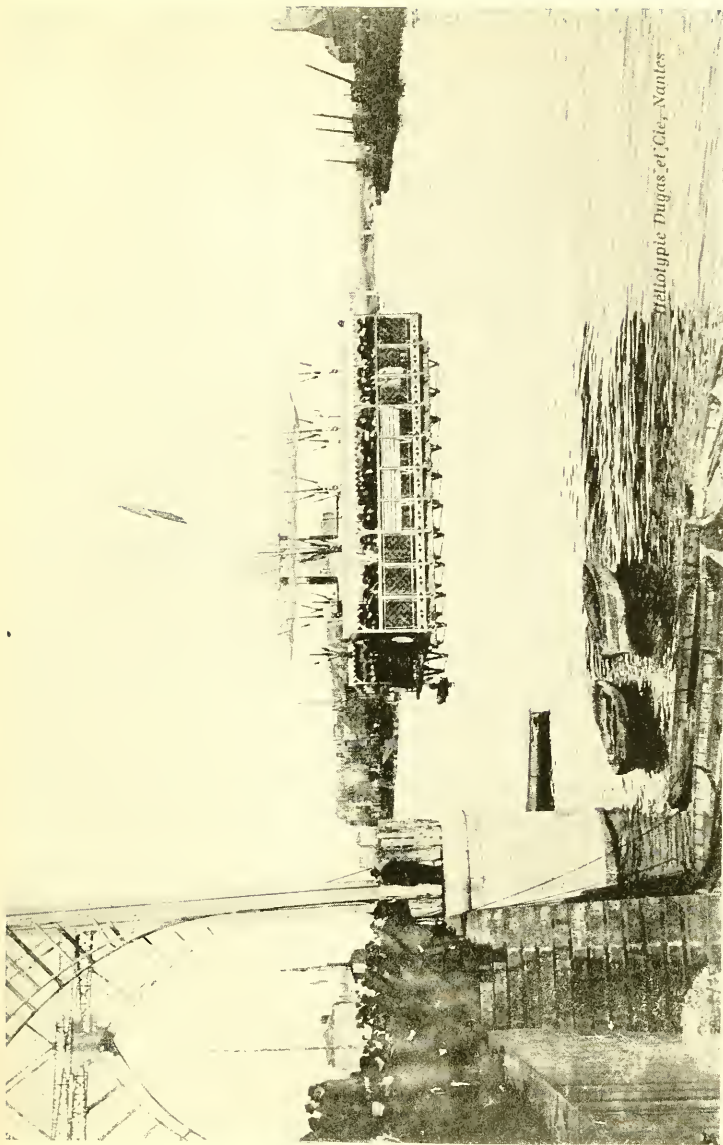


Photo Dugas & Co.

The Aero ferry at Nantes

of the Religious Wars and in the days of the Red Revolution, when it successfully resisted the Vendean Royalists, we did not visit. Nor did we try to locate generally the position where the cruel Carner agent of the Convention drowned in scuttled ships great numbers of those he suspected of Royalistic leaning.

The Edict of Nantes in 1598 by Henri IV. is the highest historic illuminant of the city. Who has not heard of that edict, and of its Revocation in 1685? Nantes has a foreign trade chiefly in sugar; but is suffering greatly from the rivalry of St. Nazaire, forty-five miles westward at the chief exit of the Loire which here breaks into six mouths. Proximity to the sea and its position as entrepôt of much of the rich valley of the Loire—"the granary of France"—has made and now maintains Nantes.

At or near the mouths of great rivers draining great valleys, are generally to be found the most important group of cities of any country. France, with three out of four of her great valleys running in a general north-western direction from her highlands extending north-easterly through the region of Toulouse, Le Puy, Lyons, Besançon, and

Belfort, and drained, respectively, by the Seine through Paris and Rouen, the Loire through Nantes and St. Nazaire, and the Garonne through Bordeaux; and with the fourth valley drained southward from those highlands by the Rhône, whose general delta contains Marseilles, illustrates my point. But a nation's capital is frequently determined by the resultant of three influences: centrality in general, safety, and population. Into the middle one of the three great valleys of northern and splendidly watered France we had now entered. Through its length of about five hundred miles it is fed by many affluents, which, like the Loire itself, bring in alluvial soil from their special portions of this vast and nearly rockless and frequently tilled plateau, so that the Loire though rapid is silent, sandy, and shallow, bordered generally by hanging foliage, and subject to great overflows in the rainy seasons of late springs and autumns.

Into this fertile and matured region we plunged upon leaving Nantes. Through history it had been a delectable country. Hither successive bold spirits had led their followers to fight for its possession, only to guard, and develop, and then

weakened by the luxury its wealth produced, to give way in the course of generations to succeeding conquerors. Thus Celt, Visi-Goth, and Frank successively overcame it. Then came Feudalism building here great fortress castles to make sure that overlords should continue to thrive on the great wealth wrung from the agricultural labour of their wretched subjects and later, not infrequently, also, from trading centres they allowed to exist. Who among the earlier barons should dominate this country? That family with the soundest continued policy, possessed of the keenest brains and courage and most dauntless persistence. The world has always given its greatest prizes in hereditary governing along those lines. It always will, and *mutatis mutandis* that rule is as nearly infallible when anywhere consistently applied as a rule can be. The Plantagenet family applied it in and about this Touraine country we are discussing, gained the lordship of all the region, and, following their fortune, reached finally the throne of England. But I am omitting to state that under them in the Touraine country were built very many fortress castles, to be succeeded, as peace and luxury sup-

planted struggle and warlike living, by pleasure castles; and they in turn, except a few, have generally been destroyed in those fierce and brutal uprisings of the people, grown to know their united power, which were their logical and nemesis-like reprisals for all the long, long centuries of cruel oppression they had endured at the hands of their feudal lords.

Mother Earth yet gives her old-time splendid crops in this land of good soil, plentiful sunshine, ample water, and ceaseless work. But it is the thrifty man of the people who now reaps the fruit of the harvest. He works, he saves, he tastes his simple pleasures; he will not risk losing them. Even his family is made to fit his acreage. Beautiful France and his measured life continue thus to hold him and herself so fast, so fast. He will not colonize; if he would, his women would not accompany him. So France is virtually pent by herself within the Channel, the Atlantic, the Pyrenees, and Mediterranean, and Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium.

But I am keeping myself from the good broad white national macadam road that stretches yonder beyond this Ancenis where we stopped and

which will carry us through Anjou to Saumur and so into Touraine proper. Again I pause to quote from my commonplace book what happened at Ancenis at our wretched luncheon of some poorly stewed nondescript meat, thin wine, bad cheese, and tripe served hot like bologna sausage. A certain apparition there compensated me. It was a very short and monstrously fat man whom I first saw occupying nearly all of a bench before the inn. He sat opposite me at table, and ate voraciously. The landlady told me that the man was in metric measurement the equivalent of four feet seven inches high, weighed so many kilos, the equivalent of 444 pounds, was a musician, and the year before had persuaded her handsome young cook to marry him, so that she now had to have him about the place. What and why and how such a courtship and marriage? From his appearance the cook must have given him all the good food she could. Certainly we had none. Never have I seen such another figure of a man. He was very proud of himself, for he followed us to the door and announced his weight; and when I assured him that he was an immense success he smiled most benignly and graciously waved us good-bye

as we left at 2.40 for Angers, an ancient town which has a population of 83,000. We viewed with great interest the brown and many towered and extensive old Château d'Angers which is little changed as to exterior but is reshaped within. It was built by St. Louis (Louis IX.) about 1250, partially destroyed by Henry III. in 1589, and partially restored soon afterwards. Here, on April 5, 1598, Henry IV. signed the agreement ending the war between the Protestant and Roman Catholic parties. In recent times, till 1856, it was used as a prison, and now it is used as a depot for arms for the reserves and as a powder-magazine. In front of it is the statue of King René of Anjou, father of Margaret of Anjou wife of Henry VI. of England. The pedestal is surrounded by twelve statues representing members of King René's family connected with the governance of Anjou. The celebrated David d'Angers is the sculptor.

We hastened on to the magnificent and fully restored Château of Serrant, belonging to the Duc de Tremoille. It is an immense building with three rectangular wings and two big domed towers. It stands in the middle of a large park, and opens on a Court of Honour faced by a grand

entrance between two pavilions. Around it are wide moats and in the rear a fine garden. The domain of Serrant belonged to the De Brie family in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and to Hercule de Rohan, Duc de Montbazon, from 1596 to 1636, when the Bautin family bought it. In 1755, Serrant was made a countship in favour of its purchaser James Walsh, an Irish nobleman, who had bought it in 1749. He was an ancestor of its present owner. Walsh was an ardent upholder of "The Young Pretender," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and had expatriated himself to serve the Jacobite cause.

On we went to Saumur (population 16,000) by 6.30 and dined indifferently at our otherwise comfortable "Hôtel Budan," though my bed was but six feet long. The hotel was on the Loire opposite an island upon which there was a ruined château. There was a fine old bridge near by, whose side was decorated with a long, wavy line in high relief, and a bathing barge with decent cheap rooms was close to it. On ramps running into the river washerwomen were at work, and some fishermen tried their luck where the water was least disturbed by the washing.

At the ancient Church of St. Pierre we saw some antique tapestries, then inspected some narrow streets and queer shops in the old town.

<i>Friday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo-metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and marks</i>	<i>Re-</i>
8/12/10	10.30	Saumur	Chinon	30	12.15		Breakfast at Hôtel Budan, Saumur. Poor. Lunch at Hôtel de France, Chinon. Very good.	
"	1.15	Chinon	Rigny-Ussé	20	2.05			
"	2.25	Rigny-Ussé	Azay-le-Rideau	15	2.55			
"	3.15	Azay-le-Rideau	Tours	27	4.30		Dinner at Hôtel de l'Univers. Excellent.	
				92		4.20		

Leaving Hôtel Budan at 10.30 we inspected, with a courteous French officer, the Cavalry School where four hundred pupils at a time are trained to become fine riders. There are said to be twelve hundred horses in the stables. Most of those I saw were half-bred but a few were thoroughbred. They seemed to me a very ordinary lot. The saddlery was substantial and plain; the stalls good and well kept; and the exercising grounds very large. At 11.35 we started for Château Chinon, the ancient fortress castle of the Plantagenet Counts of Anjou. We ran along the Loire and passed between the river and the Château de Montsoreau now converted into dwellings but retaining its crenellated front wall, flanked by towers overlooking the ancient forecourt. Leaving the

river we passed south-easterly through the level country characteristic of all this Touraine region, and soon came within view of the long white walls and the towers of quaint Chinon crowning the hill above the village of Chinon, to which the château now belongs. Celt and Roman used this commanding site for a fortress, then the Roman Catholic Church with its usual shrewd choice of the most prominent site built a monastery there in the fifth century and later a college. The Franks used the hill as a fortress site, as did the Comtes de Blois, from one of whom the Plantagenet of 1044 took it. So it came into the possession of Henry II. of England who died there, as did his son Richard Cœur de Lion. Both were interred at the Abbey of Fontevrault. The château is a roofless and gutted ruin, but it shows strength of outline and position. In the room in which Joan of Arc picked out the King of France, Charles VII., whom she had never seen before and who was dressed like all the other men in that room, there is standing the beautiful old fireplace which then adorned it. Rabelais is said to have been born in the town of Chinon; the great Richelieu owned the château and was

overlord of the village, and his family continued to be its seigneurs until the Red Revolution.

After a fifty-minute run we enjoyed a visit to the homelike little Château of Rigny-Ussé. It is built high above the road and overlooks a lovely, formal, sunken garden from which there is a view of a little, foliage-lined stream near by and of distant meadow lands. The wilder gardens beyond the house, its distracted old chapel beside it, and the ancient tower and the true-bred gathering of it all into a gentleman's residence of today is very charming. It is the country place of the Comte de Blacas. As we entered its gates and looked around for the caretaker to secure entrance tickets to the grounds of the château, a very handsome young lady driving out of the grounds in a pony carriage, with her maid by her side and a groom up behind, very courteously assisted us. We were told that she was the daughter of the owner of the château. Later, in Paris, we learned that she was a friend of relatives of some of our party and lived in the next house to the one we were then visiting.

One more château, Azay-le-Rideau, we wished to visit before getting to Tours, where we expected

to find our trunks sent on from Antwerp over three weeks previously, the delight of good rooms in the justly praised Hôtel de l'Univers, and the great luxury of up-to-date bathrooms. In thirty minutes we reached the perfect little white gem of a well-restored château, Azay-le-Rideau, whose high steep roofs, turreted corners, and its "L" shape, at whose junction rises a large round tower, constitute it one of the best examples of early Renaissance architecture. It is surrounded by water—a moat on one side and the little River Indre on the other three. You enter its grounds by a simple bridge and from the Court of Honour one passes into a charming hall whence a grand staircase leads to the more formal rooms of the building, which, without its furnishings and with its immediate grounds, was bought by the Government from the Marquis of Biencourt for \$40,000, and is now used as a Museum of Renaissance Art. A perfect idea. The château is supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century by one Hugues Ridel or Rideau, but it is certain that it was reconstructed in 1518 by one Giles Berthelot, Treasurer General of Finance, from whom Francis I. confiscated it. Henri de Berninghem owned

it in the seventeenth century, built its stables and servants' quarters, and here entertained Louis XIV. for a night.

Having thoroughly enjoyed this perfect specimen of a Renaissance building and refreshed ourselves with some presumably pure bottled water purchased at the near-by cheap restaurant in the little village of Azay (population 2200), we took up our joyful route to Tours, which we reached by 4.30 and found at Hôtel de l'Univers the good rooms with baths for which we had telegraphed, and letters and papers from home, but not our trunks, as they were awaiting inspection at the local custom house to which they had come from across the Belgian border, and which closed each day at five o'clock. But our other treasure trove made us happy, and we made the most of it all. We had an appetizing dinner at 7.20. The delicious "Vouvray" wine is made very near Tours, and what we consumed of it at dinner that night we thought especially good. After dinner "we" walked in the brightly lighted streets near our hotel and along a sad little "gay white way," lined with beer shops, where very flashy and pitiful-looking "ladies" promenaded. We returned to

the hotel and I brought my note-book up to date. Thus far we had run about eighteen hundred miles. This in addition to some twelve thousand miles by the machine before this trip necessitated taking the car to pieces and cleaning and oiling its "in'ards." The heavy noise of a brass band and of singing in the public square near the hotel could not disturb the rest of our healthily tired little party.

Saturday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Remarks
3/13/10	1.15	Tours	Loches	41	2.15		Good lunch
"	2.45	Loches	Montresor	18	3.15		at Hôtel de
"	4.25	Montresor	Chenonceaux	40	5.40		l' Univers,
"	6.45	Chenonceaux	Tours	32	7.15		Tours. Din-
				131		3.15	ner at Hôtel de l' Uni- vers.

Says my commonplace book:

Beautiful but warmish day. Café in "our" room No. 43 overlooking garden at 9 o'clock and at 9.30 my brother-in-law and I went in auto to Custom House for our baggage sent on by Edwards & Co. from Antwerp on July 19th, by *petite vitesse*, to Tours. Notice of its arrival was dated August 8th—twenty days enroute! Examination of Customs folk perfunctory. Went to *gare* for wagon to carry them to Hôtel de l'Univers. Referred to *chef de gare* who gave us an address of a baggage man just opposite. He had a stuffed head of a white horse in his office. Was that horse the helper of his first hauling? A

most kind good face the old horse had. Broad between eyes, etc. By representing our ladies' long absence from their trunks we secured the management's promise that they would be delivered in thirty minutes and they stopped a passing team *in re*. The baggage came some hours after.

After planning our day among the neighbouring châteaux, we had at our hotel at 12.30 an excellent luncheon consisting, says C. P. B.,¹ of fried sole; omelette; very good, though small, artichokes; Vouvray wine, fair; and Évian water, and at 1.15 started for Loches (population 5000) and its famous château.

There on a hill overlooking the town, built in a semicircle around a broad meadow, was this fortress stronghold of the Plantagenets. It was high, long, white, turreted, towered, with hanging courtyards toward the town, and was enclosed in an extremely thick circular wall. The Counts of Anjou gained it by marriage in 886. Originally a monastery had occupied its site, and afterward the château was prey to contending kings of France until the Plantagenet ownership. John "Lackland," afterwards King of England, surreptitiously

¹ Commonplace book will hereafter be so designated.

gave it to France in 1193; but Richard Cœur de Lion seized it when he returned from the Crusade in 1194. King Philippe Auguste recovered it, in 1204, after a year's siege and gave it to Dreux de Mello, Constable of France. Subsequently it became a State prison and royal residence. There Charles VII. sojourned with his *belle amie*, Agnes Sorel, who continuously urged him to war against the English. She died there and is buried in the Chapter House in a high and beautifully proportioned tomb mounted by a life-sized recumbent effigy of her in marble. Her hands are raised together in prayer. At her head are two kneeling angels, at her feet two horned lambs. Around the coping of the sarcophagus runs an inscription in low relief. Agnes Sorel was ever the stronger character and caused her royal lover to bestir himself for France, when without her even the enthusing heroism of Joan of Arc would have left him stolidly inefficient.

Louis XI. enlarged and "perfected" the deep, dark dungeons of the Loches Château, in which were confined such notables as Cardinal Balue. He was the first to experience life in the cramped cage he had invented. It was a cube of only seven

and a half feet and hung on the outer wall of the château. Philippe de Comines, was similarly caged there; Geoffrey de Pompadour, Grand Chaplain of France, and Archbishop Georges d'Amboise were also long imprisoned in the château. The worst cells are in the basement. There is the cell of Sforza who in his nine years of occupancy adorned its walls and who, upon being released, died of joy in an upper room.

Adjoining the castle proper is the fine, thousand-year-old Church of St. Ours. In its treasury is the "Sash of the Virgin." Opposite is a glorious chestnut tree said to have been planted by Francis I. Near the King's apartments in the château is the beautifully simple oratory and small bedroom of our old friend "the good Duchess Anne de Bretagne," wife in turn of Charles VIII., last king of the older Valois line, and of his cousin Louis XII., first king of the younger branch of that same House. Loches now belongs to the French Government and is used officially. It is very massive in its ruins and is a monument of cruelty to prisoners. It was bathos to lunch as we did under its very walls and beneath its historic chestnut tree; and the beer, St. Galmier water,

tea, cakes, and chocolate we lunched upon were inappropriate too.

We got away at 2.45 for Montresor, a village of six thousand people, where is situated the small, well-appointed château of that name, founded in the tenth century. Its ancient ruins are ivy-covered, and the present comfortable and beautiful residence was rebuilt upon them in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. It has passed through many ownerships, but now belongs to the Polish family of Branski, who bought it in 1848. It has a double encircling wall flanked with towers and is built upon a great enclosed rock, which indeed has been partially excavated to serve as part of the dwelling. Within the château there are many treasures of art, notably some gold plate given to the heroic King John Sobieski by Vienna after his memorable defeat there of the Turks, and the silver gilt services of that same John Sobieski, and of Sigismond II., Kings of Poland.

But the most remarkable feature was shown us in one of the turret rooms. It was in a white marble urn properly inscribed, and was nothing less than the embalmed heart of Claude de Bastar-

nay, eldest son of one of the old-time owners, who had made his people promise that his heart should always remain at Montresor. So it was stipulated when the Bastarnay family parted with the property. Seeing the small grey-brown object alleged to be the heart of young Bastarnay, I was moved to relate to my party the story of the English naturalist, Buckland, who being shown the very small dried-up, embalmed heart of Louis XIV., of France, is said to have been overcome with an obsession which led him to seize and swallow it. This story which I have several times seen in print was received with the questioning amusement it deserved. Is it true or is it not? The rest of Claude de Bastarnay's body lies in the handsome de Bastarnay tomb erected by his father in the beautiful Renaissance church he built in the village in 1520.

After visiting the château's lovely small garden we started at 4.25 for Chenonceaux which we reached after a long, roundabout route, during which we stumbled into the pretty and limited grounds of a small, ancient-looking château which seemed to be maintained in perfect order. The *valet de place* had evidently been ordered to send strange visitors on their way, for he said

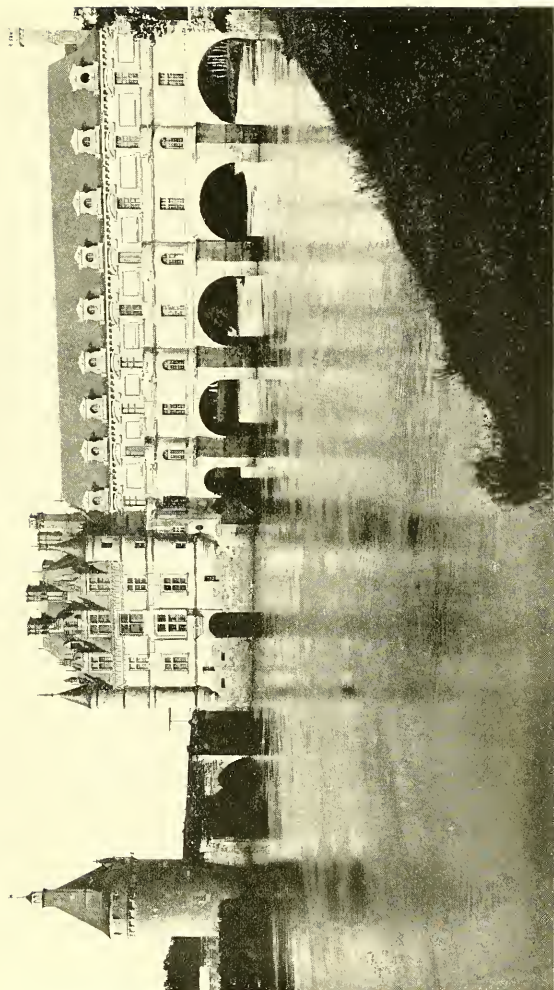


Photo Neurdein

The Château of Chenonceaux

West front begun by Thomas Bohier about 1514 and the bridge surmounted by a gallery over the river Ober was built for Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Medicis by Philibert

Delorme between 1557 and 1588. The tower is of the XV. and XVI. centuries.

very abruptly that the château was not open to inspection. It must, indeed, be very annoying to all about a place to have the undesired tourist keep tumbling in. We explained that we sought directions for reaching Chenonceaux and regretted giving any trouble, whereupon we were given due directions. After a long time on the road we reached the lodge of Chenonceaux only to learn that we could not see its interior as the family which acquired it in 1895, that of Mrs. Francis Terry, were "at home." But the high, massive, turreted front of the main building of the château erected on mighty masses of masonry rising out of the Cher River, and the great extension built on nine arches beneath which that river flows, were well worth viewing. We approached the château on foot as was demanded, and by the long sycamore-bordered avenue with moats on each side, which leads from the great iron gateway to the forecourt of the château. On each side of the entrance is the figure of a sphinx. There are, says C. P. B., large gardens to right and left of it; an ancient lodge tower to the right; a drawbridge over the moat; a pier, a smaller drawbridge, a broad walkway, and the château itself, whose main building

was partly erected by Thomas Bohier in 1496 and then completed by his widow.¹ Francis I. seized it for debt in 1535, and used it as hunting headquarters. Henry II. gave it to Diane de Poitiers who built the nine arches over the Cher, but his widow Catherine de Medici took it from her in exchange for the Château of Chaumont and erected the barrack-like addition on the arches over the Cher. The whole place is immense and massive and remote and gloomy. The only live and cheerful object we beheld there was a beautiful swan swimming about the moat where it meets the Cher proper.

We gladly started our 32-kilometer run to Tours beneath a brilliant yellow and red sunset and over a very fine straight road. Dinner at the l'Univers at 7.45 was most enjoyable after our fare at Loches. Tours about us that night was, as the night before, bright with electric lights, and noisy with brass bands and singing.

<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Re- marks</i>
8/14/10	10.15	Tours	Amboise	24	10.55		Lunch at Grand
"	11.40	Amboise	Chaumont	17	12.05		Hôtel et Grand
"	12.40	Chaumont	Blois	20	1.15		Hôtel de Blois.
"	4.00	Blois	Chambord	18	5.00		Good; poor ser-
"	7.00	Chambord	Tours	20	8.00		vice. Dinner at
							Hôtel de l' Uni-
				99		3.40	vers.

This seems to have been an especially joyous day to me, for C. P. B. records that after an early breakfast and a chat with "them" over general plans, we visited Amboise (population 4700), Chaumont (population 1100), Blois (population 24,000), Chambord (population 211)—about whose wonderfully interesting and beautified châteaux I shall presently summarize. I wrote as follows: "Wonderfully interesting and beautifully set [these châteaux], resplendent beneath the blue of the sky and in the white sunshine of August."

But the democracy in me found powerful intensification as I realized upon learning their histories of the frightful cruelty and oppression of many of the French kings. Is not the broad case of "Individual *versus* Irresponsible Power" rather a French case only? And what is the clue through the labyrinth of national French history? Does Charlemagne stand for national order against previous narrow local self-will; and after him did the French social pendulum swing back? And then did France segregate from the Carolingian Empire, and did Feudalism perfect its development until Louis XI. conquered it? Did France under

Francis I. reap the benefits of becoming a great unified nation, following the union of Brittany and the rest of France through the marriage of Anne of Brittany with Charles VIII. and Louis XII. and the marriage of Francis I. and Claude of France? Does the rottenness which follows mercenary wealth directed by the "end-justifies-the-means" policy—as typified by the Henry II.—Catherine de Medici marriage and after Henry's early death Catherine's dominance during the reigns of her three weak sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—account for the course of events offering enormous opportunity for direction of national character to the "Personal Monarch," Henry IV.? and to the increasingly absolutist kings through Louis XIV., his great grandson Louis XV., who lived on the shell of this power, and his grandson, mild Louis XVI., who was swallowed up in expiation by the Red Revolution? Probably that is the case. Reading that over may lead me to state elsewhere in my doings on August 12, 1910, the analysis of French history in which I indulged that day.

But now the splendid road along the tree-fringed Loire brought us to the princely Château

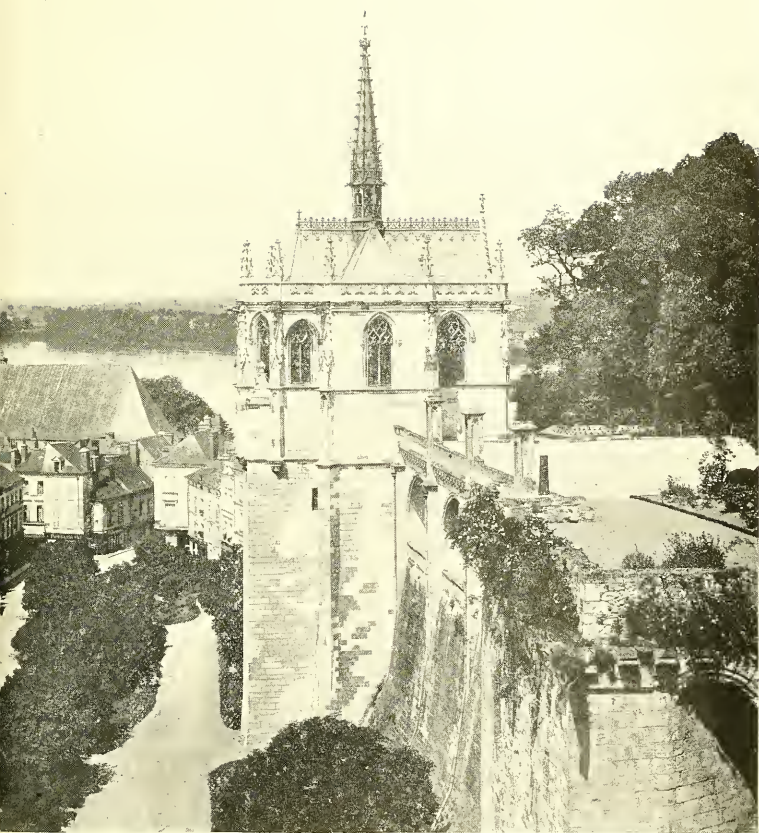


Photo Neurdein

The Chapel of the Château of Amboise

of Amboise set high on a hill, which had been fortified in turn by Gaulish, Roman, and Feudal lords. In one direction it commands an intimate view of the town, and of stretches of river, and on the other an extensive valley. Up the steep path to the château, through the tunnel-like entrance into its great plateau of a courtyard we walked to gain the view. At the plateau's corners overlooking the river and valley stand huge towers. Only part of the ancient château remains, but there are a number of high pitched rather modern ones with gable and towers.

To one side of the courtyard, partly projecting beyond its wall, is the very beautiful Gothic Chapel of St. Hubert, built by Charles VIII. It is a gem of richness, and looks like the wonderful reliquary of St. Ursula, in the Hospital St. Jean, Bruges, to which I have referred in the second chapter of this itinerary. Leonardo da Vinci died at Amboise during its occupancy by Francis I., and is buried in this Chapel of St. Hubert—a fitting mausoleum for one of the world's very greatest painters. No painter has equalled his rendering of colour in shadows though Rembrandt possessed like mastery of light in shadows.

In the ownership of Amboise the Comtes d'Anjou were succeeded by the Comtes de Berri. Charles VII. confiscated it. Louis XI. lived here before shutting himself up in little plain Plessis-les-tours. Charles VIII. was born and died here; and here, too, Louis XIII. lived for some time. But its most startling history revolves around the Protestant plot to capture Francis II. at Blois from the Catholic party, and turn the government over to the Bourbons who were to convene the States-General. To avert that, the young King was hurried to Amboise. Thereabouts some fighting occurred and then an amnesty and a manning of Amboise with soldiers friendly to the Protestants. Again fighting broke out, the Protestant garrison was captured and by order of Catherine de Medici over fifteen hundred of them were hung from gibbets or from the balcony of the château. The Court left and has never again returned.

Today the château belongs to the Duc d'Orléans through inheritance from the Ducs de Penthièvres to whom Louis XV. gave it in exchange for their rights over the Principality of Dombes. It has served as a prison for high personages. Henry

IV. here confined two of his sons by Gabrielle d'Estrées. Abd-el Kader was prisoner here for five years. It was restored to the Orleans family in 1872 and they have here established a hospital for their old servants. The old château is being skilfully restored by the Orleans family, but it is yet in a very rough condition. Its perfect chapel built for Anne of Brittany; the château proper; the remains of an older building, against the low doorway of which Charles VIII. injured his face so that death ensued; and the moat in which he originated and played tennis are chiefly notable.

In careful restoration Château d'Amboise does not compare with the Château de Chaumont, the property of the Prince de Broglie since 1875, to which, about twelve miles away, we came along the same road bordering the tree-lined Loire over which it almost hangs. The ancient fortress which was here in the tenth century was razed some four hundred years later, and the present château, constructed in the transition style between the military of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, was then erected. Between five great round towers having candle-snuffer-like roofs stretch connecting dwellings, while

between them all is the courtyard in which there yet remains the deep water well sunk in far feudal times to ensure against water famine during sieges. In 1739, the wing overlooking the Loire was pulled down, so that a view of the Loire might be had by one of the long succession of families owning it.

After a considerable walk through a small park one enters the château over a drawbridge and beneath a portcullis set between two of the great towers. Within, all is in spick-and-span order and exquisite taste. But can this new-looking establishment be in verisimilitude the residence forced on Diane de Poitiers by Catherine de Medici in exchange for Chenonceaux, upon the death of Henry II.? And was this perfectly appointed bedroom the one in which that stormy bigot lived, and was this connecting one that room in which her pet astrologer wove his horoscope around her, and alas! around the many who suffered at her bloody, ruthless hands? No! But the walls are the same. Nearly everything else in this very beautiful home, refurnished in correct imitation of antiquity in the wing we tourists were allowed to inspect, is of modern manufacture.

Many famous folk have visited here. Among them Benjamin Franklin, when the château was owned by Jacques Le Roy.

We reached Blois (population 24,000) at 1.15, and immediately indulged in a good lunch, poorly served, at "Grand Hôtel et grand Hôtel de Blois." Then we walked through the town up the incline to the promontory between the Loire valley and a ravine, on which ever since early feudal days some sort of defensive building has stood. The oldest part of the present one is about seven hundred years old. From a small, open, tree-bordered space in front of the entrance to the quadrilateral château we entered its immense Court of Honour, which is surrounded by four wings, the uncompleted south wing now containing a museum of pictures and antiquities. The east wing was built by Louis XII. in late Gothic style; the north one by Francis I. is lush with the architectural richness of the Renaissance, especially in the beautiful outdoor stairway running to the very top of its five storeys; and the west wing begun by Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII., with François Mansart as architect, and containing the chapel, was completely restored

about 1843, so that the whole château is precisely as it was in the sixteenth century except that this Gaston d'Orléans building replaces the original one erected on its site by Charles d'Orléans, father of Louis XII.

Count Stephen of Blois, grandson of William the Conqueror, and King of England, lived here from 1135 to 1154. The Orleans dukes in the person of Duke Louis, second son of Charles V., acquired it in 1391. Thenceforward its history is largely that of France. Duke Louis was assassinated there, whereupon his disconsolate widow, Valentine de Milan, immured herself in a black-draped room in the château until her death on December 4, 1408, having lived up to her motto, "Nothing more for me, for me nothing more." If I have given too much space to this poor overstrained lady it is because of the constant though half-mad quality of her unhappy love. Louis XII. and his daughter Claude and son-in-law Francis I. loved to live at this Château of Blois, but after her death Francis I. lived at Chambord, Fontainebleau, and Villers-Cotterets. At Blois, Henry III. reunited the States-General of 1576 and 1588 and fearing the constantly growing

power of the Duc de Guise and his brother Cardinal Guise, had the Duke murdered almost before his very eyes and threw the Cardinal into a dungeon of the château, where next morning he too was murdered. A few days later the Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medici, died at the château, and the Court left it forever. Louis XIII. imprisoned his mother Mary de Medici there for two years. Then she escaped. It was there that Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., lived expatriated from the Court and attempted to set up a provincial literary court of his own, but dismally failed, and there that Louis XIV. first saw Louise de la Vallière. Except two Polish Princesses connected with the French Royal family through Louis XV.'s marriage with the beautiful Marie Leszczinska the château knew no more occupants of kingly rank.

Louis XVI. converted it into a barracks. And when in 1841 it was taken over as a national monument, it began gradually to be restored to its ancient glory and its old-time quaint peculiarities in interior decoration, such as painted walls and porcelain or tiled floors, etc. One interesting room is the work-room of Catherine de Medici

with its many very delightful carved wood panels. Our guide opened one of them. Here, said he, Catherine de Medici kept her poisons! Did she? At any rate that wicked bigot fairly infests the place. Our last hearing of her was when that same guide led us to the half enclosed gallery of "Catherine de Medici," giving from the fifth floor a fine view to the north over the town of Blois. But is not that gallery's more authentic name "l'attique"?

An intensely interesting, handsome place, associated intimately with much revolting history is the Château of Blois. We left it with the pleasant belief that Château de Chambord which was to end our day of intensive château visitations would offer us a grander and clearer though much shorter history; and a vastly more congruous specimen of architecture, which, replacing an ancient hunting seat of the Comtes de Blois, was intended by its builder Francis I. to proclaim him one of the greatest builders in the world. So it did as far as size is concerned. Set in a great park of some fourteen thousand acres, whose high brick wall is about twenty-two miles in length, this marvellous and enormous Renaissance pile of white



Photo Neurdein

The Château de Blois—wing built by Francis I.; called The Attic

stone is not yet fully completed, but it took eighteen hundred men over fifteen years to put it together as it is. It is placed in something of a hollow; but Francis liked it for its hunting and because one of his many lady-loves resided in the neighbourhood. His son Henry II. did not live to complete the building. Louis XIV. sometimes lived there for short periods and there for him was first played under Molière's direction *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme* in 1770. The exiled King Stanislas of Poland lived there for eight years. He injured Chambord by filling up the moats. Marshal Saxe subsequently received it from Louis XIV. and further harmed it. Later Napoleon I., after there forming the Legion of Honour, gave the estate to the Prince de Wagram. He by cutting down all of its splendid timber and selling it for a song further damaged the property, and then sold it for about \$300,000 to a committee formed by Count Adrien de Calonne to buy it for the grandson of Charles X., last King of France of the senior Bourbon line, the infant Duc de Bordeaux who thenceforth was known to history as the Comte de Chambord. France never allowed him to occupy it. But awaiting him

there for many more than three score years of his life in the big state bedroom was the largest and most elaborate bed I have ever viewed. It became a national joke.

To-day the estate belongs to the heirs of his sister, the Duchess of Parma, who yearly spend some \$10,000 out of the estate's yearly income of \$17,000, in restoring the château. The outer building forms a parallelogram, 512 feet long by 385 feet wide, whose corners are marked by four prodigious towers. Within this building is a similar set of buildings, except that the towers are loftier and that the north façades of the buildings merge so as to show eight towers. The château contains 440 apartments. The buildings on the south front were only one storey high and were originally covered with terraces. All the lower exterior of the château is severely simple, while the upper is elaborately ornate. Its tall chimneys, domes, spires, bell-turrets, are very richly sculptured, while the "lantern" rising from the middle of the roof is very showy. It is about thirty-eight feet high and rests on eight arches about eight feet high. Above it is a small belvedere, over that a bell-tower, and still higher,

a great stone fleur-de-lis. All the work is most delicately and happily done.

The château has many great rooms, halls, and corridors, and a bold, well-lighted staircase at each end of the main building. But the chief glory of the interior is the grand central stairway, remarkable not only for its beautiful highly decorated Renaissance architecture, but also on account of its double spiral stairways so spaced that a person descending may pass one ascending without either being able to see the other. Only the apartments occupied by Louis XIV. are furnished. They were prepared for the Comte de Chambord at the time of the Restoration and contain a few good pictures. The very beautiful and highly decorated "study" of Francis I., later used as the praying-room of Marie Lesczinska, Queen of Louis XV., is further interesting because in one of its window lights Francis scratched with the diamond of his ring the oft quoted verse, "Souvent dame varie; Bien fol est qui s'y fie"; that is, "Woman changes often; Fool is he who trusts her." But was not the American Indian wiser when he remarked, "White man very uncertain"? The stables are back of the château

and can accommodate twelve hundred horses. Chambord was very interesting to me, especially as it was the only château viewed that day which I had not visited in the previous year, but in common with my comrades the day had presented me with the study of almost too many châteaux. One and all of us were very glad when eight o'clock found us again at our comfortable old Hôtel de l'Univers, Tours. Most of us dined in our rooms, and soon thereafter were enjoying the repose that follows a strenuous day.

Monday, Aug. 15/10. We spent the day entirely in Tours (population 67,000), and Tom, the chauffeur, took the machine to pieces and cleaned and oiled it thoroughly. Tours celebrated the Assumption of the Virgin that day and so was in holiday festival, as we first learned upon trying to have some washing done. But we went to church "ourselves" in the eight-hundred-year-old St. Galienus Cathedral built on the site of two earlier churches, those in the fourth and sixth centuries, respectively. In its windows is some magnificent old stained glass. In a chapel to the right of the choir is the white marble tomb of

the children of Charles VIII. It is said to have been designed by Jean Juste. During the service a fine, live "beadle" arrayed in red and gold and bearing a staff and sword kept everyone in order. Who would not be good in a church so regulated? But in earnest: The service was very sweet and solemn and the small organ most agreeable; the large organ was very little played. Presently we left and rambled about the rather prim streets. In the spacious public square so much agricultural produce and so many agricultural implements were being exhibited, that it looked like a country fair.

Letter writing, reading up about our travels, and newspapers, enabled us to comfortably rest and while away the day.

Tuesday, Aug. 16/10. This day, too, "we" remained in Tours; while "they" went on a fruitless excursion to Langeais, but saw some interesting buildings. I looked forward to physical activity on the morrow, visiting a château or two and the town of Orleans and then—what? We would leave the general region of Touraine. Should we go on to Paris?

Wednesday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Remarks
Aug. 17, 1910	1.30	Tours	Amboise	24	2.10		Lunch at
"	2.55	Amboise	Cour- Cheverny	42	4.00		Hôtel de l' Univers. Din-
"	4.05	Cour- Cheverny	Orleans	77	5.20		ner at Hôtel Terminus. Good.
				143		3.00	

Left cards for some friends. Sent our trunks and a hat-box on to Paris, lunched well and lightly at Hôtel de l'Univers, and taking the road again at 1.30 motored along the Loire happily to Amboise and its château, noting along the way the many wine caves and dwellings of wine operatives cut into the cliffs. At Amboise we visited old St. Denis Church to see the group of life-size figures in coloured plaster, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci and termed *Christ at the Tomb*; and thought the work a strong though crude performance. But is Da Vinci the artist? I think not. Then we went on past Blois to Cour-Cheverny, a good-looking, rather small château which on property belonging to the Héurault family from the thirteenth century was built in 1634 on the site of an earlier château and later passed out of the family. But in 1825 the Marquis de Vebrayre, who is an Héurault, purchased it, and now, with his family, makes it his home. In its large

park, laid out in the English style, are many fine hills and a beautiful lake. In September, 1909, I saw some of its handsomely furnished ground-storey rooms, with their worn and polished oak floors, family portraits, etc. I hated, however, to intrude as a tourist into this occupied and cultivated old home of gentle folk and personally was easily reconciled, therefore, to be told on this later occasion that the château was not open to inspection. An excellent view of the façade is obtained from the imposing iron gateway, through which only rulers may pass. The usual entrance is at one side of the property and is immediately opposite the old worn church before which is a rather picturesque wooden gateway. In the aisles of the church are a number of marble memorial tablets to the Héurault family.

But time was calling us to part from this delightful Touraine country which is so in touch, often causatively so, with nearly every phase of French history, especially with the early and middle portions of it. Running through Brescieux and to and through Chambord we came to Orleans at 5.20, having approached it by the river road, whence we saw the two impressive towers and the

florid façade of its early seventeenth century cathedral. We entered the town over the bridge used by Joan of Arc when raising the siege by the English. Orleans is the military key to southern and eastern France and so from the earliest times has had a warlike history. Good rooms and a good dinner at 7.30 at Hôtel Terminus pleased us greatly, though we found here poor and uncomfortable bathing facilities usual in all provincial France.

During the night some very sharp noises without the hotel aroused me despite my customary tendency to sleep soundly and long. I arose and sat by the window and gazed into the broad street and watched the great face of the railroad station clock opposite, and listened to more noises of shunting trains and noisy engines. This was modernized France. Then I dreamed, awake, of the past as embodied in this Touraine country I was leaving. The solid remains of early and mediæval France were there. The châteaux, towns, fields, rivers, woods, and landscapes seemed to belong to some former age with a different type of life and outlook and aspiration. The Renaissance yet jostled mediæval times there,

through the plentiful mementoes of each in stone and story interwoven forever into the tapestry of the nation's life. Tomorrow we were to start out to seek modern France, and so I bade good-bye in my thoughts to Touraine, the very granary of France—to sunny, fruitful, historic, causative, reposeful Touraine.

THE TOURAINE COUNTRY.

In this great Valley of the potent River Loire, rich
filled
With prime alluvial soil ere history first told its tales,
The lusty Sun, and rain from clouds here driven by
the wet southwestern Gales
Have through the centuries coaxed fat yields from
Mother Earth.
For them have fought the wild beasts in their various
turns,
Then yet wilder men, then those wild men and un-
tamed fiery Celts,
Then those their great unequal, separate fights with
Rome's great master;
Then Rome, degenerate, yielded Clovis' Franks what
now is France.
Through these long centuries of war, and blood, and
frequent change
Boon nature did her vast rewarding crops present
to all the labourers there;

But stay—when frequent peace had given time to
 garner wealth,
The fattest holdings all throughout the land pertained
 to mighty lords
Who made its crowded feudal history of war, romance,
 of virtue, and of crime;
Therein through lust of land or power or sport or of
 romance or love
Came Royalty to rule and so rung out the knell of
 mediæval France.

CHAPTER V

Through France, Baden-Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria to Ober-Ammergau and its *Passion Play*, and then via Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Switzerland and Baden-Baden and France to Paris.

<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo-metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 18, 1910	10.30	Orleans	Fontaine-bleau	132	1.35		Lunch at Hôtel France et d'Angleterre.
"	3.30	Fontaine-bleau	Troyes	116	6.30		Good. Dinner at Hôtel St. Laurent et Commerce.
				248		6.05	Fair.



LEFT Orleans at 10.10, after a disturbed night's rest and an early inspection of that unattractive town of some 68,000 inhabitants and of the very respectable but unromantic-looking cathedral. After a long and roundabout run through rather uninteresting country we came to the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau and to Fontainebleau itself (population 14,000). Lunch was greatly desired. We were charged a heavy price for a moderate amount of food that

was good. Only once before had our landlord held us up that way. There are specially high prices where gay Paris frequents. Alas, we had not consulted Baedeker. Behold! "Prices should be previously ascertained in every case," says he.

During that luncheon the ladies of our party determined that we ought to go to Ober-Ammergau for the *Passion Play*. "Very well. Very well. You know it is distant four days of long hard automobiling." "Yes." "Oh, very well then, if you don't mind that, we don't," said my brother-in-law and I. Thus was it settled that after viewing the Palace of Fontainebleau we should rush to Ober-Ammergau, at least six hundred miles away, for the performance of the *Passion Play* on August 24th.

Thereupon, we hurriedly inspected the Palace of Fontainebleau, than which none I know has more individuality. It dates chiefly from the reigns of Francis I. and Henry IV., and it was the favourite residence of Napoleon I. Here the shadow of Napoleon began steadily to obtrude. During all our preceding travel in France his doings were in the background, and the earlier ruling spirits of

France to the fore. Here Napoleon bade good-bye to his household troops after abdicating. Instead, I think he should have retained all his official rights, titles, and commands, have found Grouchy's army of 160,000 men in Belgium, and defeated the widely separated armies of the allies or died on the field of battle. He suggested, in writing, to the Provisional Government that he would serve as a mere general in order to lead Grouchy's army against the foe. But the crafty influences led by Fouché who had finally caused his abdication by producing a revolt of the Assembly through the false report that Napoleon was about to dissolve them were sufficient to defeat his proposition. The Assembly knew that the allies would grant them peace if Napoleon were eliminated. And I presume that none of them trusted any moral assurance of Napoleon.

We must enter this reposeful old-fashioned, beautiful palace. Its larger rooms are very magnificently decorated and its long range of smaller rooms opening like alcoves on to a corridor are quietly rich in treatment. In these were the apartments of Napoleon. Most interesting was

the little round wooden-topped table on which lay his abdication in blank. Long he sat before it and thought, twirling round and round a half-opened knife until it made the conical hole they show you. After a while he signed. Then he took poison. Too much of it, for instead of death came nausea which eliminated the poison, so that he lived for St. Helena.

But we must proceed to admire the gallery of Henry II.; the gallery of Francis I.; the apartments of the queen-mothers, occupied by Pius VII. when a prisoner there in 1812-14; the apartments of Marie Antoinette; but especially must we note the apartment of Madame de Maintenon to which in the latter and weary days of his pretentious kingship came Louis XIV. regularly in order to escape into the peacefulness of "home." A little covered way open to the gardens runs by the side of these apartments. Yonder are the same beautiful gardens set with little lakes. These surrounding gardens, as well as the palace, seem saddening and beautiful. Their seductive and restful melancholy may have constituted their charm for the many sovereigns who have loved them dearly.

We had to begin betimes our trip across half of France and half of Germany to Ober-Ammergau, according to orders from our own special sovereigns. My brother-in-law and I got the automobile started at 3.30, via Sens for Troyes (population 53,000), the ancient capital of Champagne. It is quaint and interesting, with its ancient, narrow streets; for example, the yard-wide Rue des Chats, and many old wooden buildings. Here the mercenary Queen Isabel of Bavaria, as regent for her crazy husband, Charles VI., signed the infamous treaty making Henry V. of England regent of France and declaring the illegitimacy of the dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. However, Joan of Arc upset all Isabel's work generally and also captured Troyes. Our hotel here was ordinary in every way. We had rooms on one side of a courtyard in which were carriages and outside street noises till late at night; and twice during the evening, the loud roaring of an incoming automobile. Quite a combination of old-time and new-time French livelinesses, that trio. A number of the churches are old and interesting.

Friday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and Remarks
Aug. 19, 1910	10.05	Troyes	Brienne	36	11.00		Lunch at
"	11.05	Brienne	Wassy	34	1.30		Hôtel du
"	2.30	Wassy	Dom Remy	64	5.35		Commerce.
"	6.05	Dom Remy	Nancy	63	8.30		Blow-out
				197		8.50	No. 3 on road near Les Roises caused two hours' delay Dinner at Hôtel de l' Univers et du Com- merce. Good.

After walking about this dried-up-looking Troyes which architecturally and otherwise had suffered greatly in 1814 because it was in the direct path of one of Napoleon's and the allies' last desperate campaigns, we left willingly at 10.05 o'clock. Our route lay through quiet, well-cultivated country. Passing through Piney we came to Brienne, immortalized because Napoleon was (1779-84) a cadet at its military school, which was suppressed in 1790. Before the Hôtel de Ville is a good bronze statue of Napoleon as a boy of sixteen, and over the entrance door is a medallion with this inscription in French: "To me Brienne represents my country, for it was there that first came to me my conceptions as a man." We saw the school and the short narrow

gravel walk in front of it. Before that door and beneath the linden trees walked Napoleon, the boy, dreaming many ambitious dreams, not least prominent of which were those devoted to the future caring for his family. Here at Brienne he successfully commanded his fellows at the besieging of the snow-fort; wore his hat sideways; and showed his power among his comrades. On the door is a list of some sixteen distinguished graduates of the school. Napoleon leads them all, of course. "The world's greatest wonder man in genius and work, since Shakespeare, he is; as also its greatest vulgarian in morals and in manners." We recalled that Napoleon fought a very bloody battle here in 1814 with Blücher whom he forced to retire, and Napoleon, despairing of finally beating allied Europe, tried here to get killed; but he was only wounded. Speaking of this wound reminds me that General "Joe" Johnston, a great student of Napoleonic lore, said that when the body of Napoleon was prepared for burial at St. Helena there was counted on it nineteen wounds. General history has mentioned only a few of them—that of Lodi, Brienne, and another, I think.

As we rolled away from Brienne the following

thoughts occurred to me about Napoleon. When I turned to write out this "log" in the summer of 1913, they took the following form:

NAPOLEON.

Yonder lay all the smoking ruins of the France of
Ancient Rule
Encanopied with sullen, storm-tossed clouds of acrid
black,
While spurts of angry flame, yet lingering from the
Red Revolt,
Told in fierce gleaming of the unquenched fires of a
people's hate.
Then came Napoleon, and order gave. The whirl-
wind of his battles
The murky air made clear; and to one blaze of glory
Fanned all the close nursed embers of his country's
wrongs;
Served only France; gave her fit laws, and happy thrift.
Then self o'ercame this conquering genius. What-
soe'er he wished
That he would accomplish! Truth, faith, compassion,
gentleness
In manners, and in morals right, care for good of others,
He cast aside to sate his mad ambition, and in his
hours of doom
He first decreed the full blockade instead of some
compact with England,
And then the Austrian not the Russian match and
so he felled himself.

From Brienne, over more of the splendid roads which, with a perfect canal system, Napoleon, the great engineer, made for France, thus providing unrivalled interior communication, we went through some plain agricultural country, but also through the national forests of Anjou, Soutames, and Der to Wassy (population, 3600). There the first massacre of Huguenots (1562) began the religious wars in France, through a quarrel between attendants of the Duke of Guise and some Protestants assembled to worship in a barn (now rebuilt and duly inscribed) opposite the present Hôtel de Ville. The architectural objects of interest are the old gateway with a belfry which marks the entrance to the town, and the Gothic doorway and the Romanesque tower of the eleventh to the sixteenth century church.

Our lunch was a good one and included the specialty of the inn—a meat pie à *la Pénard* and some sour wine of the district. By the way, all the vineyards we had seen while touring in France were in wretched plight from the dry season following too much rain, and the old trouble of former years, the phylloxera. Spraying the vines with mineral solution had disfigured grapes and leaves.

Starting again at 2.30, we skirted the forest of Du Val and soon came to Joinville (population, 3600) in the immediate home district of the Sires de Joinville. Jean de Joinville (1224-1317) was one of the comrades and chroniclers of St. Louis and later of the Guise family, and in one of his two châteaux here was signed in 1584 the treaty with Spain known as the "League of the Public Good." A good statue of Jean de Joinville, an old bridge, several old churches, including the Chapel of St. Anne, and the Guise burial-place, give interest to the little town.

About ten miles beyond we had a blow-out, so that for about two hours we walked forward on the fine tree-lined road and enjoyed the views over the undulating, half-wooded, half-pastoral country. Finally, the automobile caught up with us near the great park of the fine old Château of Bourlemont. As we had to press on to Ober-Ammergau we did not try to inspect it. In this district are many old Roman remains. They guarded the passes of this finely wooded, well-watered, and pastoral border Vosges country just as do the French today.

Most of this part of France is national forests,

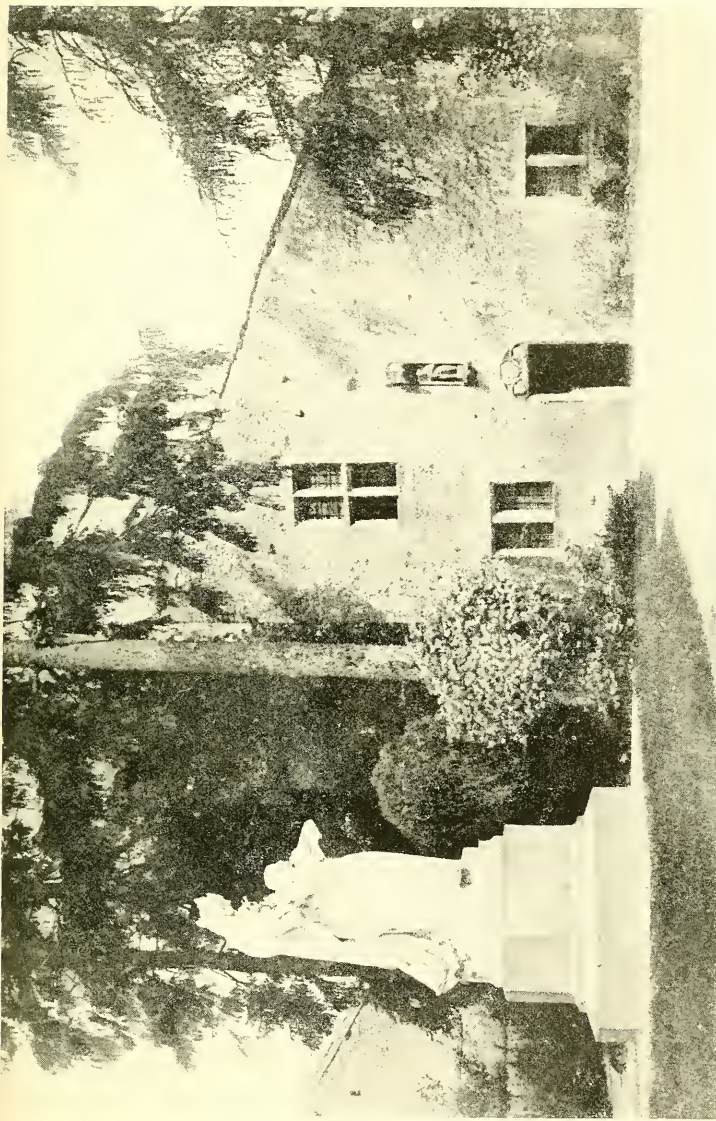


Photo Mansell

The Birth-Place of Joan of Arc

for the threefold purpose of conserving moisture, preventing floods, and producing wood. The Marne would otherwise be a flooding destroyer all the way to Paris, whereas its waters now advantageously join the Seine and Oise. The Seine itself needs to be similarly controlled. But the Government is not so active in its work for that valley as it is for the Rhône valley of the Jura Mountains.

We swept over the ascending slopes of this strong Vosges country into the lovely valley of Dom Remy and the simple village of the same name. All this country is sequestered. Religion and long dreams indulged in during the watching of a flock of sheep or herd of cattle were dominant there in the year 1429 in the simpler days of Joan, the cow-girl. Her religious brooding over the woes of France turned her into Joan of Arc, the heroic leader of the forlorn hope of an army which the desperate Charles VII., persuaded by her calmly hysterical earnestness, submitted to her command. Born in 1412, Joan was not twenty years old when, after several months spent at Chinon, Charles VII. and his advisers, distraught by the English terror and influenced by superstitious belief in the reality of the heavenly

voices Joan claimed to hear giving her directions, allowed her to make her successful campaign to relieve Orleans. Then came Patay amid a series of losses and victories; the crowning of Charles VII. at Rheims; Joan's capture, trial, and burning at the stake in the market-place of Rouen, in 1431, in her twentieth year. Her confident emotionalism and the superstitious fears of the age set her followers wild with reckless courage and dissipated at first the complete confidence of her English foemen.

About this same time a heroine of Brittany, whose name I fail to remember, also believed that she heard heavenly voices directing her, but unsuccessfully led an army of Bretons in their bigoted peninsula to oust the English and restore France to Charles VII.; but she and many of her followers were killed in battle. Charlotte Corday, in 1793, completes the great French trio of these pure and self-deceived heroines.

We saw the statue of Joan in front of the village church; her cottage birthplace with Mercié's group in front showing Joan led forth by the genius of France. The royal arms of France granted to her family by Charles VII.

are over the simple door, while in a niche above is a kneeling figure of the heroine. The interior of the cottage is a museum of statues and other items connected with Joan's career. Three quarters of a mile away up a steep hill is the spot where Joan first became conscious of the heavenly voices directing her. There is now upon that site an unfinished church decorated with paintings recording her performances, and another fine statue of Joan by Allar. I felt refreshed by seeing these memorials of the brave enthusiast. Something of the feeling that I was in a neighbourhood consecrated by a mighty and transforming influence was in my mind as I gazed back at Dom Remy, from the opposite hillside, on our way to Nancy.

But thoughts about unreasoning faith were soon diverted as there came into view the splendidly placed castle of the Count of Alsace, overlooking much of that lovely and oft-disturbed district and later the high brick watch tower used by the French to spy out any invading German army. Alas! it has had to be put to practical use in this year of our Lord 1914. So, enjoying the fine views over the rich, rolling, wooded country, we

pressed farther through ancient Lorraine, and running rapidly through its easternmost part, the modern Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, came at 8.30 P.M. to Nancy (population, 110,000) where we spent the night comfortably after a run of 197 kilometres. The ladies did not complain. They were "game" and they were taking us all to Ober-Ammergau.

<i>Saturday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 20, 1910	1.15	Nancy	Strassburg	140	7.30		Lunch at Hôtel de l' Uni-
"	9.00	Strassburg	Baden- Baden	60	11.30		vers et du
				200		8.45	Commerce. Good. Din- ner at Hôtel d'Angleterre. Excellent in- deed. Hôtel Bären clean.

At Nancy we bought two new tires after long search. We admired the handsome and good construction of the town and its many evidences of its ancient refinement as the capital of Lorraine and the seat of its dukes. After the last of these dukes, Stanislaus Lesczynski (d. 1766), ex-King of Poland, is named the beautiful Place Stanislas. Here will be found a bronze statue of Lesczynski, surrounded by a number of public buildings, a fine iron railing of the eighteenth century binding

all together, and two ornamental fountains. There are seven handsome gateways to the town, an Arch of Triumph, and an excellent university specializing on forestry.

Before Nancy, Charles the Bold was slain in battle in 1477, by his old enemies, the Swiss, and the Duke of Lorraine. In 1870, it was occupied by the Germans without any damage. May the present terrible war spare it too. But this is a troublous district that has had much history thrust upon it. In the bequest of his empire in 840, Louis I., son of Charlemagne and of Hildyard von Hohenzollern, left to his son Lothaire, Italy, Burgundy, and Lotharingia or Lorraine, while his other sons, Louis and Charles II., received respectively Germany and France.

In 1556, Henry II. annexed this region, virtually Lorraine and some of Alsace to France. Louis XIV. annexed more of Alsace in 1681, when he conquered and retained Strassburg and had it fortified by Vauban. The Peace of Ryswyck, 1697, confirmed it to France, as did that of Rastadt in 1714. But by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 it was lost to France until the time of Napoleon I., when France regained and held

it until 1870, when Germany took all of Alsace and much of Lorraine.

Lorraine had been acquired in 1766, but was taken in part by Germany in 1870. About the time Lorraine was "acquired in 1766," Corsica (1768) was also acquired by France. That had the momentous consequence of causing the career of Napoleon I. to be French. Under that potent influence Alsace and Lorraine became French again. Alas! for buffers, whether physical, moral or mental. Today, these districts are bitterly contested battle grounds again.

Noting the heavy fortifications of Nancy, which is among the strongest of the forts constituting the second defence line of Paris, we started for Baden-Baden, as the commanders-in-chief of our expedition determined we should run extra long on certain days that we might stop at that famous resort. We left Nancy at 1.15 and bungled out of town and went bungling through a plain agricultural country just because we had relied on the instructions of a wiseacre who told us "the shortest way," but not the way most easily found and travelled. Always select a clever guide and remember that the longest

way round is often the shortest way through. By our "short cut" we lost time and also missed the view of the field of Agincourt, which is only some twelve miles north-east of Nancy in the Department of Meurthe. However, we finally worked through the "short cut," and via Mexille reached "Eulmont," and then shortly Lincourt, the military custom-house station on the French border. There the French part of our Triptych was taken up and we crossed to the German military frontier custom house where particulars of our car and a permit to enter Germany were given us after a slight examination of some of our baggage, especially my sister-in-law's hand-bag and the bonnets in the ladies' hat-boxes. We paid sixteen marks for a fifteen-day permit to visit Germany and deposited 268 marks, I believe, in gold, to be returned to us upon surrender of receipt, when we should again recross from Germany into France.

We were now in "the Vosges Mountains," according to German maps. Lorraine, the French call it; very debatable land, you see, very, very. However, it is well worth debating for. Its broad, beautiful, and well-watered valleys, well-

wooded and lovely mountains, and industrious population are very desirable. But the roads are narrow and poor when compared with the Napoleonic system we had just left. We passed Château Salins, Moreuvic, Lezey, Bourdonnay, Marzieres, Henning, Saarebourg, Phalsbourg, and Saverne (population, 9000), a picturesquely situated old town, the country gradually becoming beautiful as viewed on either side, from the broad ascending plateau on which we were travelling. Very extensive were the views—patches of woods—and in the distance stretches of mountain forests. Saarebourg was having a fête. Phalsbourg, a walled town, was fortified in recent years, and contains many old houses. Two thirds of the way from Saarebourg to Saverne, beautiful forests and roads like a French estate, and then a wonderful long descent over a fine, tree-lined, winding road, down which we went very quickly for three miles, part of the time simply by gravity.

We passed by picturesque Saverne and rushed on through beautiful country to smoke-covered Strassburg in Alsace. It is the capital of the imperial territory Alsace-Lorraine and lies crescent-shaped in its deep valley. There we dined

excellently at Hôtel d'Angleterre, and were made to pay exorbitantly for it. "On to Baden-Baden," said the ladies. "It will afford us a novel experience." So it did, from nine o'clock, when we left industrious and industrial Strassburg (population 167,000) and its fine Cathedral (twelfth to fifteenth century) with its tower 462 feet high, and its good public buildings, until 11.30, when we reached our hotel in Baden, that is, in Baden-Baden. Soon after leaving Strassburg the full moon rose. We had a boy pilot us through town and start us on our country route which abounded with offshoots. In the fog which soon arose it was difficult to make out the sign-posts; but we were diverted only once. The billowing mists, low to the ground in the distance, took strange shapes and dull iridescent colours from the moonbeams, and the clouds and moon played hide-and-seek very often. This was a Saturday night too, so that lights and laughter and song came to us from many an inn; a few churches were lit up for services, whose singing we heard, and oh! how many loving Gretchens and Hans our lights picked up as we rushed along. The couples continued their decent caressing and they and we went on our ways

rejoicing. The lights of Baden-Baden were a welcome sight as we came on them through the thickening fog and then we ran the gamut of the hotels. Full, full, full, was the cry until we were received at a clean hotel, the Bären Hof, some fifteen minutes' walking distance from the centre of the town.

Sunday, August 21, 1910. Late breakfast. Relaxed. Zeppelin dirigible passed over our hotel, but was no rarity to the natives, so we were not warned of the sight. The next year, however, I saw one of them in motion. To-day they are dropping bombs (with how much effect?) in this monstrous European war. We walked through the beautiful, matured, and bench-lined gardens, and along lawns and tree-lined avenues that border the little river Oos, which brightly glistened on its way through the pleasure grounds, and by hotels and bathing establishments, through the town. Hôtel Stephanie gave us a very good lunch, but the Berncastler Doctor of 1901, that delectable wine which should have lived up to its character and proved fine, was a poor specimen. The races were on, so we could secure no conveyance to drive about. Public gambling tables had

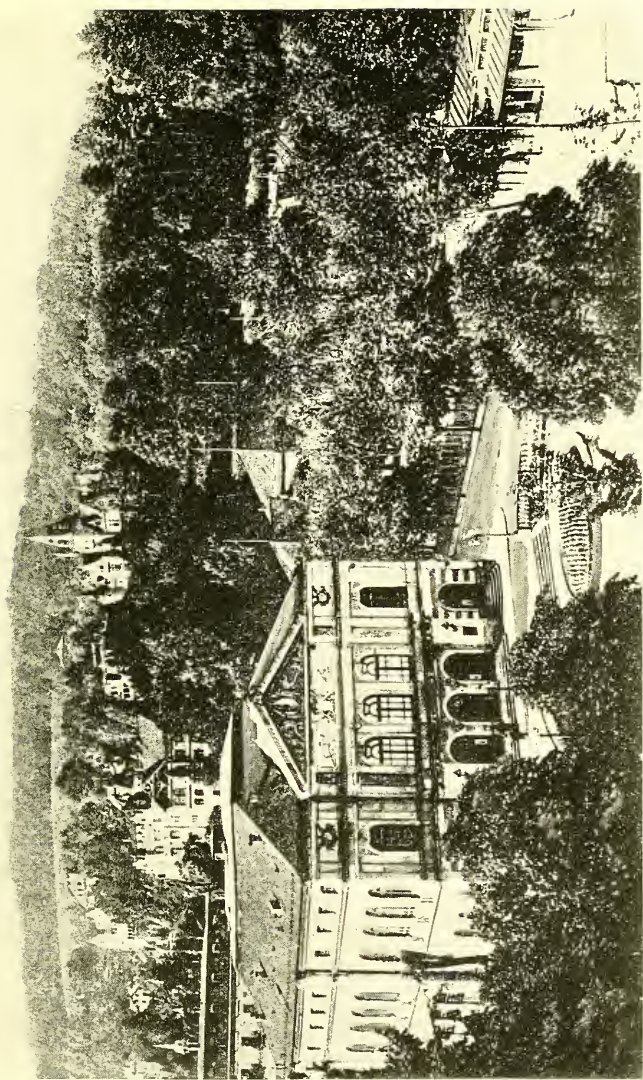


Photo Luib

The Theatre and Cure Plaza at Baden-Baden

been abolished at Baden-Baden, so it was not so lively as in former years, they say; but a crowded, jolly place it seemed to be, though not in a hectic way. After resting, we had supper at our hotel on fresh-caught trout and then taking the trolley went to the Kur-Haus, where we encountered several friends, and later saw some very elaborate fireworks which the dense crowd seemed to highly appreciate. But these fireworks were as nothing compared to the magnificence of a thunder-storm that burst that night over our hotel. The thunder rolled most wonderfully among the hills. I thought I counted twenty reverberations of one prodigious clap.

The Grand Duchy of Baden is in area 5819 square miles, has a population of 2,142,833, of whom about five eighths are Roman Catholics, and more than three eighths Protestants. Until 1771 Baden was a Margraviate divided into two or more parts; it was then united, and in 1830 its ruler took the title of Elector and in 1806, of Grand Duke. The Grand Duke is the executive head of the Duchy. The Legislature is divided into an Upper Chamber and a Second Chamber. The Upper Chamber consists of the princes of

the reigning family, the heads of the mediatized families, the Roman Catholic archbishop, the prelate of the Protestant Church; elected for four years are eight members of the territorial nobility, one representative for each of the two universities and one for the technical high school, three for the Chamber of Commerce, one for the Chamber of Trades; two Oberbürgermeisters of the towns subject to the municipal law, and one Bürgermeister of one of the other towns (of more than 3000 inhabitants), one member of the District Councils, and up to eight appointees, for four years, of the Grand Duke, of whom two are high legal functionaries appointed during their term of office.

The Second Chamber is composed of 73 representatives at least thirty years old, 24 elected by towns, and 49 by rural districts for four years. Every citizen twenty-five years old, not convicted of crime nor receiving parish relief, has a vote. There must be a session of the Chambers at least once every two years.

More than half of the country is cultivated, and about two fifths of it is in forest of which some 250,000 acres belong to the State.

Mannheim (population 206,000) is the principal manufacturing town. There were 70 strikes and 11 lock-outs in 1912, of which 18 strikes were fully, and 31 partially, successful; and one lockout effective and 9 partially so.

Karlsruhe (population 134,313) is the seat of government. Moderately high mountains traverse Baden from north-east to south-west and add their quota of rainfall to the Rhine which flows between their slopes. Baden is for the most part up to date, but its roads might easily be better.

<i>Monday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 22, 1910	9.15	Baden	Stuttgart	80	2.40		Lunch at
	3.40	Stuttgart	Memmingen	139	9.30		Hôtel Royal.
				219		11.15	Excellent. Dinner at Bayerischer Hof. Clean. Poor food.

At 9.15 we left pleasant, polished Baden-Baden (there is another Baden, not in Baden), in its lovely narrow valley, filled so often with warm damp air. We passed through Esslingen (population 30,000), Wurtemberg, where there was once a Napoleonic battle. Now the town has great engineering works, including the huge Dannler Automobile Works, an old ruined castle, and a

reputation for making fine sparkling Neckar wine from the neighbouring vineyards. Through occasional showers we went on to Stuttgart (population 260,000) on the Neckar River where we lunched well at Hôtel Royal. The rain stopping, we viewed in passing the public squares and buildings, especially the big building with pillared arcades lined with shops, along the chief square. A prosperous region this, to produce such towns as Stuttgart and Strassburg, and such fine countryside as we had been seeing. The ancient buildings in Stuttgart are very striking in appearance and the city possesses all the modern facilities. It is a great manufacturing centre. I secured a sample of its wares in the shape of a half-dozen pairs of thin black socks, of which I stood in need. Durable they proved to be, but so loosely woven at the top as to flop down too easily. Many German manufactures are excellent; others break down in some such cheap way as did my socks. At 3.40 we went on through that part of Wurtemberg known as Swabia. Much of it was very wild and characteristic. This region is the home of the Hohenzollerns and the Dukes of Teck, one of the latter of whom married an English princess,

Mary Adelaide, a relative of Queen Victoria of England.

Wurtemberg, a kingdom since 1805, became a Constitutional Monarchy in 1819. It contains 7534 square miles, of which 64 per cent. is cultivated, and 31 per cent. is in forests. Its population of about 2,500,000 is for the most part best described by the Shakespearian word "bucolical," though Stuttgart's population of 286,000 is progressive and very notable, and nearly a million Wurtembergers are industrial workers. Wurtemberg is governed by a bicameral body called together at least every two years. The First Chamber comprises: (1.) The royal princes; (2) the heads of country families to whose possessions a vote in the imperial or provincial diet was formerly attached; also the heads of two other families elected constitutionally; (3) up to six appointees of the King; (4) eight members of knightly rank; (5) six ecclesiastical dignitaries; (6) a representative of the University of Tübingen, and one of the Technical High School of Stuttgart; (7) two representatives of commerce and industry, two of agriculture, and one of handicrafts. The Second Chamber consists of: (1.) A deputy from

each of its sixty-four districts; (2) six from Stuttgart, and one from each of six other towns; (3) nine from the Neckar and Jagst circle, eight from the Black Forest and Danube circles. All deputies are chosen for six years and must be at least thirty years old. For administrative purposes the country is divided into 4 circles, 64 districts, and 1898 communes. Education is compulsory, and there is at least one public school in each commune. Wurtemberg has virtually every variety of school, including at Stuttgart the fine Technical High School, and the Veterinary High School and the Agricultural High School at Hohenheim, topping off with the ancient University of Freiburg. Wurtemberg officialdom claims that every one of their citizens older than ten years of age can read and write. About three fourths of the population is Protestant and nearly all the remainder Roman Catholic. The country is well watered, thanks to the Black Forest's conservation of water along the highlands of Wurtemberg. Two remarkable features of government in Wurtemberg are: (1.) The Committee of Twelve, consisting of the presidents of each Chamber and two members of the Upper, and

eight of the Lower House, who represent the two Chambers when they are not convened; (2) a special Court of Justice, the appointed guardian of the Constitution, consisting of a president and twelve members, six of whom, together with the president, are nominated by the King, and six are elected by the combined Chambers. Slow but sure is Wurtemberg.

Ancient Ulm (population 55,000) situated on the Danube which separates it from Bavaria, we found to be in festival array and her hotels overcrowded, as on August 24th and 25th, the centenary of its joining Wurtemberg was to be celebrated. It is a German fortress, and a garrison of 7500 soldiers is stationed there. Ulm was a free imperial city in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Was there not a Napoleonic victory hereabouts—the battle of Ulm? At any rate, the city was well prepared for one.

The inhabitants seemed very straightforward and unsophisticated. They crowded around the machine and naïvely asked questions and then told us how to reach Memmingen, our objective point for the night. We soon started and found the roads poor from the European standpoint.

Indeed, the worst roads ever encountered in our trip were in Wurtemberg. Many of them were very narrow, made merely of dirt and pretty well supplied with holes. It is fifty kilometres to Memmingen, said our friendly advisers. You go thus and so and then cross the bridge and are in Bavaria, etc. The clever-looking porter of the chief hotel told us the same. Ah! the good German beer! and festival times! We followed instructions. We boggled about long and painfully before we got out of town; then faithfully trying to go through one of the forts, were turned back, and when fairly off from Ulm we had to run, according to our speedometer, that had never taken a drink in its life, fifty miles.

The Bayerischer Hof, Memmingen, which via Kempten we gladly reached at 9.30, is a mediæval, picturesquely situated town of 20,000 inhabitants and many quaint old houses. It afforded us a poor and plentiful supper in its only eating room, while some "clubbable" men combined card-playing and smoking there. Our rooms were simple and clean. From my window I looked up and down the opposite side of the street and slantingly across some squares at a remarkably varied and

very characteristic skyline of fronts, roofs, and chimneys, and I was impressed with the fine electric lighting of Memmingen.

Early next morning, I was aroused by a noise of heavy scraping that arose from the road three storeys below my wide-open window. The noise came nearer and grew emphatically louder. It would not let me sleep. Finally, I got up and looked out upon a large group of men in military working costume with only the officer bearing arms. The noise came from their marching as one man, flat-footed over the even surface of the sandy pavement. Their greyish-brown khaki suits, and their grave and military bearing were very convincing of their being a definite part of a carefully built fighting-machine. All the young men in the company were well set up. Some of the older men were somewhat relaxed. Behind them came one solitary soldier. Pushing a wheelbarrow, he walked in precisely the same stiff-legged sliding manner as his company companions.

After breakfast we viewed the town. Its faggot market was notable and everything about the nice old town had character. It was a city of the empire till 1802, and yet has some of its

ancient surrounding wall. Its fine old mediæval town hall, church, meeting-hall, and numerous private residences make it thoroughly well worth visiting.

One of these houses is the Fugger Haus, in which General Wallenstein received his dismissal. Was that house the headquarters of the great merchant princes of that name who, through many generations, grew comparatively as wealthy as any of our American families of several generations of great inherited wealth? One of them, late in the seventeenth century, built at Augsburg a walled settlement of fifty-three houses for rental to poor Roman Catholic families at the annual price of one dollar. Then change of name overtook the clan of Fugger. To-day, they are betitled; but are imperishably associated with great capacity, wealth, splendid and beautiful establishments, generous living, and unbounded beneficence. No wonder that so much of solid power and worth should have prolonged the family. They did not grow foolhardy in finance. Without mobilized reserve power and character and trained intelligence no human understanding is soundly ensured. We left this town with great regret that we could

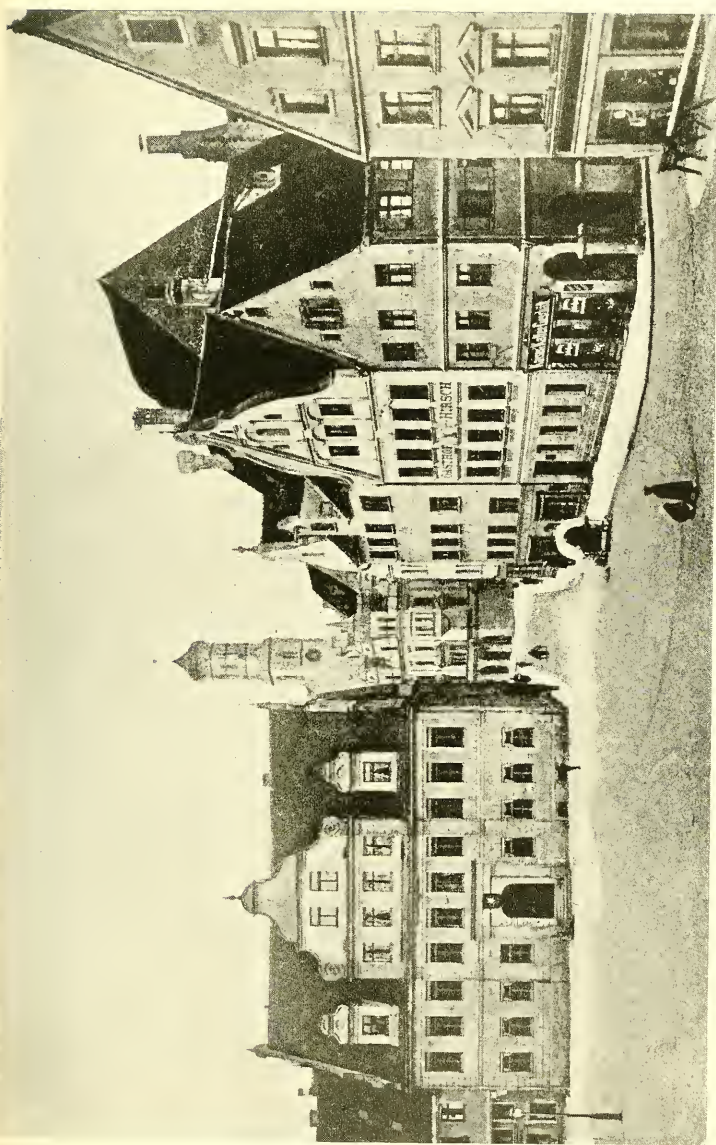


Photo Trenkler Co.

The Market Place at Memmingen

not see it all more thoroughly. But we were to leave early, that we might see King Ludwig II.'s older palace Schwangau, and perhaps his new one, and get to Ober-Ammergau that night.

<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 23, 1910	9.40	Memmingen	Füssen	75	12.00		Lunch at
"	1.15	Füssen	Schwangau	36	1.30		Bayeris-
"	3.30	Schwangau	Ober-Ammer- gau	43	5.45		cher Hof.
							Good.
							Dinner at
				154		4.50	Agence
							Lubin.
							Ordinary.

Starting at 9.40 we came to Kempten again, and in its long broad, chief street, while stopping to buy "benzine," that is, gasoline, one of us photographed two jolly, sooty, chimney-sweeps who were precisely like their representatives on the stage; and we treated a large band of happy children to a generous supply of cakes purchased at a little shop that looked much like the humble corner grocery in America which was in existence when we were boys and girls. Then through wonderfully beautiful rolling country affording profile views of the Bavarian Alps, or their reflections in numerous lakes, stopping to closely examine a lovely old church on a small lake's margin, we came to the partially walled town of Füssen

(population, 4500). This was dominated by a fifteenth-century castle, erected by the Bishops of Augsburg, and restored by King Louis I. It is a suppressed Benedictine monastery (founded 629) with an old church below it.

At twelve o'clock we swept on towards Hohen-schwangau, most of the way through a handsome park to the village, above which on a high hill is the yellow stone castle. It belonged originally to the Guelph family; but in 1191, it became the property of the Dukes of Swabia, and in 1597 passed to the Dukes of Bavaria. Sold by them in 1820, it was, in 1832, bought by King Maximilian II., then Crown Prince who, retaining and perfecting its fine old park, reconstructed the castle, and had its interior decorated with frescoes illustrating German history. The castle commands fine views of the plain, of Ludwig II.'s new Schwanstein on an adjacent height, and of the swan lake to its rear. Throughout the castle are innumerable images of swans, big, little, and middle-sized, adapted to many purposes. They are reminders of the frequent residence here of the crazy Ludwig II., one of whose chief manias was his strange love of the mythical Lohengrin knight of the swan.



Photo Franzl

Mount Kofel and the Cross at Oberammergau

Beyond the little valley, Ludwig II. began in 1869 the granite castle of new Schwanstein on the site of a very old castle. It is situated on the site of a precipitous rock. As automobiles were forbidden in the grounds, and as we could find no other conveyance, our ladies, fatigued by the five days' rush from Fontainebleau across France, Lorraine, Alsace, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, decided to omit visiting the new castle and to proceed at once in the comfortable automobile to Ober-Ammergau and rest, so as to be ready for the performance of the *Passion Play* on the morrow. "Very well, ladies," my brother-in-law and I remarked. Motoring to the plain we enjoyed the fine mountain view back of the castles and at 3.30 left for Ober-Ammergau (population 1650).

Passing over some very steep hills, both up and down, we soon came into the valley of the swift gliding Ammer River. Soon to our right, on the north base of Kofel Mountain at whose feet nestles Ober-Ammergau, we saw against the skylight the gigantic group of the Crucifixion presented by Ludwig II. in 1875; then to our left was a little white ancient church; then we ran into

the crowded main street of the little town itself. "Yes," said Agence Lubin—through whose office in Fontainebleau we had bought rooms with comfortable sleeping quarters for the 23d and 24th of August and good seats for the performance of the 24th and meal tickets—"Yes, the accommodations are all ready for you. Your residence will be at 284 Dabler Strasse with Benedict Glochel, and you will lunch and dine at the restaurant in this building at such and such an hour and breakfast at your lodging." To all of which we agreed. As we walked to our lodging, we noted the mountains and valleys surrounding the town. The many shop windows were crowded with wood or wax carvings of the crucified Christ, of Christ in the manger, of the Virgin and Child, and with photographs of the various actors and scenes in the *Passion Play*, secular views of the village and the adjacent country, curios, Tyrolean caps, etc., all of which were being eagerly sought by the crowd of some five or six thousand visitors who had come, like ourselves, to see the performance by peasants of this greatest religious play. It is performed each ten years from about mid-May to the end of September, every Sunday, and on

some festivals, and from mid-July to mid-September on Wednesdays, from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M., with an interval from twelve till two o'clock. If necessary to accommodate visitors, an extra performance is given on Thursdays.

We found kindly and good Herr Glochel, a small, earnest, sallow, dark-haired man of about fifty-five, with a scant black beard, and his wife, at home in their square two-storey house. They took us to our rooms, beautifully clean, with polished floors, shell ornaments, and many pictures in colour or line or carving of Jesus Christ. The respectful intimacy of such use of His blessed personality was very sobering to me. Having shown us all the second storey of the house, upon noting our interest in their residence, they pointed out a broad space leading from a certain door to the lower storey of the rear of the house. "There is the stable. In winter we leave the door open that the heat from the animals may warm this our bedroom." The bedroom was long and narrow and high pitched. "Yes, it is very cold here all winter. Generally, our house is surrounded by snow to the height of six feet. Yes Benedict is in the *Passion Play*. He was in it ten years ago.

He takes the part of James the Less, as did his father before him." So we were kindly made to feel at home.

We began to dine at "Agence Lubin" at seven, precisely as had been decreed, and poorly enough we dined for our sins; but we did not think of complaining to "Agence Lubin." We ended on time, with all the pilgrims dining there, and then strolled through the streets, watched the restless crowd, and listened to a very poor band. They recalled to me a joke that an old college mate of mine would keep repeating whenever he was near a wandering brass band, just about to blow their first notes. "Gentlemen of the Band," he would say softly, so as to avoid getting into trouble with the bellows-cheeked performers,— "Gentlemen of the Band, prepare to blow out your brains." Soon we retired to our lodging. "No, thank you, Frau Glochel, do not call us for the early service" (at the near-by village church, where all the performers in the *Passion Play* commence), "but will you please call us at 6.30. Yes, we would like coffee and jam, and an omelette." Before retiring, we took one more look at the Bengal light illuminations which were

gleaming from many a point on Kofel Mountain, and which earlier we had watched from the centre of the village, especially as it lit up the great Passion group on Kofel. Theatrical that last, and the first a poor substitute for the old-time bonfires of wood. These fires are "the fires of St. Louis," named after the fire of burning bitumen flung on his army by the Turks at the lost battle of Mansurah, in Egypt, 1249.

August 24th. The clanging of harsh bells aroused us early next morning. From the belfry of the church they were calling the players. Now for those players to commune seemed to me in keeping with the long years of study and clean living required of them by the village authorities before they were eligible; but I shrank from attending simply to gaze at them, and I did not wish to commune, and much of the service in German would have been lost on me. The day was bright with clear mountain air and sunshine. We were thankful and descended to our "continental breakfast," plus the omelette, so as to be fortified for a trying four-hour session. "The bread, the mountain honey, the coffee, were good, and so was the butter," said my wife;

“but oh! that heavy, elastic omelette which had been fried on one side and then on the other in much fat and then powdered with sugar.” What should we do in order not to hurt the feelings of our kind hosts! We would consume virtually all the rest of the breakfast, praise all of it as was its due, and under suggestion of repletion present the omelette with a few words as kind as circumstances permitted to Benedict, relying on his presumably strong peasant constitution to save him from an illness. Perhaps we did wrong. Certainly his complexion looked as though he had eaten many such omelettes, and indicated a hard worked liver. But we were not sure that he would eat the omelette. It was a fine one to save for a person for whose life you felt no personal responsibility. A little later seeing Benedict tranquilly preparing to go to the village, we were satisfied he had omitted his omelette; but we feared for his wife who staid at home.

The five-minute-to-eight gun summoned all to the theatre which had been built in 1900. The sun had warmed the air considerably by eight o'clock, when the 4200 spectators had climbed up the ten stairways, and were seated on the fairly

comfortable stationary chairs, in the large steep-pitched theatre whose front third, including the stage, was open to the sky. We were about to witness the greatest of the two survivals of the many miracle plays designed for religious instruction and so popular in the Middle Ages. The second great survivor is at Brexlegg in the Austrian Tyrol. The origin of this Ober-Ammergau performance is said to be the successful service of a play setting forth the life, death, and mediation of Christ when offered as an exorcism of the plague which was devastating their village. The plague was thus stopped. Keeping the vow of their forefathers the villagers at first yearly, till 1634, then every ten years since with an extra performance in 1815 to celebrate Napoleon's downfall, and in 1871, in place of the performance of 1870, omitted because of the Franco-Prussian War, have reverently repeated the play. From 1740 it grew less of an event till 1800, when a most excellent version of the play was adopted and between 1840 and 1850 the present one was finally chosen.

A permanent theatre, costumes made by great costumers of the cities, a very large, thoroughly drilled band; over-flowing coffers, for seats sell

from \$1 to \$2.50 a piece; enormous patronage and the general disillusionments of this twentieth century are mighty influences against the characteristic naïveté and reverence of the villagers; but to us they appeared devout. The spectators also were hushed and sober. It seemed to me that what I was about to see would necessarily be at variance with my conception of that greatest epic of the universe, wherein the blessed Creator of everything and all men sacrificed Himself for me and all my fellow-sinners. Through thought and meditation upon His tender and humble, yet unresistible life on earth, an unending series of pictures of Him had impressed themselves upon my consciousness (have they not in the mind of every Christian?), and the inexpressible glory of His perfect life and sacrifice had drawn out for me the grandest poem that my intellect could conceive. His own words had told to me the story of His perfect character and love and sacrifice, and the chosen comrades of his pilgrimage had added their recital of His walk on earth. Now I felt that I was about to have my reverential conception replaced by the interpretation of some six hundred peasants of the earth drama of His life. I feared

that the clear pictures set in my imagination would be tarnished as the lily or the rose is injured by the touch of the human hand.

But the stage curtain is pulled aside. The great orchestra begins, eighteen of the strong, gown-clad chorus of thirty-seven, led by the prologuer, clad in long flowing gown, with crown and staff, march in from one wing, while the other nineteen, led by the chief singer, similarly attired, march from the other wing. From right to left of the stage I see the house of Annas, the high priest; then a street in the middle of the stage, the site for the central tableau; then a street again; then the house of Pilate, all suitably indicated by accurate scenery. The great central tableaux following each other in rapid succession were described by the chorus; and chief actors with their hundreds of assistants, sometimes five hundred or more, made successful representations of the very animated populace. During the eight hours' strain the complete story of the life of our Lord on earth was enacted. It never rose above reverent stage play to me; but that stage play was a devotional though always somewhat clumsy touching of sacred things. For one

who has never loved Christ with his whole heart or who is very dull of imagination, or is largely ignorant of the surpassingly beautiful details of His sacrificial life on earth, it may be well to see this *Passion Play*; otherwise, one is happier to omit it.

As to the skill of the actors: I find this in my note-book:

Judas the best actor: mob the best playing. The Christus best when silent; sometimes very stagey in movement, and often in voice; of rather heavy German build and bearing and much stooped from his work as a potter; very reverent, but conscious of his prominence. Saw him talking with his guests at his door on the eve of the play and afterward watering his flowers on his porch. He regularly takes boarders. The play all well intended, but now very much modernized in manner, in costuming, theatre, etc. A wonderful performance for peasants and a source to them of great income (which nearly all goes to improve the town), and of spiritual standardizing. To me, it was stagey, not true; tragic in parts and a travesty, though an honest one, for the most part. It was a delight to me that the Christus lacked the tender spirituality of body and bearing and voice and manner of the dear Lord of life. Tired from the physical and mental tension of the day, we sat quietly in the village square that evening and again watched the crowds, the Bengal lights on Kofel, and the stars in the firmament of heaven.

Here is another statement of my view of the
Passion Play:

OBER-AMMERGAU

All day as we approached the high and cleanly living
town of Ober-Ammergau

The white sunshine of August beat upon us—all day
long—

Till we drew nigh to cleanly living Ober-Ammergau
Which was intent to give its piteous *Passion Play*
next day:

Then clouds that blent with all the sadness of that
play obscured the sky.

The morrow dawned, bells called the players to pray
and to commune at Church;

A cannon shot summoned a mighty audience to seats
in the theatre

And then began the first four hour half of the dismal play.
All honest in reverential meaning was it and soundly
given

But oh! the dulling substitute of all those presen-
tations

For the scenes each educated Christian heart and mind
Had always pictured. For in place of the supremest
poetry

That earth affords, that clings about and clothes our
God on earth,

There was the bathos of some humdrum peasant in
His place;

It pulled me down from radiant visions all lit by dreams
of Him.

<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 25, 1910	9.45	Ober-Am- mergau	Sebaris- chofen	125	1.20		Lunch at Se- barischer Hof.
"	2.20	Sebaris- chofen	Neuhausen	120	8.45		Dinner at Hô- tel Bellevue at Neuhausen.
				245		10	Good enough.

Leaving Ober-Ammergau at 9.45 we passed near Füssen, saw again Hohenschwangau and, being yet in the beautiful highlands of Bavaria, stopped at remotely situated Sebarischofen for lunch. Evidently this is an establishment of the government put here as a matter of convenience in army manœuvres; for it is remote, large, and while available it is evidently seldom used. A rough lunch they gave us. As we waited for it we secured permission to play a large graphophone in the eating-smoking-drinking room. I thought the music very enjoyable to all parties; but what sound was that! One of the ladies of our party was sobbing out, "Oh! I can't bear it." We stopped the music and she sought the outdoor breezes. Later, she said her little boy played that air on his graphophone and—he was in America. Our party was beginning to have the "no-place-like-home" consciousness that is sure to come as you near the end of an outing. On then

towards the west we went with a vim. The Kingdom of Bavaria would be soon behind us. Following is a summary I compiled concerning it.

Bavaria contains 30,346 square miles, of which about one half is under cultivation, one sixth under grass, and one third under forests. It has a population of nearly 7,000,000, and since the twelfth century it has been ruled over by the famous family of Wittlesbach, whose chief bore the title of Elector from the Thirty Years' War until 1805, when Napoleon created Bavaria a kingdom. The reigning King Ludwig III. is sole executive, but his Ministers are responsible for all his acts. The Legislature comprises the King and an Upper and Lower House of Parliament. The Upper House—"Counsellors of the Realm"—now consists of sixteen royal princes, two crown dignitaries, the two archbishops, the heads of sixteen mediatized houses, and thirty hereditary noblemen, a Roman Catholic Bishop, the President of the Protestant Consistory, and life members appointed by the Crown in numbers not exceeding one third of the hereditary Counsellors. The Lower House—the Deputies—numbers 163,—one to about 38,000, inhabitants—and its

members are elected for six years. The suffrage is granted to every citizen of twenty-five or more years who has paid a direct tax for at least a year.

Bavaria has her own army and contributes three army corps, designated separately as 1st, 2d, and 3d Bavarian Army Corps, to the German Army, and controls her fortresses in time of peace. Her soldiers enjoy a somewhat specialized uniform, and constitute an army of 72,000 men in time of peace. The upper half of the country, consisting of upper and lower Bavaria proper and the oft-desolated upper and lower Palatinate, is level and is drained chiefly by the Danube, while the lower half is drained chiefly by the Rhine. It consists of upper and lower Franconia and rises gradually to the highlands and northeast of them into Swabia and its Alps whence came the ancestral Hapsburg to the Austrian throne, and the ancestral Hohenzollern via the Burgrafship of Nuremburg to the Kingship of Prussia and the Emperorship of Modern Germany. When I enumerate the chief cities of Bavaria and their populations—Munich (596,000); Nuremberg (333,000); Augsburg (102,000); Wurzburg (84,000); Ludwigshafen on the Rhine

(83,000); Furth (66,000); Kaiserlantern (54,000); Ratisbon (52,000); and Bamberg (48,000)—the steady importance of Bavaria in art, religion, warfare, and manufacturing, which last notably includes beers and wines, is clearly intimated. Of its inhabitants some five million are Roman Catholics, about two million Protestants, and 55,000 Jews. Strong is Bavaria. Though a loyal member of the Empire of Germany she yet retains her unPrussianized individuality.

In a short time we were among hills on the gradually descending slope leading to the south-eastern end of Lake Constance which lies between Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Switzerland. It is a fine body of water, fed chiefly by the Rhine, and is 40 miles long, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad; at the deepest point it is 826 feet, and it covers 208 square miles. To the south of it are wooded hills, and to the south-east snow-capped mountains can be seen in clear weather. Along its southern shore ran the great Roman way into middle Germany. Then its shores were wilder. To-day they are thickly populated and well subdued. Our first view of it was delightful. It literally flashed on us as we turned the bend

of a steep road. There were its bluish waters sparkling in the sunshine and a town on an island 355 yards from shore.

It was Lindau, for which we had been running. This is a town of 6700 inhabitants, once a free imperial town and fortress, now handsomely ornamented and used as a summer resort. We took a run around it and then continued on an excellent road which hugs the north-east side of the lake, via Meersburg. There we met a skittish horse driven by a badly scared man. The man descended to hold the horse's head. We stopped. The horse broke the carriage shaft. We offered assistance. We received no reply but a motion to move on with the machine, and we did so. That was the only horse frightened by our machine during the whole trip.

At Oberlinden we had a splendid view of the lake from the foot of a monument surmounted by a bust of Emperor William I. Soon we left Wurtemberg at Thaulangen to cut across a little piece of Switzerland.

Pursuing my plan of making a summary of each country visited by us in the summer of 1910, I here insert my summary of Switzerland.

Switzerland, beginning with August 1, 1291, when the men of the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Lower Unterwalden, formed a defensive league against their overlord Austria, grew by 1815, into her present 22 cantons comprising the Swiss Republic, with an area of 15,796 square miles and a population of about 3,750,000. Her perpetual neutrality and the inviolability of her territory are guaranteed by most of the great Powers of Europe. A general election occurs every three years, and every citizen who is twenty years old or more can vote, and any non-clerical citizen may be elected a deputy in the National Parliament. That Parliament consists of a State Council of forty-four members, two from each of the twenty-two cantons; or one from each half-canton, in the case of those cantons which are divided into two parts: Basle, divided into Stadt and Land; Appenzell, divided into Ausser Rhoden and Inner Rhoden, and Unterwald, divided into Obwald and Nidwald. Each canton pays its deputies as it pleases; the average is about four dollars a day; and elects them how it likes and for as long as it likes. The National Council consists of 167 Representatives of the

Swiss people chosen in direct election, one for every 20,000 souls. They are paid from Federal funds about four dollars per diem.

Legislative action may be initiated popularly, and may be similarly vetoed. When a signed petition demanding revision or annulment of a measure is presented by 30,000 citizens, or is demanded by eight cantons, the law in question must be submitted to a national vote. A majority of both people and cantons are then requisite to decide. This referendum is often used. Nationally the initiative and referendum have been little overused in Switzerland, but according to a very competent Swiss professor of international authority with whom I discussed this subject, in some of the larger towns and in the more industrial cantons they have been too rashly availed of, so that there a large number of signatures should be demanded.

The chief executive authority in Switzerland is lodged in a Federal Council of seven elected by the two Chambers, that is by the Federal Assembly from that Federal Assembly. Only this Council introduces legislative measures. They may debate them but do not vote. The President and

Vice-President of the Federal Council are the first Magistrates of the Confederation and are chosen by joint session of the Federal Assembly to serve for a year beginning January 1st and then are ineligible for re-election for one year. Ordinarily the Vice-President is elected to the presidency. Each one of the Council is head of an administrative department, as Foreign Affairs, Interior, Justice and Police, Military, Finance and Customs, Agriculture and Industry, and Ports and Railroads. The City of Berne is the seat of the Federal Council and of the central administrative authorities.

The unmeasured water-power of Switzerland applied to manufacturing of staples and industrial commodities whose carriage is not too handicapping to such cheap power guarantees a fortune to any competent manufacturer.

The local government of Switzerland is particularly interesting. As Freeman points out in his *English Constitution*, here alone is preserved the ancient Anglo-Saxon lawmaking directly by an assembled people. This is yet the case in Appenzell, Glarus, Unterwald, and Uri; but in all the larger cantons an intermediate body chosen

by universal suffrage exercises all the powers of the electorate, but in all of them except Freiburg the referendum has place. Public office is a public trust in Switzerland, and small is the pay of the representative.

German is spoken in fifteen of the cantons, French in six, Italian in two, and Roumansch and Italian together in one. Approximately the following numbers speak the respective languages: 2,600,000 German; 800,000 French; 300,000 Italian; 40,000 Roumansch. Nearly 600,000 foreigners reside in Switzerland.

There are many wonderful things in nature, government, etc., in Switzerland, but to me the most remarkable is that so few of the Switzers, thrifty, hardworking, practical, true-thinking, and money-loving, have availed themselves of their peculiarly favourable opportunities to manufacture. Water-power and long deliverance from field work should have induced more than the actual 325,000 of them to undertake manufacturing. All the products from silk seem to me most promising. The bulk of the raw and perfected silk is small so that the freight factor is brought to a minimum.

Religion is unconstrained in Switzerland except that no clergyman can become a lawmaker, nor can the Order of the Jesuits or any of its affiliated orders be received in Switzerland. Approximately these are the religious affiliations: Protestants, 2,100,000; Roman Catholics, 1,600,000; Jews, 20,000. There is a Protestant majority in twelve cantons and a Roman Catholic majority in ten.

Education is compulsory and in the lower grades is free. In Protestant cantons the proportion of school-attending children to the whole population is as one to five; in half Protestant, half Roman Catholic one to seven, and in Roman Catholic one to nine. Switzerland has seven universities, all of which are modelled after the German form and are governed by a rector and a senate, and divided into four schools: theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and medicine. The Swiss mind has, latterly, been most pre-eminent in jurisprudence, though markedly capable in medicine, and it is lacking in the fine arts. Swiss painting is pitiable; sculpture has truer aspirations, though little strength; and poetry and romantic prose are conspicuous by their absence, for there are but few writers and those

mostly near the German borderland. In disquisitions on government, law, science, and religion, and in some few philosophical essays, a few biographies, and autobiographies are to be found the promise of that abundant Swiss literature which is to be expected when the increasing spread of wealth shall work its usual charm by granting leisure and easy monetary rewards. Even then there will be lacking the glorious stimulus of splendid national expansion and triumph which are among the few fine fruits of the average war.

The Swiss Social Insurance against illness and accident is notably successful, and is open to resident foreigners. Frugality marks the effective national finances. The national militiamen guarding the few fortresses at St. Gothard Pass in the south, and at Martigny and St. Maurice in the Rhone Valley to the west, and knowing how to make effective the mountains and their passes are the country's efficient defenders. Each able-bodied Switzer is liable to service with the Colours from his seventeenth to his forty-eighth year; but actual service begins with the twentieth year. In the Infantry the first twelve years are

spent in the first line of defence, the next eight in the second, the remaining eight in the third. The cavalry service requires eleven years in the first line of defence and twelve in the second. An unarmed third line comprises all other males between twenty and fifty years of age. The initial Swiss military training is through recruit schools lasting for the different divisions as follows: Infantry, engineers, and foot artillery, 65 days; field artillery, 75 days, and cavalry, 90 days. Subsequent trainings last for 11 days annually. Switzerland can mobilize 200,000 combatants, and 60,000 home guards.

The soil is very equally divided among the population. There are some 300,000 peasant proprietors. Of the total area, some 28 per cent. is unproductive, 35 per cent. is in grass, 29 per cent. in forest, 19 per cent. in fruit, and 16 per cent. in crops and gardens. Having to buy most of their food-crops the Swiss are adding to their chiefly textile industrial exports, including salt and cement, by developing their great national and private forests which are principally coniferous. Railroads and other public facilities are owned by the State and are managed with crude efficiency.

This is a successful land of a people for the most part walled in to a life of simplicity among grand mountains, beautiful lakes, in a rigorous climate.

At the border of Switzerland we were required to deposit 260 francs in gold as security against any damage the machine might do in Switzerland. Thus the Swiss drew interest on our money and could impound for any injuries laid to our doors. During that incident's negotiations we talked with some bright little Swiss children and gave them cakes. They waved us a jolly good-bye. Soon we came to Ludwigshafen and passed through Schaffhausen; by 8.45 reached Neuhausen, and stopped at Hôtel Bellevue and enjoyed a splendid view of its lovely falls from our room and its balcony on the third floor. The falls were electrically illuminated with blue, white, and red. The sign to turn on the electricity was the firing of a rocket from the Sweitzer House and an answering rocket, but all this followed the playing of a searchlight on the falls which are broad, and beautiful, and of greenish colour, but not very high. The country was open and sloping up to the northward where woods were to be seen. The successive lights of evening, of electricity,

and later of the half-moon were charming on the leaping, foaming water, the landscape to the north, and the old bridge near the falls.

<i>Friday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Re- marks</i>
Aug. 26, 1910	9.40	Neuhausen	Bâle	140	1.40		Lunch at Hôtel
"	2.25	Bâle	Vesoul	124	8.45		de Bâle, Bâle.
				264		10.20	Dinner at Hôtel Terminus et de l'Europe.

At 9.40 we left for Bâle (Basel) which we reached at 1.40, after running through very trim country. Here at the best hotel on the chief public square we lunched well. All the town was in festival to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of St. Jacque, near Bâle, August 26, 1444, between the Swiss, and a French army commanded by the Dauphin Louis, afterwards Louis XI. of France. School children were selling badges appropriate to the day and we secured some souvenirs. Here I recovered at the Custom House 285 marks that I had deposited at the German Custom House, when crossing into Germany. We came to the French border at Belfort which is so heavily fortified that the town is very gloomy. Just before entering the town, we received back the 260 francs in gold which we had deposited at

Thaulangen; we got our licence to pass into France duly O. K'd and helped a Boston maiden, travelling with her "Ma," get her automobile licence O. K'd too. Her chauffeur could not manage the necessary French.

Belfort (population now 34,000, but in 1890, only 8400), is a first-class fortress, commanding the passage between the Jura and Vosges Mountains. It was founded in the eleventh century. Both in 1814 and in 1870 Belfort successfully resisted sieges against it respectively by the allies and Germans. An imposing citadel rises above the town on the summit of a rock 220 feet high. In front of it is the Lion of Belfort, 36 feet high and 72 feet long, carved in red sandstone, to commemorate the defence of 1870. Thiers saved Belfort to France, by begging it from Bismarck as necessary to his (Thiers's) prestige if he, as leader, was to restore order in France.

We concluded our day by a long run which took us to Vesoul (population 10,000), where we spent the night at Hôtel de l'Europe. It is a dry, withered-up-looking town; but has some fine old buildings, a modern museum, a few modern monuments, and small pleasure grounds. Not

very long before entering Vesoul we passed a monument in the shape of a gigantic sabot carved from the rock of the country and standing alone on a high base. We have not been able to properly associate it. Evidently, it commemorates some triumph of a peasant party.

<i>Saturday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo- metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
Aug. 27, 1910	9.45	Vesoul	Chaumont	113	1.15		Lunch at
	2.15	Chaumont	Bar-sur- Seine	40	7.30		Hôtel de
"	8.45	Bar-sur- Seine	Paris	230	12.15		France et
				383		12.15	des Postes.
							Very good.
							Dinner at
							Hôtel du
							Commerce.
							Indifferent.
							Hôtel
							France et
							Choiseul.

Off at 9.45, via Langres (population 10,000), a fortress of the first class, which is picturesquely situated on a high plateau and possesses several ancient churches; then Chaumont (population 15,000) set high on a barren hill, and more old churches. This was the place where the allied sovereigns concluded a treaty in 1814, reducing France to the limits of 78,900 square miles. It is in the Champagne district, so we had some wine at the very good lunch we had at the Hôtel de France et des Postes. Then on through the wine

country, with its sad-looking grape vines that year, through Bar-sur-Aube (population 4500) with its old twelfth to fourteenth century churches. Here the allies defeated the French in 1814. Next we passed again through Troyes; then Nogent-sur-Seine (population 4000). Near Nogent was the abbey of Paraclet, founded in 1123 by Abélard, who was interred there with his Héloïse.

Then through a carefully cultivated country, noticeably less given over to the raising of grapes, we came at late dusk to Bar-sur-Seine, where we dined indifferently. Should we push on to Paris and the comfort of our rooms secured at Hôtel France et Choiseul? Better that than trying our luck in a hotel, so near Paris, that served such a dinner. All we saw of Bar-sur-Seine, that once fortified and often sacked town, was its situation on a wooded hill; part of its old wall surmounted by a clock tower; the fine bridge over the Seine; and what looked to be an ancient church.

We were fairly rested after our evening dinner; but, oh! the long, long turning here and there in search of smooth going over the roads to Paris. They had been worn down by heavy wagoning,

even where paved with Belgian blocks. However, perseverance won its reward and at 12.15, by the Bercy Gate, after a day's run of 226 miles, we entered Paris. Before very long we were luxuriating in our rooms at the France et Choiseul, a good, quiet hotel, built round a central courtyard, on Rue St. Honoré, near Place Vendôme. Our trunks, sent from Tours, letters, papers, baths, relaxation, and then Paris awaited us on the morrow. We were as happy as we were tired, and oh! the delightful rest and refreshment of that night begun at 1.45 A.M.

CHAPTER VI

Paris, London, and across the Atlantic, Home

PARIS AND LONDON

Like a clear flame of vast and lambent light and white hot heat
That shows at once the way and yields the power to quickly
traverse it
Has splendid Paris always seemed to me. Clear is its range of
thought,
And boundless is its furious verve to wreak it in passionate acts.
But London vaster, stronger, staidier, cloudier thinking,
And bending all she is to basic generalizing uncontrovertible,
Like some all-bounteous mother of a teeming berserk breed,
Does seem to me the urging parent of an all-conquering race.
Not only arms prevail. Thought finding Truth shall conquer all.
Though Paris and its France shall brightly shine with brilliant
deeds,
Yet shall her faulty generalizing hold her something back
While London and England slow but sure to practise basic facts
In trade, or arms, in all the varying phases of her life,
Yet presses on to greater greatness grown from steadiness of aim.



UNDAY, August 28, 1910. "Slept
late," says my commonplace book.
Then began our Paris sightseeing,
our first walk in the Tuileries
Gardens, viewing its leisure crowd, Monsieur

Pol, feeding the free, tamed flock of sparrows who would perch upon him, take food from his mouth, etc.; the beautiful Palace of the Tuileries, the glorious Venus de Milo, queen of its museum treasures, a few other old favourites among the works of Velasquez, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Raphael, and others of the immortal painters; meeting old friends, and at tea that afternoon some relatives left from the heavy raids death had recently made on our family. At dusk we walked from the Arc de Triomphe to the Rond-Point, along the splendid Champs-Élysées, the great driveway, parked and marked on either side with double lines of sycamore trees, set with restaurants and fine palaces, hotels, dwellings, and stores, and extending from the Arc de Triomphe to the glorious Place de la Concorde, around the Obelisk to the north of the Tuileries Gardens; and then took a taxi to our hotel. "Have you far to go?" said the coachman. "My horse is weak." A Parisian coachman tender with his horse! I hope the race of coachmen has been maligned. After looking up our faithful chauffeur we had a quiet and excellent lunch at our hotel. We went to meet my daughter, just come to Paris, and found her very well.

Paris, Monday, August 29, 1910. A delightfully leisurely breakfast, then to our bankers for money and mail; to the baggage-forwarding agency there to leave our keys needed for the regulation customs inspection of our trunks forwarded from Antwerp; bought tickets for Rostand's *Chanticleer*; and then the ladies began the choicest pleasure that elegant Paris offers to womankind—shopping—and my brother-in-law and I began a period of periodical banishment. We made some inquiries about certain automobile matters; but had to return at two o'clock, for was not the two hours' rest beginning? By two o'clock we ended our stroll through the exhilarating streets of central Paris and returned to the automobile tire agency. For two of their tires each guaranteed to run 3000 miles, but blowing out on less than 1500, they allowed us only 100 francs. What should we do? Why, write to their parent house in New York, of course.

In the afternoon we went, via Porte Maillot, to St. Denis, just outside of Paris, to see the burial-place of the French kings. It is now a parish church. Founded in 275, above the grave of St. Denis, the present building is the

latest of many reconstructions, and presents many portions of various buildings and styles. The battlements along the top of the façade were erected for defensive purposes in the fourteenth century. Most of the French kings and their families, from Dagobert I., were buried there. The Red Revolutionists threw out their remains which were then lost; and destroyed the tombs which, however, have all been restored. While presenting many beautiful examples of various styles of French mortuary architecture and sculpture, they are, on the whole, disappointing and not comparable to the commemorative tombs and statues in Westminster Abbey.

At night we went to see *Chanticleer*, and thought it a most sprightly and very French conceit for a play, and a great literary success; but overlong and strained, and, to my mind, not relieved, by the brilliance of its quotations or by adequate understanding of the letterpress which is in somewhat forced and antique language to afford the rhyme.

Paris, Tuesday, August 30, 1910. Letters, note-book, lunch with relatives, after all our party but myself had gone to various dressmakers' to

see the new styles displayed on walking models. In the afternoon we went to St. Cloud (population 8000), which is named after a monastery founded here by St. Clodoald grandson of Clovis. The palace was erected by a private citizen in 1572, and stands in a handsome and elaborately decorated park of ninety-seven acres, ending in a terrace overlooking the almost adjacent city of Paris. From this terrace the Germans shelled Paris in 1870, after destroying the château. St. Cloud was bought in 1658 by Louis XIV. and rebuilt. The Council of Five Hundred dispersed by Napoleon I. reconvened there. Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. often stayed there. In 1815, the second capitulation of Paris was signed there; and, in 1830, Charles X. issued thence his proclamations abolishing the freedom of the press, dissolving the Chambers, and altering the law of elections, and so precipitated the revolution of July. Just south of St. Cloud is the "Sèvres" china factory.

From St. Cloud we went to St. Germain. It was founded in 1108-37 by Louis VI. as a castle fortress to command the Seine; and its pretty Gothic chapel, completed in 1238, in the reign of Louis IV., yet remains. The castle was destroyed

in the English wars, restored by Charles V., and replaced by the present heavy building erected by Francis I., who here celebrated his marriage to Claude of France, daughter of Louis XII. Another château was begun by Henri II., completed by Henri IV., and destroyed with the exception of the Pavillon Henri IV. in 1776. Louis XIV. was born there in 1638, and retired there in order to escape Paris after his mother's death, but, finding it too small, he built Versailles. James II. of England died there in 1701 after having occupied the palace for twelve years. Napoleon used it as a school for cavalry officers; and subsequently it became a military prison. It is now being restored according to the original plans, and the completed parts are used as a museum. In the Church of St. Germain is a simple monument of marble erected by George IV. of England to the memory of James II. The monument was restored by Queen Victoria. The Pleasance of St. Germain is one and a half miles long, two hundred feet above the Seine, and overlooks the river, its valley, distant meadows, numerous handsome residences, and the 11,000-acre Forest of St. Germain.

Returning to Paris "they" went to a dinner and "we" dined at our hotel and afterwards walked on the beautifully lit Rue de Rivoli, and through the Palais Royal.

Paris, August 31/10. Our ladies to dress-makers. My brother-in-law writing. I to the Louvre. It is useless to attempt to enumerate its glories of art. However at the south-eastern end and next to Rue de Rivoli, I believe, I came across a number of small Rembrandts belonging to a collection recently bequeathed to the Louvre. They were not good examples of that master. Later, in the great gallery of Old Masters I saw the magnificent Rembrandts. Though not the very finest of his works, was there ever more perfect meeting, of special skill and subject than is shown in Rembrandt's almost duplicate pictures of Christ in the two *Disciples at Emmaus*?

September 1/10 to September 3/10. These days were spent in shopping by the ladies, who sometimes took the men along to one of the great shops to buy gloves, etc. But ordinarily we roamed about Paris and visited many galleries. My daughter often accompanied me to the Louvre and Luxembourg of which neither of us tired. And we all

paid many social visits and went to the theatre and opera. I see from my note-book that on the 3d my brother-in-law and I visited the pictures and collection of sculpture in the Glass Palace, Avenue Alexandre III., where it seems I was highly pleased with the "fine Henners and Ziems, a Neuville, and fine Benjamin Constant, but for the most part all the modern pictures were grandiose. Fine new sculpture. Frémiet, and Boucher, and "*The Man of Ephraim Carrying his Dead Wife on a Donkey.*" And it seems that I visited many book stores, and bought a *History of France*, and *Les Tableaux Synoptiques de l'Histoire de France*.

Sunday	Started at	From	To	Kilo- metres	Arrived at	Running time	Meals and marks	Re-
9/4/10	12.30	Paris	Versailles	30	1.00		Good lunch at Hôtel des Reser- voirs.	
"	5.00	Versailles	Paris	30	5.30			
				60		1.00		

At 12.30 we started on a good-bye "Auto" ride to Versailles, for to-morrow we were to send the car home via Antwerp. Versailles (population 55,000) was on very low ground till Louis XIV. spent millions of francs in making some elevations. Any extended view from it was and is lacking. So soon as he had built here its gigantic palace in the spacious grounds, all produced at a cost of

some 100,000,000 francs, Versailles became the headquarters of the Court and a big village grew up around it. From it France and all her interests were managed by Louis, the laborious worker, his Ministers, and the various mistresses and satellites who helped to obscure his naturally robust common-sense. Soon the adulations poured on him destroyed his poise of mind. He became the Whole State, grew greedy for praise and glory, and pampered his every whim at whatever cost to others. Under him France shone on the surface with high society, but below was hollowness; while all but the richest and most favourably situated people grew more wretched and poverty-stricken. The wrongs of very many generations accumulated to destroy the wickedly selfish system that had long held the people in virtual slavery. So soon as that system could no longer live off bankrupt France in the old way, but had to come to them for aid and comfort they took their revenge, and when started lost all self-control. Here at Versailles in this very Hôtel des Reservoirs one of the brilliant harpies who helped the King consume the vitality of old France lived in gorgeous effrontery. In the great palace itself lived the

"Sun King," Louis XIV., conscious of what he was inflicting on his country, but coldly callous so long as he was grandly served. "After me the Deluge."

Let us get some idea of this gorgeous establishment of Versailles in which this cold-hearted and gorgeous being played his rôle of grandeur. Like Francis I.'s Chambord, that second largest palace of French royalty, it is set on a wretchedly low site. A hunting-lodge of Louis XIII. was built here in 1624 and is now incorporated in the marble court at the end of the gigantic "royal court" through which the main entrance is reached. Louis XIV. used that lodge for hunting purposes as early as 1662. In 1668 he began to extend it as at present, and developed it into a many-windowed palace, 635 yards long, intended to accommodate 10,000 persons, among whom were all the members of his own Court; and there were rooms for all the agencies and pleasures of arbitrary central government. From the rear of the central building to the entrance of the royal court is over 300 yards. From each side of that central court, which is about 150 yards wide, and something more in depth, extend to south and

to north great wings each 250 yards long and 125 yards deep. All the palace is two storeys high. Some of the old gorgeous furnishings remain and all of the florid paintings on walls and ceilings. The horrid memories of the falseness and waste and destitution wrought by nearly all the life lived there, remain too. The palace faces the east, and before it in the middle of the court is a colossal statue of Louis XIV.; sixteen huge statues of marshals and statesmen of France are ranged about that court to which Louis Philippe removed many of them from the Pont de la Concorde in 1837, when he made Versailles into a great National Museum. During the Revolution the royal furniture was sold and the pictures hung in the Louvre. The great bed in which Louis died is yet in his bedroom.

Hundreds of thousands of visitors every year visit the immense palace, but they are attracted chiefly by the extensive, stiff, solemn, and old-fashioned gardens which are in perfect keeping with the pretentious palace itself. Through those vast gardens are scattered hundreds of sculptures in marble, bronze, or lead. Down their long centre runs a broad grass plot at whose

far end is the Basin of Apollo filled with water. On either side of the grass plot are groves of trees and shrubbery enclosing in sections various decorative features. All this is very beautiful when viewed from the broad plaza immediately back of the palace, and facing its northern and southern walls of flat foliage afforded by trees trimmed into formal shape.

But the most beautiful objects of all are the scores of fountains scattered throughout the grounds. They are profusely sculptured, and on certain days at certain hours divers figures, such as dolphins, etc., pour forth beautiful jets of water rising to varying heights and dimensions. Continuing these vast gardens of Versailles is the large, formal, and fairly crooked Park of Versailles, and the cruciform canal whose long arms stretch out due west and close beyond the basin of Apollo.

To the north of that canal's northern arm are the Big and Little Trianon and the toy village constructed by placid Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, his frivolous and silly but brave little Queen, as a residence, and as a relief from the ponderous and money-sucking Palace of Versailles. We

went through all the Trianon settlement. What a piteous plaything it seemed. When stern and persistent work was needed to divert the "Deluge," Louis was pottering or playing about with his poor silly Court and its child Queen. I felt saddened by the pathetic Trianon toy and greatly indignant at the brutally egotistic extravagance speaking from every foot of the pretentious Palace of Versailles.

Returning to Paris we brought to mind the fact that we were taking together our last motoring of the tour, and realized how delightful it had all been. Kindly give and take had been the effort and the practice of us all; and the multiform pleasures afforded us by country, buildings, art etc., we knew would remain with us all an unending pleasure. Next day my brother-in-law and I were to motor in the faithful Packard driven by the devoted and capable "Tom" to Givet, when Tom would proceed to Antwerp and by the Red Star Steamer sail for New York.

<i>Monday</i>	<i>Started at</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Kilo-metres</i>	<i>Arrived at</i>	<i>Running time</i>	<i>Meals and Remarks</i>
9/5/10	9.40	Paris	Meaux	70	12.50		Lunch at Hôtel de la
"	1.40	Meaux	Givet	192	9.30		Sirène. Bad indeed.
				262		11.00	Dinner at Hôtel de la Sirène, Bad indeed.

At 9.40 my brother-in-law and I left Paris for Givet via Porte de Vincennes and passed by a great parade ground. We soon came to Meaux (population 14,000), a town trading largely in grain and Brie cheese and possessing a hotel affording as uninviting food as can well be imagined. It is a very uninteresting town. It was burnt by the Normans in 865, captured by the English in 1422, and retaken by the French in 1429. It very early adopted the Reformation. Its Cathedral of St. Étienne, of twelfth and sixteenth centuries, has a handsome façade, and is said to be well decorated within. But we could not stop to enter it. Tom was due with the machine at Antwerp on Wednesday to sail for America.

On we went towards Givet in an almost straight line. Soon we came to Soissons (population 14,000), an agricultural centre, having a fine twelfth to thirteenth century church, famous for the many sieges it has undergone, but noted chiefly because there in 486 Clovis decisively defeated the Romans and broke their power in France. There too Louis the Debonair, son of Charlemagne, was imprisoned by his three sons.

Our next stop was at the ruins of the huge fortress castle Coucy-le-Château. It was built in the thirteenth century, it covers 10,000 square yards, and is said to have the finest and most enormous donjon keep in Europe. In addition there are four towers at intervals along its enclosing wall. The donjon is 210 feet high, 100 feet in diameter, and in some places 34 feet thick. Thus protected and set on a hill very steep on three sides, it was indeed a stronghold. It was bought about 1400 by that brother of Charles V., Louis of Orleans, who built the great fortress, Château of Pierrefonds. He altered the interior of Coucy-le-Château. In 1652, Mazarin had it dismantled. Its last owner was Philippe "Egalité" of Orleans. Now it belongs to the State. With this last inspection of a French fortress château, we hastened along, and in about thirty minutes came to Laon (population 15,000).

Laon is set on a long isolated hill, six hundred feet high, is strongly fortified, and is a fortress in the so-called second line of defence of Paris to the northward and commands the valley of the Oise. The later Carlovingian kings often lived there. Henri IV. captured it in 1594, and

it suffered greatly in the later religious wars. In 1815, Napoleon was defeated there, and in 1815 the Allies occupied the town after a short siege. It has a very fine twelfth to thirteenth century cathedral.

Our next stop was at Rocroi (population about 2100), an old walled town fortified by Vauban, the site of a brilliant victory won by the great Condé for Louis XIV. over Spanish infantry, until then invincible. Here we sought in vain lodging for the night. It was dark and a heavy rain was falling. We rushed along and soon were passing through a forest just above Tournai, a manufacturing town (population 5800). Our headlights must have hypnotized the thirteen rabbits they picked up in the road, for the creatures leaped away just in time to prevent being run over. Having descended the steep slope leading into Tournai we sought the Hôtel du Commerce to which we had been recommended a little while back on the road, but could not stand its accommodations and pushed on to Givet (population 7600), where at 9.30 we secured fair rooms, a pretty good dinner, and clean beds. Givet used to be a fortified city, but with the exception of a

citadel, called Charlemont after Charles V., built on a hill seven hundred feet high, all its fortifications were demolished in 1892. It is a very picturesque town, and the bridge over the Meuse is quite striking. Being at the end of the French pan-handle poking into Belgium, it is very notable.

Tuesday, 9/6/10. We rose betimes to set Tom over the border into Belgium. At nine o'clock we started for the Belgian Custom House. At 9.40 we bade good-bye and good voyage to Tom, and saw him off, with great regret at the parting, for he had proved steady, faithful, even-tempered, and skilful throughout our touring of about 4000 miles. More than once his coolness, nerve, and strength, had saved us from collisions threatened by others. Well, there he went, to Dinant, to Namur, to Bruxelles, to Antwerp, to New York, to home in Baltimore. That sounded attractive. And it seemed queer to use a carriage instead of the machine back to Givet. But it helped us to realize that we were to have the pleasure of rejoining our wives and that within a few weeks we also would set out for our Baltimore homes. We wandered about Givet until train time. During our journey back along the Meuse

we compared recollections of our whole motor trip. We had suffered no punctures, though many were the hobnails our tires picked up in Belgium, Normandy, and Brittany; we had made no repairs to machinery, nor lost any portion of it at any time, and had experienced only five blow-outs. I thought I had demonstrated this truth, that in order to avoid tire trouble an automobile should run on as heavy tires as is possible. Nowhere did we find trouble in buying gasoline. That and Peters (Swiss) Chocolate were to be had in even the humblest villages. Soon we were back in Paris; and driving past the site of the Bastille, the Column of July, down the brilliant Rue de Rivoli, and to the door of our comfortable hotel.

Wednesday, Sept. 7th; *Thursday*, Sept. 8th, and *Friday*, Sept. 9th were filled with delightful Paris life. Galleries, strolling, visiting, theatres, or operas at night, and only one regret that our little party was to disband, for my brother-in-law and his wife went to London on the 9th for a few days before sailing for America. Then "we" felt more deeply conscious than ever of their constant kindness and lively interest in all that concerned the welfare of our joint and delight-

ful motoring expedition. We bade them good-bye and good voyage, and as they drove away waving adieu, were glad to remember that ere-long we should see them at home in America. We also were to go to London in a few days and then sail on the 16th for America. It behooved us then to make the most of Paris. And in order to help myself do so I tried to properly correlate it with France and compiled the following summary.

France has an area of 207,000 square miles; a coast line of 1760 miles, of which 1304 are on the Atlantic and 456 on the Mediterranean; a population of 40,000,000. It is divided into 87 departments, each administered by a Prefect, and together comprising 32,222 communes, varying in population from about 500 to 1500. The communes are governed by a locally elected Council of 10 to 36 members, whose acts must be approved by the Prefect or in certain cases by the Council General, or by the President of the Republic. The next unit is the Canton (there are 2911 in France) generally comprising 12 communes, and treated merely as a judicial division. Then comes the third division, the Arrondisse-

ment (362) governed by a Council having in it a representative of each canton. A varying number of Arrondissements form a department governed by a Council General on which serves one member from each Canton. Half of such Councils General retire every three years. The President of the Republic is elected every seven years by an absolute majority vote of the French Senate and House of Deputies in joint session. He promulgates the laws and chooses his Ministry, generally from the two Chambers. He concludes treaties alone, save when they affect the area of the French Republic, in which case the assent of the Chambers is requisite, and so also is it in declaring war. Each of his acts must be signed by a Minister. With the consent of the Senate he can dissolve the House of Deputies. The Chamber of 597 Deputies is elected for four years by universal suffrage, each civilian citizen twenty-one years old, of six months' residence in a town or commune, and not otherwise disqualified, having one vote. Deputies must be citizens and twenty-five years old. Each Arrondissement elects at least one deputy, and if its population is more than 10,000, two or more.

The Senate is composed of three hundred members elected for nine years from citizens of forty years or more, and one third retire every three years. The Senators are elected indirectly and by a body composed: (1) of delegates chosen by the Municipal Council of each Commune in proportion to its population, and (2) of the Deputies, Councillors-General, and District Councillors of the Department. Besides 225 Senators thus elected there were in 1875, 75 Senators elected for life by the united two Chambers. In 1884, it was enacted that vacancies among the Life Senators should be filled by the election of ordinary nine-year Senators, placing the Senatorship among the departments by lot.

The Chambers assemble yearly in January and must sit five out of the twelve months. One half their number can force the President to convene them; and he can adjourn them not more than twice a year, nor longer than one month. The Senate is a High Court of Justice and tries cases of treason.

The Council of State instituted by Napoleon I. and since continued consists of the Minister of Justice, Councillors, Masters of Request, and

Auditors, all appointed by the President of the Republic, and is charged with the duty of giving opinions upon such questions, chiefly administrative, as the Government may submit. It is the final Court of Appeals in administrative suits, and prepares the rules for the public administration.

Any Commune containing 2000 or more people closely grouped is called "urban"; or if having less, "rural." Accordingly the "urban" population of France is about 16,500,000 and the "rural" about 22,750,000. No religion is recognized by the State, nor are any public salaries paid to ecclesiastics.

Beginning with December 9, 1905, ecclesiastics over forty-five years of age and of more than twenty-five years' service, remunerated by the State, receive a pension, and all others receive a grant during four to eight years. Buildings actually used for public worship and subsidiary dwellings were inventoried and made over to the associations of public worship, the former permanently, the latter for a time. Failing such appointment, these buildings are undisturbed but are administered by the Prefect if belonging to the State or a Department, or by the Mayor,

if they are the property of a Commune. This last provision allowed a perversion of the intent of the law. Therefore, on July 1, 1901, a new law required that religious communities must be authorized by the State, and forbade monastic associations with a special law in each case. Whereas, before this law of 1901 there had been 910 recognized associations and 753 not recognized, after its passage 305 of those associations "not recognized" dissolved, and the remainder being refused authorization ceased to legally exist. The establishments (dwellings, I imagine) not recognized numbered 19,154 and their members 159,628 (30,136 men and 129,492 women). These numbers have been greatly reduced as many of the inmates have settled in groups in other countries.

Primary instruction is free and compulsory, and higher instruction free. This education and compulsory service in the army has sobered and upbuilt the nation. Teachers must be law. For educational purposes France is divided into seventeen districts called Academies. The State and Communes between them care for the indigent poor and for helpless age.

The land defences of France are along the German frontier. The first class, fortresses of Verdun, Toul, Epinal, Belfort; then midway to Paris on another segment of a circle, the second class, fortresses which for some years past have been comparatively dismantled, Maubeuge, La Fère, Rheims, Langres, Dijon, and Besançon; then Paris in the centre with its surrounding wall and earthen glacis, 97 bastions, 17 old forts, and 38 new advance forts or batteries dominated by the two entrenched camps of St. Denis and Versailles. On the Italian border Briançon and Grenoble are the chief forts, with Lyon in the rear. Then there are the isolated forts near Nancy, Lunéville, Remiremont, Nice, etc. On the coast Toulon, Rochefort, L'Orient, Brest, and Cherbourg are naval harbours surrounded by forts.

The French Army is divided into the Metropolitan and the Colonial, of which the latter serves all the Colonies, except Algeria and Tunis. All able-bodied Frenchmen must serve in the Army from the age of 20 years to 48. In the first line (active) the term of actual service is 3 years and begins at 20. Then comes 11 years of potential service in the reserve; potential service in the

territorial army for 7 years; and finally 7 years of service, also potential, in the territorial reserve. When in the reserve army, two periods of four weeks each are required, while the requirement for the territorial army is only one period of two weeks, and that of the territorial reserve none at all. On a peace footing the Metropolitan army numbers 703,000 men, and the Colonial 87,000. The Navy is about the third largest in the world; but France has never shone in naval warfare.

Of the total area of France (130,712,913 acres) more than 23,000,000 are under forests, and these forest lands are being increased as a protection against floods, and as a needed best crop in many soils; about 9,500,000 is moor and uncultivated; 98,000,000 under cultivation of which about 59,000,000 is arable, and 39,000,000 under fallow land and grass. Nearly four million acres are in vineyards, cared for by more than 1,500,000 persons, and producing more than 1,300,000 gallons of wine. Agriculture, manufacture, mining, fisheries, chiefly engage the business efforts of this industrious, frugal, and clever nation.

Socialized service of public utilities has gone

far in France and many Frenchmen are feeling their way towards further extending it. The lack of private competition is often a handicap, as in the case of the railroads, but on the other hand the State has restrained some unjustified railroad strikes and seeks to hold the balance even between capital and labour. The national roads, 23,899 miles long, in addition to the local vicinal roads, and the splendid canal and canalized river and river systems of France, eke out its fairly expansive but little expanding railroad system. A passionate and beautiful and gracious country is France. In peace very attractive; in war very fierce.

I went with my daughter on many excursions; but generally she and my wife were shopping; or all of us went sight-seeing together. As I escaped much shopping I was never reduced to the state shown in the conversation I overheard at our hotel between a husband and wife: Said the man, "What do I want to do? I want to get through with this d—m dressmaking. I want to go anywhere but to a dry goods shop. I want to see the village." Stony silence followed.

On the 9th I wrote to the station-master,

Folkestone Harbour, England, asking him to reserve five seats—a compartment virtually—for my family party of three and for two of our friends on the boat train to London, on September 11th, but learning that our friends had done the same I withheld my letter. My daughter and I took another ride on a Seine steamer, another look at Nôtre Dame, the Invalides, Bois de Boulogne, and repeatedly returned to the Louvre, etc., and all of us were often in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne and about the Boulevards. One day I sat for several hours at the café on the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Place de l'Opéra, to test the saying, "Sit there thirty minutes and you will surely have some old acquaintance hail you." None appeared to me. But it is a cosmopolitan gathering-place. And toughdom knows it.

On that day, September 9th, too, I viewed at Duveen's, on Place Vendôme, a large Gainsborough canvas, a full-length picture of *Lady Duncombe* from Lord Radnor's collection, price £45,000, and a Romney, *Lady Milnes*, price £20,000. The latter I thought the better specimen though not the greater picture. I find that



Photo Neurdein

The Devil Gargoyle and Raven Gargoyle of Notre Dame, Paris

my note-book adds: "Lloyd-George & Co. are thus dispersing England's art as their foolish taxes are robbing England's savings, weakening her internally, and producing pauperism." But their worst fault is being too radical.

I visited the Pantheon and saw Rodin's splendid bronze statue *Penseur* in front of it. The Pantheon overhead oppresses you with the emptiness of its space, hardly redeemed by the Puvis de Chavannes and other frescoes on its walls; while the great dead buried in the crypt in small alcoves seem almost dishonourably thrust away below. The crypt of St. Paul's, London, is bad enough, but that of the Pantheon! St. Étienne-du-Mont to the north of the Pantheon was built in the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries of mixed Gothic and Renaissance architecture. Its interior is most ornate and delicate. Its stained-glass windows are of the sixteenth century, and very beautiful. We viewed, also, the tomb of the great Richelieu, at the Sorbonne, which he founded, and the fine marble statue on his now empty tomb. Then we took a last look at our Velasquez, Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Rubens, Hals, and other pictures in the

Louvre and at the Venus de Milo. In the Church of St. Germain des Près, we saw the place of burial of that great thinker Des Cartes, who gave us "I think; therefore I exist."

Later my daughter and I worked over my postal collection of Queens of France, and I tried to arrange my knowledge and impressions of Paris, the beautiful capital of the wonderful French nation.

Paris is nearly circular, is surrounded by twenty-one miles of fortified walls, covers about 20,000 acres, is pierced by the Seine (covering 1760 acres) which a little to the south of the city is joined by the Marne and by the Oise. At first Paris occupied the Île de la Cité and the Île St. Louis in the Seine. In the year 1300, the city had a population of about 200,000; in 1675, under Louis XIV., 540,000; in 1789, 600,000, and in 1906 about 2,800,000, including 250,000 foreigners. With its adjacent settlements it represents three and one quarter million people. The Seine within it is thirty-one miles long and is crossed by thirty-one bridges. The old city is enclosed by the semi-circle of Grands Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille with the Seine as the

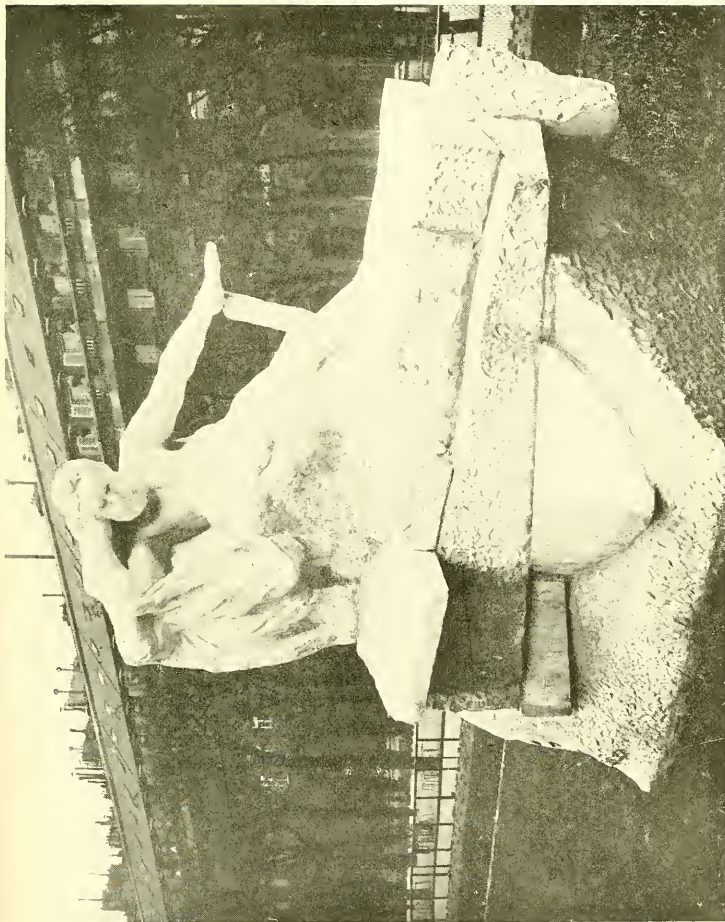


Photo Mansell
The Statue of Victor Hugo by Rodin, in the Gardens of the Royal Palace, Paris

chord of the arc, and also extends on the left to the Luxembourg garden.

The old Faubourgs, or suburbs, lie outside the Grands Boulevards: St. Antoine and du Temple, industrial districts; St. Martin, St. Denis, and Poissonnière, commercial districts; Montmartre and the Jardins de la Bourse, the Palais-Royal, and the Opéra, the financial districts; St. Honoré and the Champs-Élysées, the residential quarters of the aristocracy; St. Germain, occupied chiefly by the French families of historic lineage; and the Latin Quarter next to it contains the university.

Beyond those Faubourgs but within the fortifications are the Communes assimilated in 1860 and famous for the following pursuits: Bercy, wine and exports; Charonne, Ménilmontant, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, and Montmartre, the principal quarters of the working classes; Les Batignolles, the district of studios, and of many fine private houses near the Parc Monceau; Passy and Auteuil, the villa section; Grenelle, iron and chemical works; Vaugirard, Montrouge, peopled by people of moderate means, small shopkeepers, and artisans, and containing many large market gardens.

A government-appointed "Prefect of the Seine" and a citizen-elected Town Council administer the affairs of Paris which is divided into twenty Arrondissements or Districts each of which has a *Maire* (Mayor). The annual income of Paris is about \$50,000,000. About two miles beyond the fortified walls of Paris which are strengthened by bastions, a moat, and a glacis, are seventeen detached forts, while beyond them, on heights commanding the valley of the Seine, are many more forts, which protect also Versailles, Sceaux, Villeneuve, St. Georges, St. Denis, Argenteuil, Enghien, and St. Germain-en-Laye.

Volatile as alcohol, but brave and bright and joyous are the Parisians. Until the school-master and drill-master began forty-four years ago to instruct every Frenchman for the State and for no other interest, France, and especially Paris, was extraordinarily emotional and spasmodic. Much of that characteristic remains; but physically, morally, and mentally, the Frenchman of province and of Paris is a vastly steadier fellow than he used to be. Great and beautiful is France, and the heart of it is this most cosmopolitan city in the world—Paris the lovely, Paris

the gracious, the elegant, the splendid in every way.

You can see that I was loath to leave Paris. However, there was London to see; London that I loved so well and that interested me more than any other old-world capital. Then was to come the best of all—my own dear country. So we made our farewell visits to relatives and to friends, bought our final books, etc., and prepared to depart.

Paris, Sunday 9/11/10. Having sent our baggage on before us by a porter to the railroad station, to be weighed, and arranged for him to secure us seats in the cars, we bade adieu to the comfortable Hôtel France et Choiseul and its accommodating managers and followed our baggage. Not a thing had that porter accomplished. However, I soon righted matters and we were off—my wife, my daughter, and I—for my daughter was to return with us to America after a tour with friends before joining us in Paris. The lunch we had brought with us from the hotel was acceptable; and the run to our old acquaintance Boulogne and then across the Channel to Folkestone very pleasant. Indeed the Channel was just the

least bit ruffled by a balmy breeze, and our seats, the position on board, and the sunshine altogether satisfactory. The shores of old England always are a welcome sight to me. There they were. At Folkestone, we settled ourselves comfortably in the compartment the station-master had reserved for us, then were off for London through the beautiful and orderly marked fields of southern England. When we reached Charing Cross Station I sought the baggage-omnibus I had ordered by wire from Folkestone two hours and a half earlier, for the friends accompanying us, one of whom was elderly and sick, but no such omnibus was to be found. While the station-master was procuring one and explaining that no such wire had come to him, I filed a complaint at the station headquarters, and gave my hotel address. Next day I received a government acknowledgment. And there followed me to America an official "regret" that the message had not been promptly forwarded by their employé at Folkestone, and an order on themselves for its cost 8*d*. They still owe it. When next in England I may try to collect it as a souvenir. The rooms a friend had engaged for us at the Hotel Curzon, Curzon and

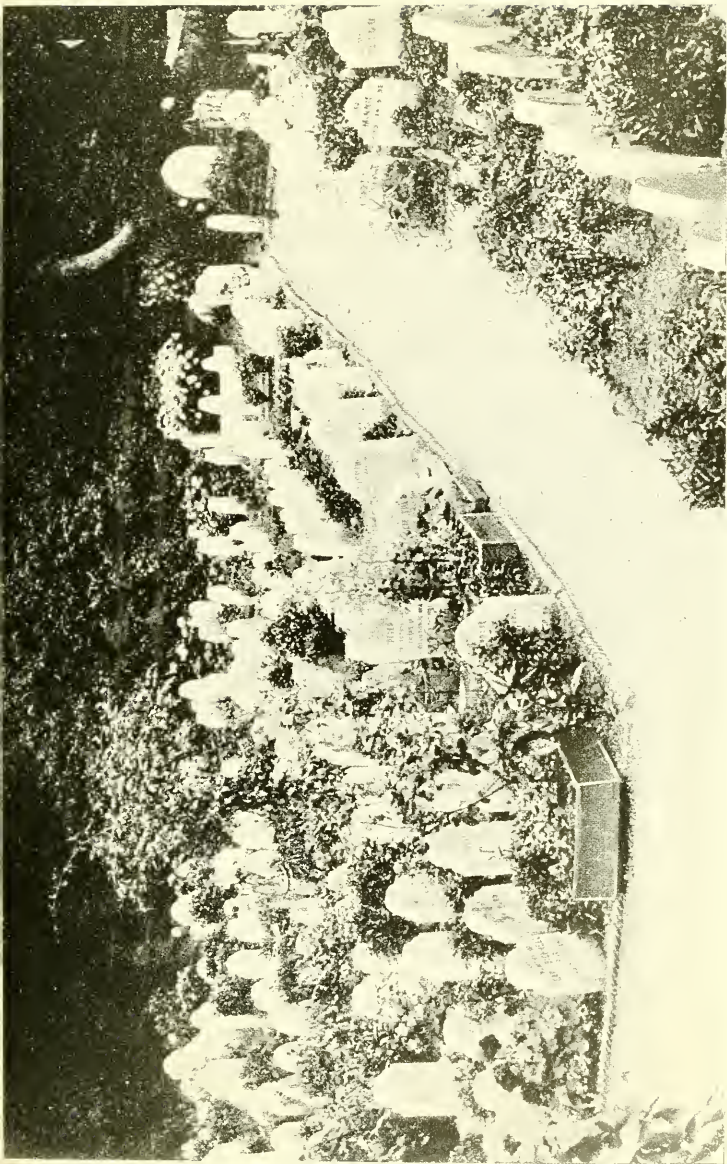


Photo Kehrhaun

The Dogs' Cemetery, Hyde Park

Bolton streets, in Mayfair, two squares from the Green Park, proved very satisfactory. The management was very obliging.

Monday, September 12/10. Found us shopping for the man of our party, visiting friends, securing theatre tickets for every night of our intended short stay in London, and beginning the steady visiting of the galleries and buildings and parks of London that always entice an American who is visiting the great capital of the great people from whom our country has derived so much of her greatness. London had improved, we said. Yes, better thoroughfares, more electric taxis, faster cabs, cleaner streets, cleaner buildings and air, due to the substitution of coke for coal, more fine public buildings and underground roads, etc., accounted for that. I can't go into details, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the intense pleasure given us by Velasquez's *Portrait*, in the National Gallery, of the *Spanish Admiral*, and by his *Venus*, too, but the first is, I believe, the grandest picture portrait in the world. The wonderful portrait bust of Cæsar in the British Museum also thrilled me again. It seems to me an adequate representation of the greatest uninspired man of

whom the world holds record. And Westminster Abbey and all its glorious story in stone, etc., gave us deep pleasure once again. Such were our enjoyments on the 13th and 14th, and on the 15th we went to Hove (adjacent to Brighton) for the day, to visit relatives. Hove is a good-looking, quiet, retiring, wind-cleaned town near the green waters of the English Channel, adjacent to the worn and cockney-infested Brighton; but Brighton has a fine pier, bathing-machines, and a flower market. Here I will present my summary of the English Government.

Great Britain. The supreme legislative power of the British Empire, whose technical ruler is King of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Empire of India, is by its Constitution given to Parliament which consists of a House of Lords and of a House of Commons. The first consists of Peers who hold their seats: (1) by hereditary right; (2) by creation of the Sovereign; (3) by virtue of their office—law-Lords and English Archbishops and Bishops; (4) by election for life—Irish Peers; (5) by election for duration of Parliament—Scottish Peers. In 1913 the House of Lords consisted of 638. There are, besides, 16

Peeresses of the United Kingdom and 3 Scottish Peeresses in their own right, and 19 Scottish and 59 Irish Peers who are not Peers of Parliament.

The House of Commons consists of members representing county, borough, and university constituencies. No one under twenty-one years of age can be a member of Parliament; nor can any clergyman of the Church of England, minister of the Church of Scotland, or Roman Catholic clergyman become a member. No government contractor, sheriff, or returning officer can for his district either vote for or serve as member of the House of Commons. No Scotch or English Peer may be a member of the House, but Irish Peers are not so forbidden. Beginning in 1911, salaries of £400 were voted members of the House not drawing official salaries. Every elector in the United Kingdom must be twenty-one years old or more and duly registered. Property qualifications are restricted to counties and to the boroughs having county privileges. In England and Wales they are: the holders of an estate (1) in freehold of the annual value of 40 shillings; (2) of lands in life tenure of the annual value of £5 (in Scotland and Ireland £10); (3) held on

lease of at least 80 years of the annual value of £5 (in Scotland 57 years and £10; in Ireland 60 years and £10) or at least 20 years of the annual value of £50 (in Scotland 19 years and £50, in Ireland 14 years and £20). Throughout the United Kingdom in the counties, occupation of a tenement which is rated for the support of the poor, if payments have been duly met, constitutes a qualification, but in English and Welsh boroughs such occupation must be for six months and in Scotland for twelve. Every inhabitant occupying for twelve months in the United Kingdom the same habitation rated for and paying his poor rates may register, and lodgers occupying the same lodging for twelve months if paying £10 a year for such lodging may vote. Then there are the ancient franchises of the liverymen of the City of London, and six University Constituencies in which graduates on the electoral roll are electors. Disqualified for representation are women, infants, peers, idiots, and lunatics, aliens, bankrupts, persons who have within a year received parochial poor relief, and some others. About one sixth of the population are electors, which means that something over a third of the men are entitled

to vote. In the present House of Commons there are 670 members, distributed as follows:

1914	<i>Counties</i>		<i>Boroughs</i>		<i>Universities</i>		<i>Total</i>	
	<i>Members</i>	<i>Electors</i>	<i>Members</i>	<i>Electors</i>	<i>Members</i>	<i>Electors</i>	<i>Members</i>	<i>Electors</i>
England and Wales	253	3,892,150	237	2,707,243	5	20,806	495	6,620,219
Scotland	39	492,527	31	344,609	2	25,810	72	862,946
Ireland	85	568,913	16	124,768	2	4,417	103	698,098
Total	377	4,953,590	284	3,176,620	9	51,033	670	8,181,263

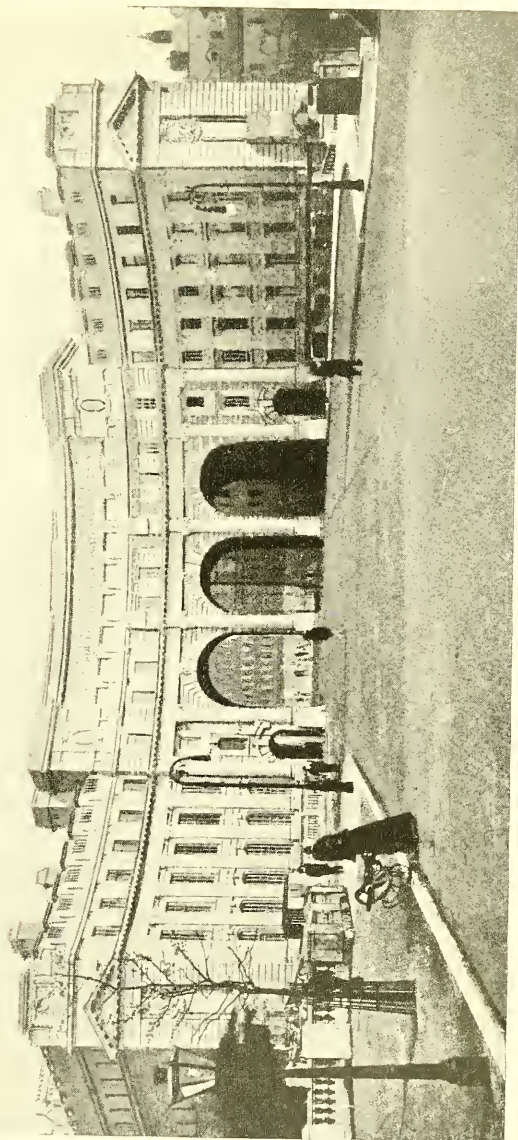
The Executive Government is vested nominally in the Crown, but really in a Committee of Ministers, called a Cabinet, dependent on controlling a majority of the House of Commons. The First Lord of the Treasury is generally the Chief and nominator, and dispenses most of the Crown patronage.

The total population of the United Kingdom (England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, Isle of Man, and Channel Islands) is 45,370,000, and its area is 121,633 square miles. The English navy is very fine and in size almost equals that of the two nations having the second and third largest naval forces. The traditional policy of Great Britain is to maintain the above preparedness as

to her navy, but to restrict her regular army to a mere nucleus of splendid calibre and for the rest to depend upon militia, the volunteer spirit of the inhabitants of her vast empire which covers nearly one fourth of the habitable globe and is peopled by about that proportion of the earth's populations living under every form of government but with each citizen individually free, and upon her stupendous wealth. Therefore her army on the peace footing which existed January 1st, 1914 was as follows:

	<i>Establishments</i> 1914-15	<i>Effectives</i> Jany 1/14
Regular forces, Home and Colonial ¹ . .	168,500	156,110
Colonial and Native Indian Troops ² . .	8,771	8,638
Army Reserve	147,000	146,756
Special Reserve	80,120	63,089
Militia Reserve	60	69
Militia (U. K.)		47
Channel Island Militia	3,166	3,067
Malta and Bermuda Militia ²	2,894	2,703
Territorial Army	315,485	251,706
Isle of Man Volunteers	126	119
Officers' Training Corps	1,019	795
	<hr/>	<hr/>
British Troops serving in India	727,141	633,099
	75,896	78,476
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Grand Total	803,037	711,575

¹ Partially stationed abroad.² Stationed abroad.



The New Naval Headquarters Opposite Trafalgar Square

Photo Valentine

But in war time—as now—the Mother Country calls for troops and money and receives them *ad libitum* at home and from the Colonies. The present dreadful war has caused England to call first for 500,000 troops; and now she is calling for a second half million, and they are forthcoming from all her Empire. Whatever money she may need is likewise being provided. She is fighting the fight for individual freedom as opposed to arbitrary rule, and she is invincible because she represents the unapproached strength of the greatest multiple unit of men and wealth that the whole world has ever known. Unsapped by vast expenditures for warlike preparations in time of peace, she is availing herself of her reserve vitality to save herself and the individualistic freedom of the world, and is hastening the coming of the era when international differences shall be settled by a Court representing all the great nations of the world.

I say all this in the full belief, however, that the typical individual, Russian or the individual German, for example, has a basic moral right to expect such use of ports and colonies and other natural trade marts as will enable him to exchange,

to the best advantage so far as they are concerned, his surplus, which is needed by the typical individual of some other nation, for the surplus of the individual in question. This I hope to see established as the best result of this fearful war, which is the logical outcome of international vying to be best prepared to be the dominant military lawgiver, and which was launched by the German Emperor at a time when the declining physique, and falling birth-rate, must have warned him that internally Germany would never be better prepared for war. War or practical disarmament among the great nations was the question he decided in favour of war.

It is desirable that there should be an International Court set up by the first, second, and third class nations of the world, clothed with unlimited power of investigation and recommendation of any and all international questions brought before it—the use of ports, the holding of colonies, etc.—and with power to enforce their decisions provided they are endorsed by five sixths of their constituent nations.

Were such a Court at work today, peaceful industrial developments rather than the gigantic

losses of the European War would be the portion of the world. But no! In this year of our Lord, 1914, as I am putting into shape the story of our happy travels through bounteous Belgium, beautiful France, culture-drilled Southern Germany, and sturdy England, much of that European country we visited is being devastated by war, and its inhabitants exposed to terrible suffering in person and in purse, while for England worse is preparing in case she and her allies are finally defeated.

All this and its predicates result from the maintenance in time of peace of such armies as the German army numbering 790,985, capable of becoming in time of war 2,350,000, exclusive of the Home Guard, which would carry the total well over 4,000,000; and the French army of 790,000 which in war time could swell to 1,380,000, exclusive of a Home Guard which could be whipped into shape to the extent perhaps of a million more. Fortunately for England and all she represents, these two armies with other huge war organizations are not banded together. On the contrary, the Russian army, equal in numbers to all those I have mentioned, is with those of France, Belgium,

Servia, and England, contending against the German and the almost equally large Austrian army. And England, weakened by the recent too drastic taxation plans of Lloyd-George and his pauperizing, and by the failure in his plan regarding National Old Age Pensions and Insurance, and torn by the Irish Home Rule Bill and developments, has declared a moratorium on political differences, and as one man has settled down to fight to a finish.

Her educational system, military system, voting system, and other such adjuncts to modern national developments may seem woefully lacking when compared with the so-called high national culture of her great rival protagonist Germany, but if we are to judge by their fruits, which national system at stake in this Old World War of the nations would we choose?

As I write I find my hopes for England's greater growth in all the vast trade and ameliorating influences for which she stands increasing as I grow more conscious of them. May each citizen of the world be helped by them. In the final end of government they will. And not least among those benefited will be the individual German citizen who will be freed to become him-

self instead of remaining in servitude to a military system which coerces him and his country against their enlightened will.

Friday. September 16/10, was next to our last day in London. What does every American man do on that day? Try on some new clothes for the last time, of course, make final purchases, visit the Bank and the barber, arrange about mail; and the ladies also are busy with "last things." A few parting visits are apt to be made, and delayed inspections of some points of interest. Such in general was our experience.

Saturday, September 17, 1910. Found us completing the above programme. Then at 4.30, we had our properly marked "cabin" and "hold" baggage piled on a waiting electric omnibus cab, found our compartment in the steamer special at Charing Cross, saw the trunks duly in the baggage car, and secured a basket lunch and some illustrated newspapers and were off. By 8.25, we reached Dover, and went at once on the tender waiting to carry us to the *Vaderland*. By 8.35, upon signal from that ship lying beyond the great breakwater, we unmoored and over a calm moonlit sea we soon reached her. What a terrible time wet,

windy weather must make for passengers on such little tenders. They have only an open, seatless deck for the comfort of the great crowds on board. But we were fortunate. Even the temperature was delightful.

On board the steamer "we" promptly found our comfortable promenade deck cabin, No. 16, with its private bath. The fine salt air came in the big window of the cabin, and the strong salt water flowed refreshingly in the bath. We found a big basket of delicious fruit from my brother-in-law and his wife, and good-bye letters and telegrams. Soon came our steamer trunk. My daughter was comfortable, too, but having joined us hastily at the eleventh hour was restricted in the choice of quarters. Our seats on deck and at table were just where we had requested. Comfortably reclining in our chairs with steamer coats and rugs we watched the fast disappearing lights of Dover, Folkestone, Hythe, and the western coast villas from which the *Vaderland* had been receding since 9 o'clock. We found some friends on board, and a full complement of passengers.

After a good night's rest, despite our rubber mattresses, we began our regular schedule at sea.

Salt sea bath, light breakfast, followed by exercise, though exercise came before lunch and dinner; and talking, reading, and cards for my wife, and writing for me. I made the chart of our motor trip, at the end of this book; blocked out some of its verses; and some of its historical notes on the various countries we visited that summer. I recalled the innumerable delights and kindlinesses experienced during our charming outing, often with deep affection for our comrades; watched the sky and sea, and dreamed in measureless content. Here are some of these dreamings:

MUSING AT SEA

Dreams that come in the night possess you through
broken rememberings
Of your thoughts of the day; but dreams that you
call when awake
You can own with that perfected ownership, the
conscious ideal.
Your tryst with them may be here or be there; old
ocean best brings mine to me.
The white of the air, the salt in the wind, the splendid
vast seascape,
The roll of the sun-glinting waves set me dreaming
away.
The intimate vastness of all of it 'rouses my worship-
ping prayers

To the God of the universe for clearness of vision and
aim.
Oh! the hopes that then toss me; the seeming clear
visions
For making them real! The clear plans of what evils
to fight,
And how conquer them; the dreams of true love and of
life,
How to keep them all sweet and all true; the memories
of hours
When noble deeds, rhythmic verse, glorious colour
or music that thrills
Have roused me to my best as stirs the bugle call, the
clean West Wind,
The Sunset glow or stars at night.

“EDEN AND AFTERWARDS”

Who has not felt at times as though
Enclosed within some radiant dome
Whose deep foundations stretching to
The full horizon's circling base
Upbore it to the topmost sky
To hold but you and Fate most high.

Thus, thus do come to everyone
His Eden and his Afterwards;
So Right shall speak and bid you shun
The Wrong; and Sin shall woo, and Truth!
And each shall face and know himself
And choose for Righteousness or Self.

At the beginning of our voyage we passed many steam or sail fishing craft and later a steamship or two; for instance, the *Chicago* of the French line, which boat was said to carry only second-class passengers and freight. I recalled Abraham Lincoln's humorous autobiography in which he described himself as descended from "a second-class family." One day a school of some thirty "dolphins" played about our prow for several hours; sometimes we had light misty fogs and rather low temperature; but usually we were soothed by sunshine and pleasant breezes. We had a succession of beautiful sunsets; especially that of September 20th.

Says my commonplace book:

The sunset was against two parallel lines of thick grey cloud, from the lower edge of which the clouds hung in fringes. The sun, breaking through, painted the clouds, first yellow, then orange, then pink; and soon a burning blue edged the pink cloud mountains. Between the bands of grey the sky was yellow, and below straw-salmon. As the horizon changed to grey the waters beneath the lowermost cloud became a rippling sea of pale blue-white, even lighter and airier than the fishing-nets of the fishing fleets at Concarneau. A glory never to be forgotten.

Thus we ploughed our way along delightfully,

despite the bugaboo of the Equinox; even to New York we were destined to have fair weather, and no suffering from seasickness. That was an especial delight to me, for I had feared for us all after a long summer of unusual dietary and occupations. Moreover, my own comfortable health enabled me to do a good deal of reading and writing concerning my summer's travelling. For example, I worked out the following historical sketch of London, the second largest city in the world.

Settled by Celts before the dawn of history it has grown steadily until now "greater London," that is the area policed by the metropolitan and city police, extends over twelve to fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, covers seven hundred square miles, and contains nearly six and three quarter million inhabitants. London means a strong, high-set place, contiguous to a pool. The pool used to extend to Ludgate Hill and Cornhill near St. Paul's and the Mansion House, respectively, and increased the water transportation facilities which made London a great and rich trading city. Naturally it was often besieged and damaged. But the city continued to grow and to rise in importance. The Roman London

that followed Celtic London stood eighteen feet below the level of the present town about Cheapside and the Mansion House. Saxon London had walls which Alfred the Great constructed effectively against the Danes. The Normans built much in it, notably the first portion of the Tower of London—the White Tower. From the seventh century churches have stood upon the sites of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries London suffered from extensive fires and in 1381 occurred the Wat Tyler insurrection against heavy taxes until Lord Mayor Walworth cut him down with a sword at Smithfield. Again in 1450, another rebellion, also disastrous to much property, took place, led by Jack Cade. Henry VIII. (1509-47) and his daughter "Bloody" Mary (1552-58) burned many "heretics" at the stake at Smithfield—about where London's great meat market now stands; and Elizabeth (1558-1603) was greatly helped by London ships, money, and men in defeating the great sea and land force embarked by Philip II. of Spain, widower of "Bloody" Mary, to conquer and Catholicize all England.

From the time of the Plantagenet Kings (1154), London has steadily developed her trading facilities. Revolting from "Star Chamber" oppressions under Charles I. she became largely "Round Head." In 1664-66, the "Black Plague" killed 100,000 of her citizens, and in the latter year the "great fire" burned 1300 houses, leaving few great buildings except Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Temple Church, the Tower, and a few churches. The great architect Sir Christopher Wren was not allowed to rebuild the city as he counselled, but St. Paul's and some fifty other churches of varying and beautiful architecture were built by him in the old central square mile of the present "Greater London."

"Greater London" comprises various areas—the area subject to the Central Criminal Court; the Metropolitan Water area, the London Postal district; and many country villages touched by the extreme tentacles of the huge city are steadily being absorbed by it. The "Administrative County of London," including the city, has an area of 118 square miles, and about 4,500,000 inhabitants, of whom not 30,000 live in the old "city" proper. In the "city" and the "East

End" (east of the Temple), frequented by the tourist, are the commercial and financial quarters including the port, docks, Custom House, Bank, Exchange, business offices, post-office, "*Times* Newspaper plant," Inns of Court, and St. Paul's Cathedral. Some of the districts within these sections are associated with certain trades or characteristics as follows: Pater Noster Row, book trade; Smithfield, markets; northern Clerkenwell, watch-makers and metal workers; White Chapel, Jewish tailoring shops; Houndsditch and the Minories, the Jewish quarter; Bethnal Green and northern Spitalfields and Shoreditch, manufacturing of furniture and boots, which have replaced the silk-weaving conducted by the French Protestants (Huguenots) who fled from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

On the left, that is the north bank of the Thames, are the districts of Wapping, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Millwall, containing chiefly quays, wharves, storehouses, and engine factories, and inhabited by shipwrights, lightermen, sailors, and marine store dealers. The west of the "city" is bounded by Chancery Lane and the Inns of Court frequented by barristers, solicitors,

and law stationers. "The West End"—that London extending west from the Temple—is the section of the spenders, law-makers, and fashionables with all their accessories, such as palaces, handsome private dwellings, clubs, museums, picture-galleries, theatres, barracks, Government offices, House of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, parks, squares, and gardens. Its chief residential quarters lie as follows: Mayfair, between Bond Street and Park Lane; Belgravia around Belgrave Square, the southern portion of the "West End," lies between Hyde Park, Green Park, Sloane Street, and Pimlico; Tyburnia bounds Hyde Park to the north. And to the west of Tyburnia is Bayswater. Pimlico really includes Belgravia and extends between Westminster and Chelsea, the Thames and Knights Bridge which is the extension for a long distance of Piccadilly beyond its intersection with Sloane Street. To the west of Pimlico is Brompton, in which are the Roman Catholic Oratory and the Kensington Museum. Bloomsbury lies between Tottenham Court Road and Gray's Inn Road.

On the right bank of the Thames, just across from "the City," is Southwark called "The

Borough," that ancient Borough where Shakespeare lived, played, and wrote; and where the Globe Theatre was situated; while Lambeth and Battersea continue it to the west. In those three areas great business in pottery, glasswares, machinery, brewing, and hops is carried on. On the river below Southwark are Bermondsey with its great tanneries, glue factories, and wool warehouses; Rotherhithe, inhabited by sailors, ship-carpenters, coal-heavers, and bargemen; Deptford, with its great cattle-market; Greenwich, with its naval observatory and Tudor Palace; and Woolwich, with its military school. "The City," that is, Old London, the central square mile of the present gigantic city, consisting of 26 wards, and Southwark—27, and 112 parishes, has its own administration and jurisdiction and Lord Mayor. "The City" County Council of London consists of these twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs, each of which has an elective council and a mayor who care for all the civic needs of the borough:—Westminster, Battersea, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Camberwell, Chelsea, Deptford, Finsbury, Fulham, Greenwich, Hackney, Hammersmith, Hampstead, Holborn,

Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, Lewisham, Paddington, Poplar, St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Southwark, Stepney, Stoke Newington, Wandsworth, and Woolwich.

"The Administrative County of London" includes "the City" and parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent. There are one hundred and eighteen Councillors, two elected by the borough franchise, every three years, for each parliamentary division, and nineteen Aldermen appointed by the Council.

Modern London has every up-to-date facility, sewerage, bridges, tunnels, avenues, good housing, education, etc. London has in Parliament two representatives for "the City" and fifty-seven for the rest of the metropolis. For comfortable transportation about London there are the 'buses, street cars in certain districts, the splendid underground system, the boats on the Thames, taxicabs, and the seldom seen hansoms. Great and marvellous in every way is this splendid London which throughout English history has been the virtual epitome of each period. These periods are: Roman, B.C. 55-449, or 394 years, the period of subjugation; Anglo-Saxon, 449-1066,

or 617 years, the period of divided counsels and many kingdoms; 1066-1154, or 88 years, the period of national unifying; Plantagenet, 1154-1399, or 245 years, the period of increasing self-government for the people; Lancaster, 1399-1461, or 62 years, the period of factional struggle in which feudal power weakened and in which the common people were very miserable; House of York, 1461-1483, or 22 years, the continuation of the processes described above; Tudor, 1485-1603, or 118 years, during which feudalism and the common people alike, broken by the preceding 84 years of civil wars, "The Wars of the Roses," could not prevent a great increase of power in the hands of the Crown; Stuart, 1603-1714, a period of 111 years of increasingly successful struggle by the great body of the nation against the arbitrary power of the Crown; Hanoverian, 1714 to date, now 200 years, during which the growth of the people's power has almost continually advanced until at this writing the question is simply down what channels that power can be most helpfully directed.

Perhaps I may seem to dwell too much on these details, many of which can be found, of course, in

various books; but I have tried to clear my own mind in these matters, and I imagine that such a massing of them as is accomplished in this account of my tour in that happy summer of 1910, will be of ready help to others who may travel over the same ground. At any rate, I am rounding out the story of those travels and of the pleasant thoughts into which they led me.

After a voyage of nine days on that steady old *Vaderland*, we steamed into New York Harbour to our own country and our own Flag. The Custom House gave us no trouble, for we each declared everything separately, but the duties imposed ran to a large figure. Through with that transaction we took train for Baltimore, where at 6 P.M we were met with a welcoming note and half an hour later were with our "home folk" again. Recalling all that we had done, the risks of travel, and the pleasure and information we had experienced, our hearts were full of gratitude. As for me, I can earnestly state that the zest of those eleven weeks of delightful travel, with charming companions, through beautiful, varied, and historic scenes will remain with me always, and that forever I am beholden to them one and all.

Faithful "Tom," the chauffeur, had already reached Baltimore safely with the "Packard 6" in good order. It had carried us all safely along many pleasant roads. Were I to travel through the same general region again I would add to my itinerary a visit to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, south-east of Belgium, for it has great natural beauty and possesses many wonderful ruins and ancient buildings of great interest; to the Côtentin, the peninsula of Normandy, for it is supremely rich in characteristic Norman remains as well as in beauty; to the Valley of the Seine in Normandy, for the interesting Norman castles and religious buildings; to the remote western and south-western seacoast, and the mountain nooks of Brittany, for in them lurk the most unadulterated examples of the life and people of the Brittany of old.

I must call a halt or the spell of the joyous days that summer afforded me will set my pen to scribbling too many of my casual thoughts. May all earnest travellers in those lovely lands reap from their experiences as full a crop of happiness as was granted unto me.

HOME AGAIN

Where the heart is there is Home; I hear that old
familiar cry;
But oh, the Heart, the Heart, it has so many, many
homes
And some of them are very sad. There, where you
used to love so trustingly,
Distrust has come and rests, and broods despite your
hungry love;
Here where your love still wakes its old and rapturous
fellows
It notes declining powers and waning interest in life;
And everywhere is restlessness that constant mars the
things
You deemed so safe from change when you did say
your firm "good-bye."
But Love lingers! Bring that but with you and you
mock at change.
More perfect glow the phases of the tale your loved
ones tell
Of all their happenings since you did go away; and
all your deeds
In absence, so outtold in your turn glow and glimmer
too.
The very centre of your very life is wrapped about with
all
The loving memories of the stored up treasures of
your Home.

RECORD BY DECOURCY W. THOM OF AN ITINERARY OF A 57 DAYS' AUTOMOBILE TRIP COVERING 5422 KILOMETRES, FROM ANTWERP THROUGH THE ARDENNES, NORMANDY, BRITTANY, THE CHATEAU DISTRICT TO OBER-AMMERGAU, AND VIA LAKE CONSTANCE TO PARIS, TO GIVET, TO THE BELGIAN CUSTOM HOUSE.

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
1910							
7/20	3.10 P.M.	Antwerp	Mechlin	20	4.05 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel Weber.
"	4.20 "	Mechlin	Brussels	19	6.00 "		Antwerp. Good. Dinner at Hotel Wilt- chers. Indifferent.
				39		2.35	
7/21	10.50 A.M.	Brussels	Waterloo	14	11.30 A.M.		Lunch and Dinner at Wiltchers Hotel.
"	12.20 P.M.	Waterloo	Brussels	14	1.00 P.M.		
				28		1.20	

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
7/22	10.45 A.M.	Brussels	Namur	58	1.05 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel d'Hars- camp. Excellent Din- ner at Hôtel Biron. Fair & Quaint. Clean and Cheap.
"	3.25 P.M.	Namur	Rocheport	74	6.40 "		
				132		5.35	
7/23	10.00 A.M.	Rocheport	Cavern of Han	6	10.30 A.M.		Lunch at Hôtel Biron. Indifferent. Clean. Dinner at Hôtel de l' Europe. Excellent.
"	12.30 P.M.	Cavern of Han	Rocheport	6	1.00 P.M.		
"	2.10 "	Rocheport	Spa	70	7.50 "		
				82		6.40	
7/24	12.05 P.M.	Spa	Huy	50	3.05 P.M.		Lunch at Aigle Noir. Very good indeed. Dinner at Hôtel de l' Europe. Very good indeed.
"	4.00 "	Huy	Brussels	90	6.40 "		
				140		5.40	

7/25	4.20 P.M.	Brussels	Stockel	8	4.35 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de l'Europe, Brussels. Very good indeed.
"	5.30 "	Stockel	Ghent	60	9.30 "		Dinner at Grand Hôtel Universel. Roughly good.
				68		4.15	
7/26	11.30 A.M.	Ghent	Bruges	43	1.00 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de Flandres. Very good.
"	4.00 P.M.	Bruges	Ostend	38	5.40 "		Dinner at Hôtel Splendide. Conventional.
				81		3.10	Good.
7/27							Ostend
7/28	1.50 P.M.	Ostend	Boulogne	125	6.50 P.M.		Dinner at Imperial Pavillon Hôtel. Excellent.
				125		5.00	
7/29	11.45 A.M.	Boulogne	Amiens	124	1.05 P.M.		Hôtel Tête de Boeuf. Supper at Hôtel de Grand Cerf. Quaint and hard.
"	1.30 P.M.	Amiens	Neufchâtel	84	6.50 "		
"	7.50 "	Neufchâtel	Dieppe	45	9.00 "		
				253		7.50	

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
7/30	11.30 A.M.	Dieppe	Rouen Trouville	56	1.00 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel d'Angleterre. Excellent Dinner at Hôtel Belle Vue.
"	3.50 P.M.	Rouen		90	7.20 "		
				146		5.00	
7/31	3.00 P.M.	Trouville	Pont L'Évê- que Trouville	16	3.30 P.M.		Lunch and Dinner at Hôtel Belle Vue.
"	3.30 "	Pont L'Évêque		16	4.00 "		
				32		1.00	
8/1	12.30 P.M.	Trouville	Dives-sur- mer Trouville	20	12.55 P.M.		Lunch at Taverne Guillaume-le-Conqué- rant. Very fine. Dinner at Hôtel Belle Vue.
"	4.30 "	Dives-sur- mer		20	4.55 "		
				40		.50	

8/2	11.00 A.M.	Trouville	Caen	50	1.00 P.M.	Blow out at 12 o'clock. Firstone, though we had a flat tire when machine was taken from <i>Vaderland</i> and another at Brussels. Lunch at Hôtel d'Angleterre. Dinner at Hôtel France et Londres réunis. Excellent.
"	3.15 P.M.	Caen	Bayeux	24	4.05 "	
"	4.45 "	Bayeux	Avranches	87	7.05 "	
				161		5.10
8/3	11.00 A.M.	Avranches	St. Michel	30	1.30 P.M.	Lunch at Hôtel Veuve Poulard. Blow out no. 2 at 5.15. Patched it. Hôtel Royal. Restaurant very good. Table d'hôte poor. Costly, bounder hotel.
"	3.30 P.M.	St. Michel	Dinard	69	5.30 "	
				99		4.30
8/4	3.20 P.M.	Dinard	Cap Fréhel	45	4.50 P.M.	Lunch and Dinner at Hôtel Royal.
"	5.00 "	Cap Fréhel	Dinard	45	6.30 "	
				90		3.00

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
8/5	4.15 P.M.	Dinard	St. Briec	109 109	7.30 P.M.	3.15	Lunch at Hôtel Royal. Dinner at Hôtel d' Angleterre.
8/6	10.00 A.M.	St. Briec	Morlaix	83	12.15 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de l'Europe.
"	2.45 P.M.	Morlaix	St. Briec	83 166	5.00 " 4.30		Dinner at Hôtel d' Angleterre.
8/7	9.15 A.M.	St. Briec	Lamballe	20	9.50 A.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de France. Very poor.
"	2.30 P.M.	Lamballe (Here Tom went to Dinan from Lamballe and back, a total of 100 kilometres.)	Dinan	37 57	5.45 P.M.	3.50	Dinner at Hôtel de Bretagne. Fair.

8/8	9.05 A.M. 2.20 P.M.	Dinan Pontivy	Pontivy Concarneau	125 85 210	1.00 P.M. 7.45 "	Lunch at Hôtel Gros- set. Dinner Beau Rivage. Ordinary.
8/9	9.15 A.M. 2.15 P.M.	Concarneau Penmarch (Carnac en route)	Penmarch Vannes	60 186 246	1.00 P.M. 8.15 " 9.45	Lunch at Hôtel du Phare-d-Eckmuhl. Very poor. Dinner at Hôtel du Commerce et de l'Epée. Excel- lent.
8/10	9.50 A.M. 12.00 M. 3.00 P.M.	Vannes Rochefort- en-terre La Roche Bernard	Rochefort- en-terre La Roche Bernard Nantes	44 25 123 192	11.00 A.M. 1.20 P.M. 7.30 " 7.00	Lunch at Hôtel l' Espérance. Poor. Dinner at Hôtel Royal. Very good.

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
8/11	10.40 A.M.	Nantes	Ancenis	36	1.10 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel des Voyageurs. Atrocious. Dinner at Hôtel Budan Indifferent.
"	2.40 P.M.	Ancenis	Château Ser- rant	33	3.30 "		
"	4.00 "	Château Ser- rant	Saumur	62	6.30 "		
				131		5.50	
8/12	10.30 A.M.	Saumur	Chinon	30	12.15 P.M.		Breakfast at Saumur. Hôtel Budan. Poor.
"	1.15 P.M.	Chinon	Rigny-Ussé	20	2.05 "		Lunch at Hôtel de France. Good. Din-
"	2.25 "	Rigny-Ussé	Azay-le- Rideau	15	2.55 "		ner at Hôtel de l'Uni-
"	3.15 "	Azay le- Rideau	Tours	27	4.30 "		vers. Excellent.
				92		4.20	

8/13	1.15 P.M.	Tours	Loches	41	2.15 P.M.	Lunch at Hôtel de l'Univers. Dinner at Hôtel de l'Univers.
"	2.45 "	Loches	Montresor	18	3.15 "	
"	4.25 "	Montresor	Chenonceaux	40	5.40 "	
"	6.45 "	Chenonceaux	Tours	32	7.45 "	
				131		3.45
8/14	10.15 A.M.	Tours	Amboise	24	10.55 A.M.	Lunch at Grand Hôtel et Grand Hôtel de Blois. Poor service. Dinner at Hôtel de l'Univers.
"	11.40 "	Amboise	Chaumont	17	12.05 P.M.	
"	12.40 P.M.	Chaumont	Blois	20	1.15 "	
"	4.00 "	Blois	Chambord	18	5.00 "	
"	7.00 "	Chambord	Tours	20	8.00 "	
				99		3.40
8/15		Tours				Automobile over-hauled.

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
8/16		Tours	Plessis-les Tours				
8/17	1.30 P.M.	Tours	Amboise	24	2.10 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de l' Univers.
"	2.55 "	Amboise	Cour-Che- verny	42	4.00 "		Dinner at Hôtel Ter- minus. Good.
"	4.05 "	Cour-Che- verny	Orléans	77	6.20 "		
				143		4.00	
8/18	11.30 A.M.	Orléans	Fontaine- bleau	82	1.35 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel France et d'Angleterre. Good.
"	3.30 P.M.	Fontaine- bleau	Troyes	116	6.30 "		Dinner at Hôtel St. Laurent et Commerce. Fair.
				198		5.05	

8/19	10.05 A.M.	Troyes	Brienne	36	11.00 A.M.		Lunch at Hôtel du Commerce. Blow-out No. 3 near Les Roises. Caused delay of 1 hour. Dinner at Hôtel de l'Univers et du Commerce. Good.
"	11.05 "	Brienne	Wassy	34	1.30 P.M.		
"	2.30 P.M.	Wassy	Domremy	64	5.35 "		
"	6.05 "	Domremy	Nancy	63	8.30 "		
				197		8.30	
8/20	1.15 P.M.	Nancy	Strassburg	140	7.30 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel de l'Univers et du Commerce. Good. Dinner at Hôtel d'Angleterre. Excellent indeed. Hotel Bären. Clean.
"	9.00 "	Strassburg	Baden-Baden	60	11.30 "		
				200		8.45	
8/21		At Baden-Baden					

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
8/22	9.15 A.M.	Baden- Baden	Stuttgart	180	2.40 P.M.		Lunch at Hôtel Royal.
"	5.00 P.M.	Stuttgart	Memmingen	139	9.30 "		Excellent. Dinner at Bayerischer Hof.
				319		9.55	Clean. Poor Food.
8/23	9.40 A.M.	Memmingen	Fussen	75	12.00 M.		Lunch at Bayerischer
"	1.00 P.M.	Fussen	Schwangau	16	1.30 P.M.		Hof. Good. Dinner
"	3.30 "	Schwangau	Ober- Ammergau	43	5.45 "		at Agence Lubin. ¹ Or- dinary.
				134		5.05	
8/24		Ober- Ammergau					Breakfast at 84 Döbler St. House of Benedict Glochel, "James the Less." Lunch at Agence Lubin.

8/25	9.45 A.M. 2.20 P.M.	Ober- Ammergau Sebarischo- fen	Sebarischo- fen Neuhausen	125 120 245	1.20 P.M. 8.45 "	10.00	Lunch at Sebarischo- fen Hof. Dinner at Hôtel Bellevue. Neu- hausen. Good enough.
8/26	9.40 A.M. 2.25 P.M.	Neuhausen Basle	Basle Vesoul	140 124 264	1.05 P.M. 8.45 "	9.45	Lunch at Hôtel de Basle. Dinner at Hôtel Terminus et de l'Europe.
8/27	9.45 A.M. 2.15 P.M. 8.45 "	Vesoul Chaumont Bar-sur- Seine	Chaumont Bar-sur-Seine Paris	113 80 190 383	1.15 P.M. 6.00 " 12.15 A.M.	10.45	Lunch at Hôtel de France et des Portes. Very good. Dinner at Hôtel du Commerce in Bar-sur-Seine. In- different. Hôtel France et Choiseul.
8/28		Paris					

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
8/29	10.30 A.M.						
"	3.10 P.M.	Paris	St. Denis	15	3.50 P.M.		In auto after trunks and theatre tickets and new "pneu" four hours and a half.
"	5.00 "	St. Denis	Paris	15	5.40 "		
				30		1.20	
8/30	3.00 P.M.	Arc de Tri- omphe, Paris	St. Cloud	12	3.45 P.M.		
"	3.45 "	St. Cloud	St. Germain- en-Laye	15	4.15 "		
"	5.30 "	St. Germain	Paris	20	6.00 "		
				47		1.45	
8/31	3.30 P.M.	Paris					Used auto for two hours paying visits and going to Bois.

9/1		Paris					
9/2	3.30 P.M.	Paris	Paris		6.50 P.M.	Run towards Chantilly.	
						3.20	
9/3		Paris					
9/4	12.30 P.M.	Paris	Versailles	22	1.00 P.M.	Lunch at Hôtel des Réservoirs.	
"	5.00 "	Versailles	Paris	22	5.30 "		
				44		1.00	
9/5	9.40 A.M.	Paris	Meaux	70	12.20 P.M.	Lunch at Hôtel de la Sirène. Bad indeed.	
"	1.40 P.M.	Meaux	Givet	192	9.30 "	Dinner at Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre. Fair.	
				262		10.30	

DATE	STARTED AT	FROM	TO	KILO- METRES	ARRIVED AT	RUNNING TIME	MEALS AND REMARKS
9/6	9.00 A.M.	Givet	Belgian Custom House	7	9.40 A.M.		
				7		0.40	

Total kilometres here shown
Total miles here shown

5424
3368

203.25

Running time 203.25.
Average running speed
per hour 37.47 kilo-
metres, *i. e.*, 23.269
miles. Three blow-
outs. 2 inner tubes
blown through in ad-
dition to those de-
scribed as blow-outs.
No punctures. No
repairs to machinery.
Machine once over-
hauled by chauffeur.
This was at Tours
when we had run 2949
kilometres, *i. e.*, 1831
miles.—329 miles after
leaving Antwerp. Be-
sides the number of
miles shown in the
schedule, the auto
ran some 600 miles or
more in Paris streets
and suburbs.



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